General
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PLEGS

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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THE BEGINNINGS OF BRITISH COMMERCE AT MONTREAL

BY A. GORDON DEWEY

THERE are probably few more interesting, though less known, periods in Canadian history than the decade or two immediately following the momentous entry of the British troops into Montreal on September 8th, 1760. This event not only finally broke the French hold on Canada, but marked an epoch in the development of its commercial life, and the succeeding period was one of change and growth.

The North-West Company, that sturdy and enterprising rival of the Hudson's Bay traders, was founded in Montreal during the winter of 1783-4, but some of the most prominent men connected with it, such as Benjamin Frobisher and James Finlay, had been settled in Montreal for a score of years previous to this date, and had been firmly laying the foundations of British commerce within the city. Many men who have left their names in our history accompanied them, and much was accomplished, yet very little has been written about these interesting and eventful years.

In the early French days practically the sole value of Canada had been the fur trade. Even when agriculture was assuming some importance the difficulty the Government had in preventing the young men from becoming *coureurs de bois* sufficiently illustrates the hold which the trader's life had upon the people. Founded originally as a mission station, Ville Marie had become the headquarters for the commerce with the Western Indians, and this it remained on into the British period. But Canada had not been profitable to the French King; the restrictions imposed by the too paternal Government damped ardour and enterprise, the lure of the free forest life discouraged settlement, the peculations of Bigot and his kind impoverished the Exchequer.

Upon the heels of the conquering army, however, came the English traders, who, co-operating with their agents, the London merchants engaged in the Canadian trade, soon raised the fur-trade with the upper country to such prominence that in 1774 the whole western region was given to the Province of Quebec. This new nationality, whose influx we mark, alters the system of government, the business methods, and the manners of life, and rapidly takes the lead in commercial affairs.

These were years of change and construction, when the new inhabitants were settling, and the foundations of future commercial greatness were laid. Once the critical period of establishment in business in a new country with new connections to build up was over, and the unfortunate and unfit had shown their inability to survive, the main body of the pioneers formed a sound nucleus with established credit and business methods, to which later arrivals adapted themselves; then the foundation of the North-West Company ensued.

Despite the transformation of the down-town district of Montreal, there has been remarkably little alteration in either the names or the location of the principal streets of the French period. In the course of a short afternoon's walk, after a study of the old maps, one can pretty well restore the ancient land-marks. An invaluable link between early and modern plans of the city is Joseph Bouchette's map of 1815, which gives, besides most of the principal streets, the dotted outline of the walls, and the location of the old burying-grounds.

At the Conquest, the city included roughly what are now East, Centre, and West wards. It was surrounded by a wall of masonry about four feet thick, suitable as a defence against musketry only, outside of which ran a dry ditch about eight feet deep. By the beginning of the nineteenth century, the suburbs outside the city had grown to a very considerable size. To the north of the Craig Street brook lay the St. Louis and St. Laurent suburbs; at the west end, Recollet Street led through Recollet Gate to the suburbs of the same name; at the eastern extremity of St. Paul Street were the Quebec Gate and the Quebec suburbs. Where William Street now is ran the "St Peter's River," and on the south side of this stream were the St. Ann suburbs, with the old Gray Nunnery Hospital. Gray Nun Street and Place Youville now commemorate this famous establishment and its devoted superioress.

A large part of the area within the walls was given up to the extensive gardens of the various religious houses—the Recollets, Jesuits, Black Nuns, or Sisters of the Congregation, and the Hôtel Dieu Hospital. St. Paul Street, the principal thoroughfare, separated what were called the Upper and Lower Towns. On the south side of this street, near the foot of St. Francois Xavier Street, stood the Market Place, where every Tuesday and Friday the *habitants* from the surrounding country assembled with their produce.

Montreal harbour was then most unimposing. The city walls skirted the riverside, canoes and batteaux were drawn up on the shore, the wharf was of no great length, the depth of water before the town varied from three to nine feet only.* The Alexandra pier now covers the site of a small island called at various times "Ilot Normandin", "Oyster Island", and "Market Gate Island", (from its proximity to the Market Gate), which was later joined to the shore by a narrow pier to form a breakwater and the King's Basin.

In this city, then, the victorious English established themselves. By the end of September the French troops and the British soldiers not required for garrison duty had de-

*Bouchette, 1815, and one or two maps of 1863.

parted, and Brigadier Thomas Gage took over the command of the Montreal District.†

Along with the British army had come the advance guard of English-speaking merchants, many in the character of sutlers, purveyors to the troops; they proceeded to establish themselves in business within the city, and in the majority of cases prospered; some who had followed other vocations engaged in trade upon arrival in Montreal; others who had come out as clerks in a short time set up for themselves. The first British merchants' names we have are those appended to a proclamation of February 7, 1761; most of the signatures to this document are those of army officers, but we are certain that the following were traders already settled: Edward Chinn, Joseph Howard, Thomas Wilson, Gershon Levy, and Thomas Wells. The only Protestant censuses then taken were lists prepared by the Government for jury service; the first of these is dated October 26th, 1764, and contains fifty-six names, among them such ones as those of Thomas Walker, James Finlay, Lawrence Ermatinger, Benjamin Price. The next list was prepared in November, 1765, and includes all Protestants, not necessarily Britishers, within the District; this time fuller information was given about each person, such as birthplace, former occupation, and present calling. There are 136 names, of whom thirty-seven were from Ireland (mostly soldiers retired as inn-holders), thirty were from England, twenty-six from Scotland, sixteen from Germany, thirteen New Englanders, six from Switzerland; France, Canada, Lapland, Italy, and Guernsey each had one representative; the origin of three was undetermined.

Probably the marked increase in immigration between 1764 and 1765 was due to the certainty of Canada's remaining British after the Treaty of Paris had been signed in 1763. For the next ten years there are apparently no figures to show the increase of the English-speaking population, which, however, was rapid.

As justice was cheaper in those days than it is now, Montrealers were able to freely indulge their litigious tastes, so that we find the English-speaking merchants figuring in court in some cases immediately after arrival. The "Registre des Audiences," or record of trials held in the so-called "military courts" between 1760 and 1764, throws very interesting sidelights upon the vicissitudes of early settlement here.

Frequently the English merchant is sued for rent by his French landlord, the expenses of immigration apparently leaving but a small margin of ready cash. Others are sued for hire of stoves, suits of harness, vehicles, or for the return of borrowed tools. Sometimes there were misunderstandings over the difference between English and French weights and measures; again disputes arose over payments in kind. Not seldom the trader found his hastily-chosen premises unsuitable and tried a change, resulting in a suit by his former landlord to make him keep to the original lease. Evidently some of the new tenants, besides being unable to pay their rent, were otherwise undesirable. Here St. Germain wants Alexander Campbell put out of his house as the lease has expired—granted (May 5th, 1761). Again—one Desnoyers asks that Rider be expelled from his house for defamation; an attempt on the part of the defendant to bribe a servant to perjury is also brought to light.

On July 9th, 1763, Thomas Walker was sued by Emond, captain of a river schooner, for freight of goods brought from Montreal to Quebec, upon what we from other evidence learn

†The District of Montreal comprised roughly the section of Quebec Province west of Sorel and Berthier.

was his first moving into the country. Walker offered to pay, less value of a mirror broken *en route*—here is a sample of the disputes arising from the schooner trip up the river after unloading from the sea voyage at Quebec. In another place (August 17th, 1763) we find Solomon Levy pleading that his partner, Gershon, could not meet a certain note when it was due, as he was at that time a prisoner among the Indians—another type of situation commercial men were called upon to face in those stirring days when Pontiac stalked abroad.

We are reminded of the existence of negroes, slave and free, in the city by a suit brought by "Joseph Hipolite, nègre libre," against Veuve Vallét (November 27th, 1760). A slave figures in the case of the negress Etiennette, who applied (June 6th, 1761) for leave to return to New England. She was said to have been bought by M. Gamelin from an Abenaki Indian; St. Luc la Corne testified that he had owned her father and mother. The case was referred to the Governor.

Although in the earlier lawsuits the newcomers appear in a defendent situation, the tenants and debtors of the longer-established inhabitants of the city, once settled, they went right ahead, becoming the capitalists and employers of labour; we note a change, the suits are now by employees for unpaid wages, or for the collection of debts in which the merchant is the plaintiff.

Regarding the character of these pioneer merchants, the official testimony of Governors Murray and Carleton, as well as of the French-Canadian noblesse and the writers of several private letters, is uniformly condemnatory. Let us not forget, however, General Murray's strong personal liking for the French-Canadians, which did not lead him to view with favourable eye the strong Protestant prejudices of the "old subjects," nor the disdain with which these soldier-governors and their executives, who were Anglicans, regarded the merchants, as not only civilians, but largely dissenters as well. Murray complains that by his regard for the Canadians he "displeased the little English traders who all—Quakers, Puritans, Anabaptists, Presbyterians, Atheists, Infidels, and even the Jews—protested that any consideration be paid to the poor Canadians." Chagrin at the concessions given to Catholics by the Quebec Act of 1774, as well as the denial of a Representative Assembly, appears to have been a deciding cause in leading some British-Canadians to side with the revolting colonies in the American War of Independence. As a result of the ill-feeling between the mercantile and military classes, the outstanding feature of the first six or eight years of British administration in Montreal is the strife between the civilians and the troops. This manifested itself in the high-handed imprisonment of a certain Captain Payne by the justices, an assault upon Thomas Walker, a prison breach and forcible rescue of several soldiers by their comrades, and the burning of Montreal barracks in 1765.

Although General Murray had a poor opinion of the first arrivals themselves, he was by no means blind to their actual services to the country. He puts in a good word for them in writing to Pitt, December, 1760: "I flatter myself you will pardon the liberty I take in troubling you with the enclosed [petition]; it regards a set of men who have been very serviceable to his Majesty's troops, who have run many risks, and who have been induced to pour in their merchandise here from a laudable prospect of promoting trade, at the invitation of Mr. Amherst, the Commander-in-Chief." Though these men were rougher and freer than one would expect in an older country, though they were uneducated, proud, disdaining foreigners, yet they were the pioneers of British trade and the

founders of the commercial greatness of their city. The docile, law-abiding merchant, who has a family, and a well-established business with Old Country traditions behind it—in fact, the type of man we would call the "good citizen"—is not the one we would expect to see coming out to such a new and unknown country as Canada then was. Practically with the exception of those retired from the army, the new settlers were bound to be adventurers; some, no doubt, were unsuccessful in Britain; some left the home-land without regret; others, who were in the majority, came to a land where there was more opportunity and less restraint, where a love of adventure could be gratified, and where there was not a host of old-world conventionalities to bind them.

Quebec City was the seat of Government, the fortress, the head of ocean navigation, the headquarters, also, for the Gaspé fisheries and the fur-trade with the Saguenay River valley, where the "King's Posts" had been leased to a company of Quebec and Montreal merchants; but the inhabitants of Montreal, though about half as numerous as those of Quebec, did not think their city one whit behind in importance to the colony. For the western fur-trade, by far the most valuable, it was the depot; here the merchants lived, and from here the expeditions to the upper posts set out; all the merchants of any consequence were engaged in it; an examination of the invoices sent with the cargoes from England shows us that the bulk of the exports to Canada were articles of barter.

Under the French régime there had been numerous monopolies and restrictions, but the British authorities declared trade free, provided licenses were first procured. During Pontiac's war, all commerce with the upper country was temporarily stopped, and great care was found necessary to prevent an illicit traffic in arms and ammunition from Canada with the revolting Indians. That all Canadian trade might not cease, posts were established at Carillon and the Cedars, away from the danger zone. By January 18th, 1765, however, Gage was enabled to declare peace once more restored, and the regular trade was reopened. The first posts mentioned were Kamanistigoua, on Lake Huron; Michillimackinac, Baie des Puants, in Lake Michigan; Houilliatanon, on the Ouabache, and Detroit; trade soon extended much farther west, to Grand Portage, on Lake Superior, and beyond.

The mentor of the British Government in all matters relating to the Indians was Sir William Johnston, who was exceedingly alert in the interests of the Red Men, particularly on the western borders of New England, where instances of fraud and outrage on the part of white traders were reported; it was with him that the laws governing the fur trade originated.

Although trade was "free" in the sense that it was open to all equally, yet there were numerous regulations which were strictly enforced; the official correspondence is full of petitions and complaints from the merchants, in a practically vain attempt to secure a relaxation of the rules.

Each trader must be provided with a license and bond, issued by the Governor's office in Quebec. The bond was to be for a sum equal to twice the value of the cargo proposed to be carried; it was the actual trader who was to be bound, not the merchant who sent the expedition; the object of this provision was to protect the latter from loss through a dishonest trader's decamping down the Mississippi with his employer's property. In practice, the merchants seem to have frequently conducted the expeditions in person, and as a rule went bondsmen for one another. Both bond and license specified the number of canoes or batteaux, the proposed destination, the number of men forming the party, with their names and resi-

dences, the value of the merchandise, the number of firearms, and the quantity of ammunition and liquor in the cargo. Licenses were issued for twelve months, with an extension of time to eighteen months if the distance of the destination precluded a return within the year.

The amount of liquor carried was intended to be that actually required by the traders; this limit was not held to, however, and included in a petition from some merchants to the Governor (January 15th, 1768) we have a complaint that much harm is being done by this laxity. It is suggested that the quantity of liquor allowed each canoe be seven or eight gallons, or double that quantity if the destination were the cold north country and not the lake posts.

Passes must be shown upon arrival at a post, and an exact inventory of the cargo made before proceeding to trade; if going farther, the trader must secure an additional permit for the next stage of the journey. He was not to pass a post without a permit, nor break bulk of his cargo; passports for the return journey were also necessary. Licenses were not transferable: if a servant of a trader died or was discharged, the commanding officer of the next post was to be notified and the new name inserted in the margin.

No trading was allowed beyond the guns of the existing forts and posts. The object of this regulation and of the preceding one regarding trading *en route* appears to have been the prevention of such unregulated traffic as the *coureurs de bois* engaged in. No credit was to be given the Indians for more than fifty shillings, and no debt of above this amount could be collected (this rule does not seem to have been strictly enforced). Trading was to be according to a fixed tariff, and the traffic in liquor, rifled guns, or swan shot forbidden: no Indian property could be acquired by the trader.

The merchants found these restrictions very burdensome, as their constant petitions show. They objected to the necessity of sending to Quebec for their licenses, and wanted an office established in Montreal, for much precious time was lost if they decided to send out additional canoes in the course of the season. The difficulty was enormously increased by a law aimed at absconding debtors, which required thirty days' notice to be given before leaving the Province. They, it seems quite justly, complained of Sir William Johnston's regulation regarding the showing of passes and declaring of cargo at each post. This was an impossible demand; they were often obliged to trade on the way. Moreover, part of the cargo might be lost or destroyed in transit, so that the tally on arrival would not agree with that in the permit. They were also too much at the mercy of dishonest or oppressive commissaries at the posts.

The main grievance, however, was the restriction of trade to certain posts. The merchants held that unless they were allowed to winter with the Indians on their hunting-ground, the commerce must every year diminish. Many of the Indians lived at too great a distance to come to the posts, supply themselves, and return home within the year; thus they would be led to trade with the French on the Mississippi, who had freer access to them, and the British manufacturers would suffer by the reduced demand for articles of barter. They cited many other advantages certain to follow on permission to go with the Indians to their hunting-grounds, and their own interests, they held, would require them to treat the natives fairly.

The petitioners were at least partially successful in their efforts. During the winter of 1766-7 they were for the first time allowed to winter with the Indians at their villages and hunting-grounds, but only from Michillimackinac: additional security was demanded for this privilege.

The attitude of Sir William Johnston to these represenations was unfavourable. He contrasted the old-time French courtesy with the general English treatment of the savages, the French themselves had also changed since the conquest, and should now be confined to the posts. Sir Guy Carleton, however, espoused the cause of the Canadian merchants, and urged the case for his Province against the threatened encroachment of French and Spanish rivals.

As we have already noted, there was no license office in Montreal. The merchants applied for their passes to the Deputy Provost Marshal in that city—a position long held by Edward Chinn—who wrote to Quebec, giving the necessary particulars, and in course of time the papers were sent him. All parties concerned then appeared before the commanding officer in Montreal to swear to the bond and take the oath of allegiance. The licenses were signed by the Deputy Provost Marshal and counter-signed by the Officer Commanding. They were at first made out by hand, but later a printed form in both French and English was used. As a typical bond, we may take that sworn to by Tobias Isenhout on September 26th, 1768 (State papers, Canadian Archives) to trade between Niagara and Detroit, good for twelve months. He binds himself to observe the regulations; he and his men will conduct themselves as good subjects, do nothing prejudicial to the King's interest, and if they see anything prejudicial being done, they will immediately report it to the commandant at the nearest trading-post. He is not to take any men to the upper country save those following the occupation of navigating canoes or batteaux; all are to return to Montreal before the expiration of the bond, and give an account of themselves at the secretary's office: death only to allow exception to this rule.

Active preparations for sending out the trading parties began in Montreal about the month of March. Besides the leader of the expedition (either the merchant himself or a subordinate trader), a couple of guides were usually taken. The canoemen, known as "labourers," were Frenchmen from the district, hailing principally from Lachine, Chambly, Laprairie, or Montreal itself. The value of the cargoes carried on these parties averaged about £500 for each; the maximum quantity of spirits allowed appears invariably to have been taken. The posts named as destinations are Oswegatchie, La Baye, Niagara, Detroit, Michillimackinac, and Grand Portage in Lake Superior; of these, Michillimackinac and Detroit seem to have the preference. The canoes and batteaux carried about six or eight men each. The following are the particulars given as they are actually recorded in the licenses for some of the more important ventures:

Monday, April 28, 1771, pass for Ed. Chinn's men—7 men. £550 mdse. 10 fusils, 500 lbs. gunpowder, 350 lbs. shott and ball.

No. 10.—Ezekial Solomon (April 10, 1772)—2 canoes to Michillimackinac, value £800; 20 men (Laprairie); 1,400 lbs. shott and ball, 40 fusils, 320 gals. liquor.

No. 21—Benj. and Jas. Frobisher—3 canoes for Grand Portage; mdse £2,000; fusils 96, powder 2,000 lbs., shott, etc., 1,300 lbs.; liquor, 260 gals.; men, 28.

No. 10.—Jas. and John McGill (March 10, 1773)—3 canoes; value about £1,500; 48 guns, etc.; 23 men.

No. 15—(April 10, 1775)—Laurence Ermatinger; 6 canoes to Grand Portage; £1,700 goods in 85 bales; 85 men and 2 guides; 80 guns; 2,000 lbs. powder; 3,600 lbs. shot, etc.; 15 cases iron works; 10 bales brass kettles; 400 gals. rum; 200 gals. wine, spirits, etc.; provisions, etc.

No. 65—Jas. Morrison—1 small batteau, Niagara (July 17, 1775)—4 men; 22 bales mdse.; 1 quarter-cask wine; 1 bbl. loaf sugar; 1 bbl. coffee; 1 bbl. salt; 1 bbl. tea; 1 nest brass kettles.

As time goes on the merchants grow wealthier and the size of the parties increases. The most ambitious expedition sent out during this period was by James McGill, Benjamin Frobisher and Man. Blondeau (1775):

Twelve canoes for Grand Portage, on Lake Superior; 3 guides and 100 men; 90 bags shot and ball; 150 fusils; 64 kegs gunpowder; 150 bales dry goods; 24 kegs wine; 15 trunks dry goods; 1,000 gals. rum; 12 boxes iron ware; 50 kegs hogs' lard and tallow; 12 nests brass kettles; 60 kegs pork; 4 do. copper kettles; 100 pkgs. canet and sweet tobacco (value not stated).

The merchants often went on these expeditions themselves, but as they grew older, more prosperous, and as family and business interests became more pressing in the city, they less often took these arduous and dangerous canoe journeys. The following rather interesting letter has been left us in a pile of trade licenses:

Dear Sir,—Please to forward the enclosed three instead of two, one for the office, two to take with me. I hope this will be my last voyage for many years to come. If you will let me know how Mr. Bertie's account stands with you, I will settle it with him—make a memorandum of what you have to do there. Mr. Wier takes possession of my house and manages everything till my return, which I expect will be about the 14th September. I have paid him his salary and contingencies until June 24th. He will send you a copy of that bond, I have not time, I intend setting off Monday next, etc.

ED. CHINN.

Montreal, July 6, 1772.
To Geo. Alsopp, Quebec.

Where the merchant did not go himself, he often had an agent in the West, or sent a venture by some other expedition. In Laurence Ermatinger's cash book* entries such as the following are frequent:

—By Forrest Oakes—
Oct. 24, 1770—
Paid to guide your canoes down the Long Sault in the year 1770 £2: 8
Paid do. down the Sault St. Louis : 6

Another letter points to a different aspect of commercial life. We have seen that the usual course was for the merchants to apply to Mr. Chinn for their licenses, who wrote to Quebec for them. This former partner of Mr. Chinn's, however, thinks it best to write in person to Mr. Alsopp:

Montreal, March 25, 1775.

I should take it as a great favour if you would send me a pass for four canoes as mentioned below, as Mr. Chinn and I have dealing at the same posts, and he being my enemy, I should like to keep my intentions regarding that trade secret as long as possible from so great an enemy. Mrs. Howard joins in compliments to you, Mrs. Alsopp, and all Mrs. Bondfield's family.

JOS. HOWARD.

Four canoes for Michillimackinac and the Ottawa villages, 19 men, mdse. £800, whole not over £1,250.

Statistics regarding the fur-trade are meagre; we have, however, a statement of the consignments exported from Michillimackinac during the summer of 1767. The cargoes were sent down during July and August, and were all directed to Montreal and Albany; in the latter place there were twelve consignees, in the Canadian city twenty-five (eleven being English and fourteen French). The chief furs were the following: Beaver, 50,938 skins; dressed leather, 27,037 skins; raccoons, 23,005 skins; martin, 9,556 skins; otter, 5,798 skins; and other pelts in much smaller numbers. This table shows us that Quebec Province must have handled the bulk of the commerce in furs, Montreal having a distinct preference over the New England trade centre. Michillimackinac was the chief post in the West, and probably we may judge of conditions in general by it.

We have noted that the winter of this year, 1767, was the first in which traders secured the long-sought privilege of wintering among the Indians at their homes. A large number of the more enterprising traders took advantage of this opportunity, and travelled great distances with their savage hosts. Among those wintering with the Indians we find:

Chinn—to La Pointe (Lake Superior)

*S 819, Canadian Archives; from July, 1770, to Dec. 31, 1776.

with 2 canoes (£1,000), bondsman Alex. Henry.

McGill—To Lake Michigan, 1 canoe (£400); bondsman, Frobisher.

McGill—From Lake Michigan into La Baye, 2 canoes (£400); bondsman, Frobisher.

Rodgers—To St. Joseph (Lake Michigan), 1 canoe (£375:10); bondsman, Todd.

Livingstone—From Lake Michigan to La Baye, 1 canoe (£500); bondsman, Groesbeck.

Abbott & Bruce—By La Baye into the Mississippi, 2 canoes (£750); bondsman, Groesbeck.

Among the English merchants acting as bondsmen, Benjamin Frobisher heads the list with nine traders; McGill and James Finlay are interested in four each, and the famous Alexander Henry in three. We quote the following table regarding the volume of trade for this winter:

Totals brought together—

	No. canoes	Value mdse. £	s	d
Gone to Lake Superior..	18	7481	17	
Gone by L. Superior to Northwest	14	5117	10	7
Gone into L. Huron	5	1275		
Gone into L. Michigan ..	24	6875	9	
Gone by L. Michigan into La Baye	43	13364	10	4
Gone by La Baye into Mississippi	17	4850		
Totals	121	38964	6	11*

It will be noticed from this table that the most popular routes were into Lake Michigan and thence to La Baye, taking in the trade with the Illinois Indians. The Lake Superior posts stand next, while little trading appears to have been done with the Ottawas to the north and east of Lake Huron.

After arrival at Montreal from the upper country, the bales of furs were transferred to river sloops to be taken to Quebec, whence they were shipped to England. August and September were the months in which these cargoes came down the river.

Regarding early British commerce within the city of Montreal, we are able to gather scraps of information from some merchants' ledgers which have come down to us, from signed petitions to the Government, the official papers, and from a few letters here and there. The chief commercial streets were St. Francois Xavier and St. Paul's, particularly the former as far as the English were concerned. In the returns of losses during the great fire of 1765, we find that of fifty-four unfortunate tenants of St. Francois Street, twenty-three were English; of eighty-seven in St. Paul Street, twenty were English, as were six out of twenty-six in the Market Place; the other streets have no English names on the lists. The reason this fire was more disastrous than say that of 1768, which destroyed as large an area, was because on these two streets, which were burned out in the earlier conflagration, dwelt the wealthiest element in the city. In several cases the individual losses were over £2,000, in that of Jacob Vanderheyden, St. Paul Street, over £3,000—large sums for the town of those days.

The bulk of the stock carried was, of course, for the Indian trade, the inventories containing here and there such significant items as:

1 gross scalping knives (4)	£1: 2
1 gross scalping knives (5)	1: 4

as well as hatchets, paints, blankets, gaudy hosiery, beads, and such-like. The total value of one shipment to John Stenhouse from England was rather over £4,500; an inventory of April, 1767, gives his total stock in Montreal as £902:4:6, and one of May, 1770, totals £1350:12 (Quebec currency), which may give a clue to the amount of business of the average merchant then.

Business operations in those days must have been complicated by the numerous varieties of currency in use within the one city. The lawful medium of exchange was the "Quebec currency," three-quarters the value

*Canadian Archives, C.O. 42, Vol. 14, folio 2.

of sterling money, in which the invoices from England were naturally made out. Additional calculation was necessitated by the common use in Quebec of the "Halifax currency." This, also, was worth rather more than the local money, £6 Quebec being equivalent to £5 Halifax; the note, "Add one-fifth to make lawful" appended to accounts shows the ready method employed in changing from the one to the other. The French still retained their own money of pre-Conquest days, and transactions with them seem invariably to have been carried on in *livres,* each worth a provincial shilling. The remaining coin which circulated was the Spanish dollar, worth six shillings Quebec.*

The connection between London and Montreal was close. The merchants in the one supplied those in the other with their stock at wholesale; they also acted as their agents, selling the consignments of furs from Canada at public auction or otherwise in England. There was a considerable body of London merchants definitely engaged in the Canadian trade, and for whom some of the Montreal men seem rather to have been subordinate agents. These men, under the leadership of one Fowler Walker, caused Governor Murray considerable vexation by conveying a one-sided version of the Thomas Walker case to the notice of George III.

Any detailed account of the pioneer English firms of Montreal would be out of place here, but space may permit of a few words regarding some of the more important ones. Probably the first was that of Howard, Chinn & Bostwick; these three were English merchants who came with the troops. Joseph Howard shortly severed his connection with the firm and established himself in St. Paul Street, dying, after a successful career, November 7th, 1778. Edward Chinn was one of the most prominent merchants in town, though, it seems, not the most scrupulous. He superintended the issuing of traders' licenses in the city, and was himself largely engaged in this commerce. William Bostwick was a hatter, who set up in Montreal, but his business not prospering, he took to the Indian trade. During Pontiac's rebellion he was captured at Michillimackinac, but escaped the massacre and was brought by the Ottawas to Montreal. Like several other Montreal merchants, he is occasionally mentioned by Alexander Henry in his interesting journal of travels in the Northwest;† finally we hear of him in England, 1774. Of Mr. Bertie, no record remains.

The earliest Jewish firm to settle in the city was the brothers Levy—Solomon, Eleazar, Gershon, and Simon. Gershon came with the soldiers; Eleazar, by his own account, moved from New York to Quebec in 1760, and to Montreal in 1763; the other brothers were by this time settled in the city. Ezekial Solomon & Company, another firm, was established by 1764.

A short and tragic career was Tobias Isenhout's. He was a German sutler who appears to have got on well in the Indian trade, but in 1771 or 1772, while on a business trip in Detroit, he was murdered by Michael Dué, his French clerk, who hid the body in a cellar. This man was convicted under the Mutiny Act, which covered offences beyond the provincial boundaries, and hanged. The marriage of Isenhout's widow with one Thomas McMurray took place in Montreal the following September.

In the census of 1765, those hailing from Switzerland are given as six in number. The most notable of these was, of course, the Honourable Conrad Gugy, who came to Quebec

*The ratios between types of coinage are calculated from the Cash Book above noted and other accounts passim.

†"Travels and Adventures in Canada and the Indian Territories"; ed. James Bain, Toronto, 1901.

with General Wolfe and settled in the Montreal district. He was long a member of the Legislative Council, and died April, 1786, being buried in the old Dorchester Street cemetery. Of the Swiss merchants, Lawrence Ermatinger has left a valuable contribution to Canadian history in his cash-book and letter-book, now in the Archives. He arrived by 1762, and must have become one of the most successful merchants, as his ventures were among the largest sent to the upper country.

Another prominent citizen and a member of the Executive Council was Benjamin Price. He sent a venture to Canada in 1761, but his supercargoes proving inefficient, he came himself from England the following year. After the fire in 1765, he and Adam Mabane, of Quebec, were the councillors appointed to receive statements of losses from the citizens. He died in October, 1768, the Government finding it hard to fill his place.

There was also a James Price, of the firm of Price & Haywood, both partners hailing from New England; needless to say, they were prominent in the agitation for an elective Assembly later on, and among the plotters who aided Ethan Allen in his march on Montreal.

The history of Thomas Walker requires to be written separately; Canadian history revolves about this turbulent, headstrong, but withal ambitious and forceful character in a truly curious way during the twelve years of his residence here. He was an English merchant who moved to Montreal in 1763 and set up in business. When the civic administration was in 1764 entrusted to the Court of Quarter Sessions, he was on the first Commission of the Peace, and with several fellow justices, took the lead of those merchants who opposed the troops within the city; the latter avenged themselves one evening by assaulting him in his own house and cutting off his ear. This caused a tremendous stir; several changes in the judicial arrangements of the Province were required before the case was actually tried; it finally reached George III., and pursued Murray after his recall to England. Taking advantage, meanwhile, of Carleton's ignorance of Canadian affairs upon his first arrival in the country, Walker had six prominent citizens with whom he was apparently not on good terms, arrested and insulted for complicity in the outrage. Later he in Montreal, in conjunction with Zachary Macauley in Quebec, headed the agitation for an Assembly and against the guaranteeing of Roman Catholic liberties. Finally, he with others entered into treacherous relations with the American invaders of 1775, fled to the States, and so dropped out of Canadian history.

James Finlay, a member of the Citizens' Committee which succeeded in establishing the first Protestant school in Montreal, 1774, one of the founders of the first Presbyterian church, and one of the signers of the capitulation to General Montgomery in 1775, came to Montreal from Scotland about 1762. He was one of the most daring of Indian traders, for he was the first of the Englishmen to reach the Upper Saskatchewan, wintering at Nipawi House, 1771-2.

A more famous and even more venturesome explorer was Alexander Henry, author of a journal of travel in the Northwest, which was first published in New York in 1807. He came to Montreal with the troops, and obtaining permission of Gage to make a trip to the West, he went to Albany to outfit, and then left with a French companion. The winter of 1775 was passed out West in company with Joseph and Thomas Frobisher. Returning to Montreal the following year, he made a voyage to France and later some visits to England, as well as other trips to the Northwest. He played a part in the formation of the Northwest Company, but retired from the Indian trade in 1796, confining himself to mercantile pur-

suits within the city till his death, April 4th, 1824, aged eighty-four.

Of the McGill brothers, particularly James, one need hardly speak. They were settled in Montreal by 1774, one at least as early as 1767. John and Andrew were buried in the Dorchester Street cemetery in 1797 and 1807, respectively; the monument to James may now be seen in front of the Arts Building of the University he founded, while "Burnside Place" perpetuates the name of his Montreal residence.

The actual founders of the North-West Company were the firm of MacTavish, Frobisher & Company. Simon MacTavish, who owned the farm immediately west of James McGill's property, was a comparatively late arrival in the city, but the Frobishers were among the pioneers. They were of English birth; Benjamin appears to have been the first to migrate, his name appearing on the census sheet of 1765, and in a merchants' petition of the same year; he died April 4th, 1787. The "Great Company" had no more enterprising rival than Joseph Frobisher. After some years of successful trading as far west as Grand Portage, in the districts frequented by other traders, he passed a winter on the Red River, probably the first Englishman to build a fort in this region. In 1774 he met a party of the Hudson's Bay Company's Indians on the Churchill River while on their way to Fort Churchill; believing him to be a representative of the company, they were induced to trade with him, and he took away as many furs as his canoes could carry. Governor Hearne of the company was furious at this "scurvy trick," which, nevertheless, was repeated next year. In 1775 Thomas explored as far west as Ile à la Crosse, at the mouth of the Beaver River. This brother died in September, 1788, at the age of forty-four. Joseph retired from business in 1798. I have been unable to find the date of his death.

These, then, were the leading members of the British mercantile community who were settled in the city within a half-dozen years or so of the Conquest. The professions were then but poorly represented in Canada. There was a chaplain for the troops at Quebec, but the first Protestant clergyman to settle permanently in Montreal was the Reverend Doctor Chabrand Delisle, a Swiss, who came in 1766. It is worthy of remark that this gentleman's name heads the supporters of practically all applications for liquor licenses in the city in his time, a contrast with present-day practice. Lieutenant Daniel Robertson, who retired from the Forty-Second Regiment after the Conquest, practised medicine in the city; Lawrence Ermatinger's household accounts also include fees paid to a certain Doctor Huntly. Edward Antill was the only English lawyer; he moved here from New England about 1770. The master of the first Protestant school was an Irishman named John Pullman, brought from New York at the end of 1773.

This concludes our sketch of a city and its commerce, which were very different indeed from what we see at the present day. Though operations were then pursued on so much smaller a scale than now, we cannot say that these pioneers had a whit less daring or enterprise than the promoters of a modern company or the builders of a new railway. There must have been a wonderful fascination in these long and venturesome voyages beyond the mere money value of the furs obtained, which would even lead a man like Alexander Henry to spend fifteen years at one time off in the wilds. Advancing civilization has robbed commerce of this romantic aspect, but we to-day are no doubt quite satisfied to sit at home and read of our predecessors' adventures, assured that the year's profits are in no danger of vanishing all at once, in a confusion of sunken ledges, white water, and broken birch-bark.

FICTION A LA MODE

BY R. C. READE

"ARABELLA von Morgenstein stood at last in the ancestral hall of the Copperbooms——"

The typewriter was clicking away gallantly in a three-roomed Harlem flat, as John Barr Escutcheon, professional writer of romance employed his sky-scraper imagination in the construction of a baronial castle in the early feudal style. It was a difficult task, but he faced it confidently. Had he not once erected in seven days a tower of Babel, that is, a novelette wherein the characters spoke snatches of fifteen different languages which he had studied simultaneously, in a tourist's manual of conversation?

Behind a papier maché partition, his wife noisily clattered the breakfast dishes in an adjoining kitchenette. It was partly this interruption which had made him abandon Arabella in the middle of a sentence. Another reason was the sudden weakening of his historical imagination. To tell the truth, he knew very little about old feudal architecture.

He took a hurried glance at a book of engravings and at once began to see things, and this was his vision:

"The room, in which she stood, formed the immense high-vaulted vestibule of a German fortress which had for centuries frowned down upon the majestic Rhine, only to be carried away, stone by stone, and set upon the brow of the parapetted hills overlooking the still more majestic Hudson. Although it was now the abode of a respectable modern captain of industry, it was still suggestive of a robber baron's eagle nest, full of dungeons and human bones. It was eerie, ghostlike and gloomy.

"Arabella would have shivered in terror had she been alone. But a doughty champion stood by her side. It was young Ferdinand Copperboom, with a gold-tipped cigarette in his hand, and elegantly high-waisted, monocled.

"Her fierce old sire would have turned purple with rage had he known where her afternoon's motor ride had brought her. With a pride begotten of three generations of inherited wealth, he loathed and abominated the upstart millions of the Copperbooms. He had strenuously opposed them on the Stock Exchange. He had bid against them for boxes at the Horse Show. He had blackballed them when they sought admission to the Yacht Club. He had in fact expressly forbidden his daughter to exchange cards with them. Once, when he learned that she had danced with Ferdinand Copperboom, he had fallen down in an apoplectic fit. His life had been saved only by her solemn promise to avoid Ferdinand as she would avoid last year's fashions.

"Yet fate laughs at angry fathers. Her car had broken down in the very shadow of the portcullis, under circumstances that looked suspiciously as if the chauffeur had been bribed. Ferdinand appeared from within the carved gateway, and she had been unable to resist his offer of hospitality

until the motor was convalescent. He expressed deep sorrow for her mishap. Grinning gargoyles winked as they heard him."

A sauce pan fell with a bang in the kitchen. The author winced, but stoically followed after Ferdinand and Arabella.

"And now with beating hearts, they stood alone in the glorious baronial hall, the black oak panelling of which it would have taken the whole yearly dividend from Standard Oil to purchase. Not all the wealth of the Orient or one week's box-office receipts from all the moving picture palaces in America could have paid a ten per cent. deposit on the priceless canvases which hung on either side of the great fireplace."

There was a sharp roaring pandemonium as if Niagara had suddenly fallen into some gigantic tin bath-tub. Mrs. Escutcheon had just turned on the hot water tap.

"Confound it, Mary," he called testily, "can't you make a little less row? I've got to get this yarn off my hands in order to pay the rent at the end of the week."

There was a crescendo crash of dishes like the end of a Wagnerian overture, and then—silence.

"Diamonds and opals," the ten-dollar "factory-rebuilt" typewriter was once again dreaming, "turquoise, jasper and chrysoberyl flashed under their feet in the iridescent splendour of rugs from the looms of Shiraz. The light of day filtered in awed humility through cinquecento stained glass windows, and mingled respectfully with the soft glow of golden electric lights set on the walls in sconces of silver. The upholstery, the hangings, the carved beams of the high ceiling, the quaint bronze satyrs poised on delicate pedestals of marble, everything was the last word in Fifth Avenue millionaire 'chic'. The very knobs of the great doors were works of art."

Again the typewriter stopped. The author's wife emerged from the kitchen, drying her hands on her apron.

"See here, John," said she, "while you're making the rent, you just put in enough words to buy me a new dress. I've worn my old brown foulard till I'm sick of it. I've just got to have one of those new models that are slashed at the knees."

The author counted a pile of typewritten pages.

"Mary," said he, "how much do you think that dress of yours will cost?"

"I saw a lovely one yesterday in Wan & Akers for $35.00."

"Oh Lord," groaned the builder of castles, "I've spun this plot out all ready till it's so thin a breath would break it. That fat old Sokem and his rent is just about the limit of its strength. But perhaps it might stand the strain of a little dress material."

"It would never be noticed," said his wife coaxingly, "dresses now are just as flimsy and light as plots."

"That may be," retorted the author, "but, nonetheless, a skimpy plot, like a skimpy dress, is an outrage upon decency, upon artistic decency; a proceeding which, as an artist, I am forced to consider thoroughly reprehensible,——"

"Oh John! My old brown foulard——"

"But, as a husband, my dear," said he, interrupting her cry of dismay, "as a husband, I view the matter in quite a different light. I'll make your dress, and my artistic conscience can go hang."

Thereupon he turned his eyes from the ugly panorama of housetops which was the only view his window afforded, and hastened in imagination, back to the lordly hall of the Copperbooms. It was exactly as he had left it. Arabella and Ferdinand were still there, but had not ventured even to speak, without his permission.

"And yet, the two occupants of this gorgeous chamber of unfettered fancy, surrounded by a magnificence

unequalled even at an Indian Durbar or on a trans-Atlantic liner, had eyes for none of it. Dressed exquisitely in a marvelous motor toilette from Worth's, she was still a woman; clothed immaculately in an afternoon lounge suit after the latest Bond St. fashion, he was still a man. The reason of their indifference to the opulence and luxury of their surroundings was a simple one. They were young and in love."

The progress of the typewriter was suddenly interrupted by a soft pair of arms which stole around the neck of the toiling purveyor of fiction.

"You dear lovely old Hubbikins," cried his wife, enthusiastically imprinting a kiss on his corrugated brow. "To think that all those words really mean a dress for me! You wonderful dress-making Hubbikins, to be able to make a costume just out of your head!"

"Mary," said Hubbikins, alias John Barr Escutcheon on magazine tables of contents, "if you bother me any more with these sweet gherkin interruptions, your dress will be altogether in my head, a mere figment of my imagination, an impalpable web of daringly diaphanous fancy, an—er—, in short there won't be any dress."

"No dress!" she ejaculated in mock alarm. "Do hurry up and finish it. I won't interrupt any more."

Thus assured, the harassed author returned to his task and rescued Ferdinand Copperboom from a silence that was beginning to be embarrassing.

"'Arabella von Morgenstein;' the young heir to the Copperboom millions declared in impassioned tones, 'Arabella, I love you. I love only you. There runs in your veins the haughty watered stock of the most ancient railway system in America, and my millions are only of yesterday; but that is nothing. The gossip of the Four Hundred is nothing; your father's disdain is nothing. Be bold and risk his rage—for my sake. If he cuts you off with a beggarly five millions a year, I will still gladly embrace such poverty, with you. Even in this basement flat—he looked contemptuously around the spacious baronial hall—with this cheap matting under our feet—he stamped on a priceless Turkish rug—with those wretched daubs on our walls—he shook his fist at the old masters in their frames of pure gold—in all this squalor and misery, we can still be happy.' His voice broke as he concluded in wild emotion, 'Oh, Arabella, be mine.'"

"For five dollars, I could get such a pretty lace jabot," said the author's wife unfeelingly, in the midst of Ferdinand's misery.

"Look here, Arabella—I mean Mary," exclaimed the author wearily, "will you please not interrupt?"

"Oh, I wasn't interrupting," said she sweetly, "I was just thinking to myself. Anyway, I could do without the jabot, but I must have some gray pearl buttons to fasten the open side of the skirt. There are such ugly black ones, almost as big as saucers, on the dress in the store. They don't harmonize at all. But surely, dear—you're so clever—you could easily get your old typewriter to make me twelve little bits of pearl buttons?"

"Mary," proclaimed the author solemnly, "you're risking the happiness of two innocent young lives. I've religiously kept them apart for over twenty pages, but, if it hadn't been for you, they would, this very moment, be clasped in one another's arms. If you insist on your pearl buttons I've got to keep them apart a little while longer, and Heaven knows what may happen. Old Morgenstein may come in, or young Copperboom in despair, thinking that Arabella does not love him, may go and blow his silly young brains out."

"And I'd be guilty of murder!" She shuddered. "I would almost rather not have the pearl buttons."

"You see what a serious thing it is to disturb a man when he is con-

structing a story. I once killed two hundred people, although in truth my sin wasn't original, by making their boat strike an iceberg—just because some one came in and interrupted me. Before then, I hadn't the faintest intention of any such wholesale drowning. But, still, I think I can get you your buttons without shedding one drop of blood. It will only take a paragraph or two."

"Couldn't you make me the jabot as well? That is, of course, if you don't have to kill anyone. I really don't want it if you have to murder anyone, or even if you have to make Arabella and Ferdinand quarrel."

"That's all right," said the author cheerily, with the end of his work in sight. "I guess I can squeeze in your jabot. But you needn't worry about Ferdinand and Arabella quarrelling. You don't catch two lovers quarrelling at the end of *my* stories. They daren't do it. I won't let them."

He turned to his work again, and the typewriter, as if weary of inaction, like a spirited thoroughbred, was, in a few seconds, galloping madly.

"She gazed at him from under long lashes, which held aeons of tenderness and unspoken infinitudes of love. Her bosom heaved, her lips parted, but before she could speak, a stately butler with round calves enmeshed in rose silk stockings, entered the hall, and solemnly paced toward young Copperboom, with a note extended on a silver salver. He took it and flung it unread on the couch beside him. The butler bowed and, with leisurely dignity his rose silk calves twinkled their way out of the room."

"That butler is due altogether to your jabot," said the author to his wife, who was now leaning over his shoulder awaiting the finish of the story in breathless excitement. "I never intended to use him, but, perhaps, he serves, at least I hope so, some artistic purpose in heightening the interest by delaying the conclusion. But, anyway, even if you were to threaten me with divorce, my conscience will not permit me to delay matters any longer. I must get these lovers into one another's arms."

His fingers descended on the keys and "'Speak, Arabella, speak?' cried Ferdinand in an agony of hope deferred.

"'Ferdinand,' she whispered with her hands pressed over her heart, 'I can never—"

"'Oh, say not so, Arabella.' His face blanched in sudden terror.

"'But I can't, I can't,' she murmured in a low hysterical laugh, 'I can't tell you how much I love you.'

"She was in his arms, and, on her cheeks and lips descended a rain of kisses like some sacramental baptism of love.

"'But what about your note?' she exclaimed, when she had recovered breath.

"'He opened it. 'Your chauffeur says your car is in good order now.'

"'But I don't want to go just yet. I'll stay and have tea with you, and I don't care what father thinks.'

"In this way the younger generation of the Von Morgensteins and Copperbooms plighted their troth, disregarding ancestral prejudices, like the children of the Capulets and Montagus of old."

"That's the end," said the author, counting the pages, "and if I get my usual rates, and if the editor doesn't shorten it, there will be enough for the landlord and for your dress, and pearl buttons, and lace jabot, and perhaps a box of imported cigars for myself."

"It's wonderful," reflected his wife with a pleased laugh, "I never thought that dresses could be made on a typewriting machine. I'm sure I am very grateful to Ferdinand and Arabella. I hope they will live together very happily."

THE RIVER MAGOG

From the Painting by A. Suzor-Cote. Exhibited by the Ontario Society of Artists

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

THE SHACK ON THE NORTH TRAIL

BY RONALD GRAEME

DRIP, drip, drip, drip!

The man sitting by the table looked up from the book he was reading. Surely it had not started to rain. The sunset had been beautiful, without any indication of a coming storm.

He rose from his chair and, walking to the window, drew aside the blind which covered it.

No, there was a thin strip of moonlight between the side of the shack and the gate in the high board fence. The sky was clear and starlit—no trace there of a rain-cloud.

The man let the blind fall over the window and, returning to his seat, picked up a magazine.

Drip, drip, drip, drip!

This time he got up and walked quickly into the other room of the shack and glanced into the jug and basin on the primitive washstand. Both were empty. He retraced his steps and, crossing the living-room, flung open the door of the tiny kitchen. Everything was just as he had left it when he finished the "chores" after his evening meal. The kettle was singing softly on the stove. The pail of water he had carried in from the spring was in its accustomed place, covered with its wooden lid. Nothing had been spilt anywhere.

He stood by the stove a moment or two. He might as well make the cup of cocoa he usually drank before going to bed. True, it was earlier than usual, but that curious suggestion of rain dripping had sent a shiver down his back, and he fancied he was cold.

He carried the cup of steaming cocoa into the living-room and, placing it on the table by the lamp, walked to a shelf above a small table in a corner on which stood three or four cups and saucers, a sugar-bowl and other odds and ends, flanked by a small travelling clock in a leather case. Its hands pointed to nine o'clock.

"I may as well go to bed right now," he told himself. "I've got to be at Jack's by seven in the morning, and I'll have to pull out of here about five."

He turned over the pages of one of the magazines on the table beside him as he stirred his cocoa, and as he drank he wondered what had caused that sound of water dripping from some as yet undiscovered source. He would look outside in the morning. Perhaps the big rain-water barrel under the eaves above the porch needed a little repairing. And yet if the water was finding its way out of that, surely it would *trickle* down its sides! Well, whatever it was, it had stopped now.

He lifted the lamp from the table and, going towards the outer door, turned the key in the lock and then went into the bedroom and was soon sleeping soundly.

The sun was rising in a blaze of rose when Donald Gillespie mounted his horse in the early morning and turned his head towards the west. He did not feel quite certain in his own mind that he knew the trail to Charlie Mitchell's. He had only ridden out there once, and then Jack Mitchell had been with him and he had depended on him for guidance, though his keen eye had noticed such landmarks as he could find on the rolling prairie.

It was four hours later when he dismounted at Mitchell's, welcomed by a chorus of barking dogs which brought Jack from the house and Charlie from the open door of the stable, pitch-fork in hand.

"Hullo, old man!" Charlie called pleasantly. "You must have started out early this morning."

Donald Gillespie led his horse towards the stable.

"How are you, Charlie?" he said as he shook hands, "I pulled out at five, because I must get back again to-night, and I may have to go south to-morrow."

"You made pretty good time. I'll bet you didn't stop to get any breakfast before you left," Jack Mitchell said, as he joined his friend. "Charlie'll fix your horse; you come into the house; the Missis'll give you some breakfast."

When Gillespie had done justice to the tempting breakfast Mrs. Mitchell placed before him, the two men took a stroll round the ranch buildings. The new Suffolk Punch, in his big corral, the last bunch of colts, and Mrs. Mitchell's prize-winning flock of white Wyandottes, all came in for their due share of admiration.

"Where are you living now, Don?" Jack Mitchell asked.

"I found a three-roomed shack just a little out of town, with a bit of land round it, that was the very thing I wanted. It had been empty some time, the owner said, and had no pump in the house, but I didn't care about that. I got so beastly tired of living in hotels and boarding-houses I was only too glad to try 'batching' again."

"Just a little out of town. How far is it?" asked Jack.

"Oh, it's only about a mile from the post-office, near the little hospital," the other answered.

Jack Mitchell stood still and looked at him.

"What's the matter, Jack?" Gillespie asked.

"I was wondering what shack it could be," he said.

"Perhaps you know it. It has rather a broad, wide porch, and there is a lean-to kitchen at the back. It's not much, but it suits me, and I like it better than the hotels."

Jack made no reply.

Lunch time came round pretty quickly, it seemed to Gillespie, and he found himself seated at table next a new addition to the family circle.

"You haven't met Miss Sassulitch, Donald," Mrs. Mitchell said as her husband and Gillespie entered the room.

The girl on whom Gillespie's eyes lingered was rather striking-looking. She was very tall, with a graceful willowy figure. Masses of bright chestnut hair were twisted carelessly on her head and fell softly over her temples. Her skin was very pale and clear, and as she talked and waxed enthusiastic over any topic of conversation which interested her, a brilliant colour tinged her cheeks, and the hazel eyes with their dark lashes looked almost black.

"And so you like our prairie country, Miss Sassulitch?" Gillespie asked.

"No, I do not like the prairie so much as this—what you call?—the Foothills," she said, smiling.

He thought how rich and full her voice sounded.

"You speak English very well," he ventured to say.

"Ah, you are good! my nurse was English, that I had in my country; she did teach me."

"What is your country?" he asked then.

"Russia. I was born in St. Petersburg," she replied.

"Russia! Really! I have always wished to go there. I fancy the Steppes must be like our prairies. How long have you been here?"

"In this country? Oh, I came first to Montreal five years ago. I did stay two years there. Then I did to Toronto go, and I remained three years, and after that I came here two months," she laughed softly.

Gillespie was wondering if all Russians were as fascinating and beautiful as this girl. There was a charm in the quaint manner in which she expressed herself and he thought he had never listened to a more musical voice. When he rose to take leave of his friends he realized that he had not transacted all the business he had set out with the idea of accomplishing, and that he had been rendered utterly oblivious of his purpose by the witchery of those wonderful hazel eyes with their curling lashes, under the level, finely-arched brows. As he rode homewards he almost congratulated himself that he had not finished his business at the ranch. For now he had a fairly reasonable excuse to return there at no very distant date.

The fire in his little kitchen stove was very long in burning up that night, and Donald Gillespie smiled whimsically as he thought how pleasant it might be to return to the shack after one of his cattle buying expeditions into the country, and find a supper table already laid for him and a pair of beautiful hazel eyes smiling a welcome into his own. What was it Mrs. Mitchell had called her? Olga! Yes, that was it—Olga Sassulitch! He repeated the name to himself two or three times, for he rather liked its cadence.

He was hard hit, bowled out completely for the first time in his life—he, Donald Gillespie, sober, steady-going Donald, for whom none of the Western girls had had any charm or winsomeness, pretty as many of them were.

As he sat drinking his cocoa, suddenly he heard a sound. He drew himself up in his chair.

Drip, drip, drip, drip!

He started up from his seat. Again he went from one room to another in a vain attempt to locate the sound of falling liquid. He flung wide the door opening on to the porch. The surface of the water in the big rain barrel was calm and unruffled in its corner below the eaves. The moonlight, as on the previous night, flooded the patch of land, and the stable to the left of him. All was quiet there.

Arrangements for the buying of beef cattle for the man who had the monopoly of the business in that part of the country kept Gillespie hard at work for weeks. North, south, east and west he went in his search. He had been away from his shack for days at a time during the past two months and many times he had got off the train in the early morning so played out, that he had thrown himself dressed on his bed, so tired that he was asleep almost before his head had touched the pillow.

The train from the south was drawing into the station, and Gillespie had gathered his papers together and thrown his coat over his arm ready to alight. There were only a few passengers in the Pullman, a couple of commercial travellers, an elderly lady with a little girl, and another woman whose back had been towards him most of the journey from MacLeod.

Suddenly she rose from her seat.

"My bag, my bag!" she almost screamed, "I put it under the seat when I went into the diner; it's gone!"

Her face was flushed as she excitedly walked to the end of the car, calling for the conductor as she went. In a minute she was back, followed by the conductor and the porter.

"I guess I know where I put it,

I left it right there under that seat,'' she said.

The two officials commenced a search of the car, which was not exhausted when the train pulled up at the platform. Gillespie did not wait to see whether the missing valise was discovered. He had not dined on the train, and as he had left MacLeod in too great a hurry to think of eating he was feeling somewhat hungry. The shack was at least a mile, rather more, from the station, and he walked rapidly away towards it.

He had just gone into his tiny bedroom, lamp in hand, a couple of hours later, almost ready to tumble into bed, when he heard the rattle of wheels, the plungings of a horse, the shrill scream of a woman, then a crash.

In a moment he had unlocked the outer door. He knew what had happened. There was a heap of stones on the right of the shack, and the horse had shied at it, overturning the vehicle in trying to bolt out of the deep ruts of the trail. He ran down the little path and as he reached the gate in his fence, he heard a woman's voice; somehow it seemed familiar.

''Darn fool,'' she shouted. Why didn't you hold him?''

''Pitch black night like this, who'd a thought he'd shy at a pile o' stones,'' a man's voice answered loudly.

Plainly no one was hurt, Gillespie thought. He advanced towards the group, faintly distinguishable in the gloom.

''Can I be of any assistance?'' he asked.

''I guess if you can lend me a lantern I'd be obliged,'' the man answered.

''I'll get one in a minute. Won't you come into my shack for a little while?'' he said, turning towards the woman.

''Thank you, I reckon I will,'' was the reply, and she followed him up the pathway.

The light of the lamp on the table fell on her face as she sank into the big chair Gillespie pulled forward for her.

He recognied her at once. It was the woman who had lost her valise on the train.

''Did you find it after all?'' he asked her.

''Find what?''

''Your valise. I was on the train when you missed it.''

''Yes, I got it all right, that nigger porter had moved it into the smoker,'' she said.

''Would you like a cup of tea, or anything?'' he asked, as he lighted the lantern in the kitchen doorway.

''If you could give me some water and a glass—I've got a flask in my pocket,'' she replied.

He placed a jug of water on the table beside her and walked towards the outer door of the shack.

''Make yourself as comfortable as you can; we'll soon get the rig fixed up,'' he said.

The woman did not answer him, except by a nod. Her eyes were wandering round the room.

It took some time to right matters outside. One of the traces was broken in such a way as to be practically useless; however, a bit of rope and some string, the never-failing ''repair outfit'' of the Westerner's pocket, eventually made a fairly decent job of what at first had looked almost hopless.

They were hitching the horse now; he had been standing quietly enough since they had got him on his feet. A shadow across the stream of light from the open door of the shack and an exclamation caused Gillespie to turn round.

The woman was flying down the path towards them.

''I can't stay there, I can't stay there,'' she exclaimed, with a sob.

''Why? What's the matter?'' the other man asked; ''scared, eh?''

She climbed into the rig but made no reply.

"Oh, she's just a bit overdone," Gillespie remarked. He picked up a rug and spread it over her knees. She was weeping unrestrainedly now, her face hidden in her hands.

The man took his place beside her and with a repetition of his thanks to Gillespie, gathered the lines in his hands and started out on the trail again.

Gillespie watched the rig disappear in the darkness, and he wondered vaguely where it was going and who the woman could be. She was a good-looking woman of rather a bold, coarse type. The man was a driver for one of the livery stables in the little town. They turned off northwards as he stood watching them, and he knew there were only two or three houses in that direction.

He looked at his watch and found that it was nearly one o'clock in the morning, and realized that it had taken longer than he thought to fix up the damaged harness, and that he was very tired and sleepy.

Olga Sassulitch was reading a letter in the living-room of the Mitchell ranch, and her face as she perused it expressed many conflicting emotions.

Mrs. Jack Mitchell glanced at her from time to time, until she said:

"What's bothering you, Olga dear?"

"This letter; it's from Vassili," the girl answered. "He wants me to go back to Russia; he is coming here to fetch me," she added.

"Oh, surely not," Mrs. Mitchell exclaimed.

"I do not want to go—do not let him take me."

The girl was on her knees in front of the older woman.

"Why, Olga, Olga, you need not go; you are your own mistress, and this is a free country, thank God."

"I know, I know! I never want to see Russia again! The thought of a return does paralyze, terrify me. I think always of my father, of his devotion to the Cause, of the secret police and how Gregor Gregorovitch did betray him. Oh, no! A million times, I cannot go back to Russia!"

"When is your brother coming?" asked Mrs. Mitchell.

"Soon, soon—in a week, two weeks maybe."

A barking and yelping of dogs sounded through the open window. Mrs. Mitchell rose from her seat and looked across the yard. A man was getting off his horse.

"It's Donald Gillespie," she cried, "and Jack and Charlie are both out. He must be going to stay the night."

A tell-tale blush dyed the pale cheeks of the girl.

Mrs. Mitchell hurried out of the room to see that the kettle was boiling. She knew Gillespie's weakness for a cup of tea after his long ride to the ranch.

By the time she had made the tea and cut bread and butter and cake and carried the tray into the living-room, Donald Gillespie was there before her, talking earnestly to Olga. Something in his attitude caused her to hesitate a moment before placing the tray on the table. His back was towards her, and he was speaking in low tones to the girl seated in the chair facing the bay window.

Neither of them had heard her come into the room, so she made a rattling noise with the tea cups.

"Why, Donald," she said, coming forward, as he turned at the sound, "I'm pleased to see you, but Jack and Charlie are both out."

"I did not come to see them, Mrs. Mitchell," Gillespie said, shaking hands. "I just wanted a night in the country, perhaps a day as well, as I wasn't busy."

"You know you are always welcome, whether you come on 'business' or just for a lazy spell," was the laughing reply.

"I passed the mail coming out. Birch had a passenger with him," he said, as they sat at tea. "No one I knew, though."

"I didn't know anyone was expected by our neighbours," Mrs. Mitchell said.

"It always to me is a wonderful thing how in this scattered country, with ranch houses apart so far, you all know one another's affairs of others," and Olga smiled as she spoke.

"Not always," Gillespie laughed, and his eyes rested on the beautiful face opposite him.

Mrs. Mitchell thought they were a wonderfully good-looking pair.

Donald Gillespie was six feet, broad-shouldered and well set up. His features were fairly regular, and his hair was dark and close-cropped. His blue eyes were frank and kindly in expression.

Mrs. Mitchell rose from her seat after some time. Olga helped her to replace the cups on the tray.

"Mrs. Mitchell, I want to tell you something," Gillespie said, as she moved towards the door.

"Yes?" she said, and replaced the tray on the table. Donald Gillespie took the girl's hand in both his own. "I have asked Olga to marry me," he said quietly.

"Oh! Donald!" There was pleased surprise in Mrs. Mitchell's tone.

"You have made her so happy these months she has been with you that I wanted you to know first, before anyone else, he added.

"O Olga! Now you need never go back to Russia!"

She kissed the girl on both cheeks as she spoke.

"I am very glad, Donald, for both your sakes. I think you will be very happy."

Mrs. Mitchell's eyes were suspiciously moist as she grasped Donald's hands in her own.

The green-shaded lamp threw very little light on the faces of the two men bending over the pile of papers between them on the table, and till the watcher's eyes had grown accustomed to the gloom, he could not distinguish what it was they were doing. The two men at the table were poring over long columns of figures, strange hieroglyphics in some unknown tongue, documents with curious seals attached to them. Neither of them spoke. Sheet after sheet of paper was torn up and thrown to the floor. Suddenly the taller sprang to his feet, pointing to a name on the paper in his hand.

The other man rose in his chair.

With a bound the tall man was at the other's side, grasping him by the throat. Backwards and forwards they rocked, now this way, now that. They crashed into the table, and the green lamp shade was smashed into a thousand pieces. The small man was gaining an advantage; a deft twist of the arm and the tall man was forcing him down, down and backwards over the table. A flash of steel in the lamplight, a writhing form—then, stillness.

Snatching the papers hastily from the table and thrusting them into a bag, the murderer sprang to the door. He glanced for a second at the motionless figure, and as he paused a ray of light fell across his face. Then he turned and fled into the night.

A door at the other side of the room opened, and a woman came hurriedly forward. She staggered wild-eyed against the wall, gazing helplessly, fearfully, at the ghastly sight before her; the upturned face, the blood drip, drip, dripping to the floor.

Donald Gillespie sat up in his bed. "Thank God, it was a dream."

The beads of perspiration were standing on his forehead. His heart was beating to suffocation. His fingers were trembling as he groped for matches to light the lamp on the shelf above his head.

He threw open the door leading into the living-room. Before him was the room he had seen in his dream. Everything was as he had left it the night before. Quiet, peaceful, orderly, it looked in the light of the lamp. The little travelling clock struck four.

Gillespie placed the lamp on the table, and walking to the outer door, flung it open and went out on to the porch. The day was breaking in the east. He could sleep no more. So he walked to the pump in the yard and let a cool stream of water run over his face and head.

Refreshed, he returned to his room and dressed in his riding things. Then he threw himself across the saddle and cantered away towards the town. There were several letters for him at the mail, including one from Olga. Reading it, he forgot everything else. It was full of expressions of affection. Her brother was coming into town next week, she said, and would come to see him. He had given up the idea of taking her back to Russia, realizing that her happiness was here in this new country of blessed freedom. His own life was devoted to the Cause, the Great Cause, and he could best achieve its high and lofty purpose in the land of his birth.

Gillespie found much to occupy his mind that day, various matters of business requiring immediate attention keeping him rushing from one place to another.

Seven o'clock was striking as he went up the steps of the hotel on Stewart avenue that evening, and he realized that he had been the whole day without food.

Gillespie was sitting on his porch in the cool of the evening, smoking and reading, about a couple of weeks later. He raised his eyes from his book and glanced towards the town. Walking leisurely along the trail was a tall man, a stranger evidently, from his manner of glancing from side to side as if he were looking for some place. He stopped and spoke to three or four children playing on the grass by the side of the trail. They pointed in the direction of the shack.

As the man drew closer, Gillespie was conscious of a strange sensation of something familiar in the figure. He rose from his seat as the stranger turned at the gate in front of the shack and came quickly towards him.

"I am Vassili Sassulitch," he said as he stood, hat in hand, on the steps of the porch.

"Yes, I know, Olga's brother," Donald Gillespie replied. This, then, accounted for that strange sense of familiarity. There was the same pale clear skin, the same arched eyebrows and refined features; but the eyes were very dark, and the thick hair and moustache were jet black.

It was in the expression that the difference in the two faces was most noticeable, and yet it was not easy to define.

"And so you wish to marry my sister?" Vassili Sassulitch said, as they were sitting smoking in the living-room, some time later. They had been talking of the Russian's approaching return to his own country. Sassulitch spoke English with much more ease and fluency than his sister, but his voice had the same rich musical tone.

"Yes, I think I can make her happy, happier and more peaceful here than she could be in her own land," Donald replied.

"I cannot be happy out of Russia," the other said. "I only left it now to see how Olga was and if she wished to return with me. I had not seen her since I left her at the convent in Montreal about five years ago, when she was sixteen," he added.

"This is your first visit to the West, then?" Gillespie asked.

Sassulitch looked at him a minute before replying, and a curious expression flashed over his face.

"No," he said, "I was in the West five years ago for a short time."

Donald had risen from his chair while the other was speaking. Taking the lamp from the shelf above the small table in the corner, he lighted it and placed it on the table in the centre of the room.

He opened the door leading into the kitchen, and putting some fresh water into the kettle, turned on the draught

in the stove. He busied himself for some minutes there.

Vassili Sassulitch, left alone in the living-room, glanced round him as the lamp flared up and illuminated the dim spaces unseen before in the dusk of the evening.

Suddenly he drew himself up in his seat. Where was he? What room was this which struck him as he saw it now, with the feeling of having been in it before?

Drip, drip, drip, drip!

Gillespie entered the room from the kitchen. The visitor was grasping the arms of his chair with both hands, his face livid, his eyes fixed and staring.

Drip, drip, drip, drip!

Gillespie felt the perspiration break out on his forehead. He heard again the strange, weird sound, that awful sound he had heard in his terrifying dream—the blood falling drop by drop on the pile of tossed and crumpled papers on the floor. Great God! Now he knew! The face of Vassili Sassulitch was the face of the man in that ghastly dream who had stood for a moment in the light of the lamp.

With a tremenduous effort, Gillespie pulled himself together. Walking to the table in the corner, he poured out a glass of neat whiskey and turned towards the figure in the chair with the dark eyes gazing into vacancy.

"In this room, this very room," he said in deep tones, "I killed the man who betrayed my father."

Donald Gillespie's heart stood still.

"I followed him from Russia," Sassulitch went on, "all over the world, always a day too late. And then five years ago, I found him. I was on time that night, for the next day he would have fled north, south, who knows? And I should have lost him. He was a traitor to the Cause."

A month later, Jack Mitchell was sitting by his friend's bedside in the hospital where Donald Gillespie was slowly recovering from an attack of brain fever.

"Good heavens, Don," he said, "I would never have let you remain in that shack an hour. MacTavish never could get anyone to stay in it, they said it was haunted.

Gillespie moved his head as if to speak. Mitchell went on:

"Some years ago a Russian or a Pole who lived in it was found dead. A woman who had come with him from the States discovered him lying on a table in the room stabbed to the heart. She had had nothing to do with it. There was a pile of torn-up papers, letters and documents in some foreign lingo, Russian, I suppose, on the table and floor, but not a scrap which could give the slightest clue. The woman swore no foreign friends had ever come to see him; she only knew he was not an American, though he told her his name was John Gregory, and he spoke English well, but with a slight accent she could not describe. It was a mysterious revenge of some sort."

"What was she like?" Gillespie's voice was little more than a whisper.

"Oh! A good-looking, dark-eyed woman of rather a coarse type," was the reply.

The woman who had rushed sobbing from the shack and the woman of Gillespie's dream were one and the same.

Bit by bit Mitchell drew from him the story of that awful dream, and then after a scomewhat lengthy pause he said:

"Well, we shall never know now what it was that caused the curious sound of dripping you heard."

Gillespie's eyes asked a question.

"There was no time to save anything but a few of your personal belongings, after the firemen found you lying unconscious on the bedroom floor. A sudden draught from the open door must have caused the lamp to explode. The shack burned to the ground in less than an hour."

"Thank God!" Gillespie breathed.

TENNYSON'S "MAUD"

A STUDY OF SOCIAL CONDITIONS

BY A. W. CRAWFORD

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE, UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA

NO other of Tennyson's more ambitious poems has gained so little public recognition as his own favourite, "Maud". This was the poet's greatest literary disappointment, for, in spite of all adverse criticism, he persisted in regarding it as one of his masterpieces. Always a capable and severe critic of his own works, he thought the public did not understand "Maud", and he was led to make more interpretative comment upon the poem than upon any other of his productions. In addition, he finally left with his son a very careful analysis, or headings for the various divisions, in the hope that the public would come to understand it and appreciate it. As a consequence, a much truer estimate of "Maud" has of late been forming, and the poem may be coming into its own. But a full appreciation of its deep significance can come only when we discover its affiliation to the poet's other works and interpret it as a contribution to his view of life and the world.

The number of hasty and erroneous interpretations given to "Maud" upon its first appearance in 1855 would now be amusing if it were not all so pathetic. As Dr. R. J. Mann says, "The guild of critics . . . acted upon the assumption that it held the vested right of seeing at a glance what high genius had only perfected through the expenditure of prolonged and patient labour." Even the reputation gained by the poet for "The Princess" and "In Memoriam" did not save Tennyson from these hasty and shallow critics. The views "offered as interpretations of the object and meaning" of the poem, as Dr. Mann shows, varied all the way from that which considered it a mere "spasm" to that which regarded it as an expression of a "rampant and rabid blood-thirstiness of soul."

The utter foolishness and ignorance of such views was soon made manifest by the interpretation of Dr. Robert James Mann, which appeared the following year under the title, "Tennyson's 'Maud' Vindicated," (1856). This interpretation and vindication at once took its place as a just and capable criticism and made impossible a continuance of foolish attacks upon the poem. The poet himself was so pleased and satisfied with it that he wrote to Dr. Mann: "Thanks for your vindication. No one with this essay before him can in future pretend to misunderstand my dramatic poem 'Maud'; your commentary is as true as it is full." Until the close of his life, we are informed by his son, he still considered this interpretation the best that had appeared, and expressed a desire to have it inserted among the authentic notes to the poem (Cf. "Memoir," Vol. I., p. 394, Note).

The essay of Dr. Mann, then, and

the various notes by the poet himself must always form the starting-point of any interpretation of the poem. But while entirely satisfactory as far as they go, the passing years make it more evident that, after both Dr. Mann's excellent commentary and the poet's own highly illuminating headings and notes, much remains to be said about the poem. Critics have slowly come to recognize its great merits. More than thirty years after it was published one ardent admirer of Tennyson still continued to speak of "Maud" as a "splendid failure", and only in later editions of his book did he alter his estimate. Like many another fortunate person, he tells us that the poem assumed a new and completer meaning for him on hearing it read and interpreted by the living voice of the poet himself (Van Dyke: "The Poetry of Tennyson").

Beginning with Dr. Mann, the older critics busied themselves almost exclusively with the psychological and moral phases of the hero's development, and in this matter have written wisely and well. But this overlooks the larger relations of the poem, by neglecting its reference to the social conditions that have had most to do with that development. For instance, Dr. Mann says: "The grand central idea that is involved in this drama[is] the holy and energizing power of love over the human intellect and heart." As implied even in the poet's own analysis, this doubtless is the "central" theme of the poem, and a great and noble theme it is and worthy of of the best efforts of the author of "In Memoriam". But as we shall see, this can scarcely be called the theme of the poem as a whole.

In somewhat the same vein, the poet's own notes and comments have to do chiefly with the character and mind of the hero, with the story of the poem, and with its dramatic form. He used to say: "This poem of 'Maud or the Madness' is a little 'Hamlet', the history of a morbid poetic soul, under the blighting influence of a recklessly speculative age. He is the heir of madness, an egotist with the makings of a cynic, raised to sanity by a pure and holy love which elevates his whole nature". ("Memoir", I. 396, "Works", Eversley edition, II. 502-3). But this note, it has scarcely been observed, contains also the suggestion of the neglected social aspects of the hero's case in the reference to the "recklessly speculative age".

The analysis of the poem published in the "Memoir" by the son, the present Lord Tennyson, carries the story through all the divisions, and makes clear the narrative element. On the dramatic form, which was the cause of so much misunderstanding of the poem Tennyson said, "The peculiarity of this poem is that different phases of passion in one person take the place of different characters" (Eversley, II. 503). He further insisted that these "different phases of passion" were strictly dramatic, but at the same time admitted that even a dramatist reveals himself in his work. (Cf. "Memoir", I. 402).

Much of the misunderstanding upon the part of the first readers of "Maud" came from the fact that they failed to recognize the poem as a dramatic monologue. This form was all but new to Tennyson, except for a few obviously dramatic minor poems, though Browning had used it very successfully from the first. Readers who had thought of Tennyson only as a lyric poet could not realize the dramatic character of "Maud", and could not follow the great author of "In Memoriam" as he turned aside from the direct lyric form to the more indirect dramatic monologue and gave utterance to the sentiments of a fictitious person. It was still to be some years before Tennyson should attempt the regular drama, but in "Maud" he was preparing his mind and his art for that undertaking.

But, though dramatic, "Maud" is

a "lyrical" drama and, moreover, a monodrama. Even educated readers were embarrassed by the great variety of lyrical forms, and could not understand that these expressed the ever-changing moods of the speaker. Tennyson had never before attempted such a variety of moods, with such varied metrical forms. But as Dr. Mann says, "Nothing can be more exquisitely consonant to the proceedings of nature than that such utterance should be made in fitful and broken strains, rather than that they should march steadily on to the measure of equal lines, and regularly recurring rhymes. . . . The syllables and lines of the several stanzas actually trip and halt with abrupt fervour, tremble with passion, swell with emotion, and dance with joy, as each separate phase of mental expression comes on the scene".

The artistic and lyric features of the poem have been felt by all readers, and early met with full recognition. Tennyson never surpassed the musical excellence, the pictorial beauty, and the intense, eager passion of "Maud". The late J. Churton Collins has well expressed these excellences: "As a masterpiece of rhythm it must rank among the wonders of art. Never perhaps have emotion and passion in their various phases found in words a medium of expression so subtly responsive, so wholly adequate". ("In Memoriam", "The Princess", and "Maud", p. 281. London: Methuen, 1902.)

In an attempt to understand the poem, however, what at the present juncture needs emphasis is the meaning of the poem as a whole. It is the fashion of great poets to set such a theme as we have here in a sort of framework that will give it "relations" and show its connections with the problems of everyday human life. Shakespeare, for instance, was not content merely to portray the ennobling influence of an ardent and pure love upon the characters of the youthful Romeo and Juliet, but so framed his story that by their love he could bring about the healing of the "ancient grudge" between the two families. In this same spirit Tennyson takes up the story of the madness and the love of the hero of "Maud". By showing at the outset the cause of his malady and in the end his dedication to the public welfare, the poet is enabled to present his criticism of our social order. Though the restoration of the hero through his love of *Maud* fills the centre of the poem, the real theme is the disastrous effect of the social system upon a sensitive mind, and the determination of the hero when restored to exert himself to change that system.

The mistake has been made of interpreting "Maud" in the light of "In Memoriam", Tennyson's greatest previous poem and the one published immediately before. The subject of this great poem, however, was not chosen by the poet but thrust upon him by the hard and trying fact of the death of his dearest friend, Arthur Hallam. This loss brought him face to face with the problems of love, and of death, and of the future life, and led him away from his native bent of thought. With these problems "Maud" has little to do, but turns back to the kind of subject more after Tennyson's native manner. But it was partly because it was read in the light of "In Memoriam", then in everybody's mind, that "Maud" was misunderstood and undervalued.

It has not been observed by critics generally that all the subjects deliberately chosen by Tennyson for elaborate treatment have been social and political rather than metaphysical topics. Tennyson was neither a learned nor a capable metaphysician. But all his life he was deeply interested in and carefully studied social and political problems, and achieved in treating these his greatest poetical triumphs. Even in the great poem, "In Memoriam", the most beautiful and the most successful single poems

are those which leave the main line of thought, and which culminate in the eloquent and enraptured New Year's Hymn with its eager yearning for a renewed and regenerated social and political order.

Not only "Maud", but the earlier and later "Locksley Hall", must be read as poems on social topics, and can be best understood if viewed as but porches to the poet's great cathedral of "The Idylls of the King", in which he has embodied all his wisest and fullest and maturest thought on the social and political life of men. This poem, and not "In Memoriam", is his *magnum opus,* and the one to which he consciously dedicated a lifetime of poetic endeavour. This, then, is the point of view from which "Maud" must be read, and this is the neglected phase of the poem that now calls for careful consideration.

It is not enough, then, to see in "Maud" only the story of a young man saved from madness by a pure and energizing love for a noble young woman. This holy influence of love, it is to be noticed, is exerted upon a man made sad and mad by the evil social and industrial conditions that had ruined his father and had driven him to suicide, and that had left his children in poverty and despair. His father had been cheated and defrauded of his estates under the sanction of existing commercial customs and laws, and the villain who had committed the outrage was allowed to enjoy his ill-gotten prosperity with the full acquiescence of society. Men had looked on quite complacently as the tragedy was enacted:

> But that old man, now lord of the broad estate and the Hall,
> Drove off scared from a scheme that had left us flaccid and drained.

As the poem opens, Tennyson portrays the hero as "already on the way to madness". His heart has been chilled and his mind maddened by the social wrong he has suffered. From this the entire drama develops. The psychological problem of the hero's insanity has grown entirely out of the social problem of his environment. In this poem, then, as has been noticed, we have the return of the hero of "Locksley Hall", with continued railing against an iniquitous social order and dreams of a more perfect world to be. Both poems are alike criticisms of the materialistic and utilitarian spirit that the poet saw arising in English life with the growth of modern industry and commerce, and with the emancipation of the common people.

It is then as a study of social conditions that "Maud" can be best understood. It is, in fact, Tennyson's indictment of the materialistic spirit of the age that sacrifices everything to its own prosperity. In strong words he arraigns the extortionate business greed he sees about him: "Pickpockets, each hand lusting for all that is not its own". This "lust of gain, in the spirit of Cain", so incenses the hero that he cries out, "who but a fool would have faith in a tradesman's ware or his word?" He thunders against the heartlessness of the times,

> When the poor are hovell'd together, each sex, like swine,
> When only the ledger lives, and when not only all men lie.

This is the spirit of the prophets themselves, and exhibits more passion than usual with Tennyson. It is always in his treatment of social topics that he develops his intensest passion.

In these criticisms of conditions attending and growing out of the political and industrial re-organization of society, Tennyson was in substantial agreement with most of the noblest minds of the century. Wordsworth had complained of the low ideals that came with the industrial revolution, but had partly vitiated his criticism by his inability to appreciate some of the good and permanent elements in the changed order. Carlyle had thundered from his Mount Sinai, accusing

the nation of industrial and commercial villainy, and of sacrificing the common people and the working men to the demands of the money-till. Then followed the more æsthetic Ruskin, no less convinced of the iniquity of business practices and the collapse of business ethics, but with more grace and elegance, urged upon the nation the adoption in trade and industry of the higher ethics of the professions. These and many other lesser prophets of righteousness, precursors or contemporaries of Tennyson, proclaimed the need of a more just and humane social and industrial life, that should not debase men and sacrifice the higher nature to business success. They urged upon the nation the necessity of considering all the interests of all men, and proclaimed their belief that to seek the welfare of the toilers and of the poor was in the end a part of political wisdom. These great men all died in faith, not inheriting the promises, but all were true prophets who foresaw the new and better era yet to dawn upon the world.

In this connection occurs the first apparent advocacy of war that so shocked the early readers of the poem, and called forth Gladstone's earnest protest. The poem belongs to the period of the Crimean war when England was engaged in that futile struggle in which large numbers of Englishmen had no heart. The third part of the poem, Tennyson tells us, was "written when the cannon was heard booming from the battleships in the Solent before the Crimean War". (Eversley edition, II. p. 511.) For the Poet Laureate to advocate war was in itself bad enough, but to advocate it in the face of such an ingiorious war was distressing to many of the best of the poet's countrymen.

This was, however, a mistaken reading of the poem, for the argument went not to advocate war, but to show that a foreign war, horrible as it was, might conceivably be preferable to the unholy war on one another, the "civil war", going on every day in trade and industry. The foreign war would at least have the good effect of binding the nation together and making them brothers for the time, and of turning the greedy, cheating merchants into self-sacrificing heroes:

> For I trust if an enemy's fleet came yonder round by the hill,
> And the rushing battle-bolt sang from the three-decker out of the foam,
> That the smooth-faced snub-nosed rogue would leap from the counter and till,
> And strike, if he could, were it but with his cheating yardward home.

If any further answer to the charge of militancy were needed, however, it was given in the note by the present Lord Tennyson: "Some of the reviewers accused my father of loving war and urging the country to war. . . . What the hero of "Maud" says is that the sins of the nation, "civil war" as he calls them, are deadlier in their effect than what is commonly called war, and that they may be in a measure subdued by the war between nations, which is an evil more easily recognized". (Eversley edition, II. 511-2.) In other words, Tennyson so hated the bloodless but bitter warfare of greedy trade and industry that he thought a bloody war with a foreign foe might conceivably be a lesser evil. It was a very striking, but unfortunately a misunderstood, attempt to show his abhorrence of the atrocities of dishonest business that robbed others of their possessions, devoured widows' houses, and kept the poor grovelling like swine in their huts.

To express further his detestation of this state of affairs and of the social conditions that gave rise to them, the poet portrays the hero as going mad from his suffering. From this, however, he is eventually saved by the coming of *Maud*. To add to the dramatic effect, and at the same time testify to the great power of love, the poet pictures her as the

daughter of the man whose schemes had impoverished the hero's family and driven his father to his death. The love that immediately springs up in his heart at the sight of *Maud,* his old childhood friend, and that in time is reciprocated, soon dispels the clouds from his mind and restores him to himself again. This that Dr. Mann calls "the grand central theme of the poem" needs no special consideration now, for it is that part of the poem that has been best understood and appreciated and that has been most adequately explained. Tennyson never excelled this dramatic treatment of the hero's advancing madness, and never surpassed the exquisite lyrics that trace the changes in his love experiences with *Maud* until by her beneficent influence he is again restored and healed. This central part of the poem has been the only part that has elicited due admiration.

In our admiration for this "central" theme of the poem, we must not forget to consider it in its relation to the poem as a whole. The madness of the hero has been healed, but the inhuman social conditions that caused the madness have in no way been alleviated. The hero has ceased to be distracted by the social wrongs he and others have suffered, but the wrongs themselves still exist. Nothing whatever has been done to relieve anything except the disastrous effect of these conditions upon the mind of the hero. The effect has been removed by the good offices of love, but not the cause. Merchants still cheat, and the poor are still in their hovels, but the hero has ceased to worry, being conscious of little except his all-absorbing love for *Maud.* Are we then to understand that the poet regards social wrongs as only the delusions of a madman, and that they vanish when he is restored to mental sanity? Or, are we to think that the only calamitous feature of such conditions is the madness, and that the restoration through love is the only amelioration to be looked for?

But this would be a very partial reading of the poem, and would fail to consider what we have called the "relations" of this central story to the poem as a whole. The truth is, the love of *Maud* atones only for the hero's more personal griefs and losses. Its moral effect, however, is to lead him in the end to devote himself whole-heartedly to the remedying of the social conditions from which so many others have suffered in common with him. Tennyson was too conscious of the reality of bad conditions in society to pass them over lightly, and too wise to think the only cure to be hoped for was entirely personal, and consisted in having something better to engage one's attention and affection. The closing part of the poem will reveal his full thought in this matter.

During the progress of his love-making with *Maud,* the hero is a second time beset with difficulties that grow out of evil social conditions. Here the poet introduces again the subject he had treated in "Locksley Hall", in which a rival suitor is favoured because of his wealth and his title. *Maud's* brother, partaking of the spirit of their father, determines that *Maud* shall marry the wealthy suitor, who is described as

> a lord, a captain, a padded shape,
> A bought commission, a waxen face,
> A rabbit mouth that is ever agape—

Maud, however, is not taken with his wealth and title, apparently having the thought Tennyson had before expressed in "Lady Clara Vere de Vere":

> Kind hearts are more than coronets,
> And simple faith than Norman blood.

But the brother is obstinate, and carries his opposition to the length of a quarrel with the hero. The mutual ill-will thus aroused leads finally to a duel, in which the brother is slain. This most unfortunate out-

come causes him very great distress, only a little relieved by the dying self-accusation of the brother:

"The fault was mine," he whisper'd, "fly!"

The effect on *Maud,* however, is completely disastrous, and ends in her dying of a broken heart. As a result of it all the hero flees for safety to a foreign land, and we next find him in Brittany.

Twice, then, the hero has been the victim of the money-devil. In his first trouble, money-greed was the cause of his undoing through the calamities that befell his father. Now, in the second instance, money-pride has caused the quarrel with *Maud's* brother, and has resulted in his unwilling taking of life, with the consequent death of *Maud* from a broken-heart.

From the anguish of this second and greater catastrophe, the hero lapses again into "the delirium of madness". From this, too, he emerges in time, but not again through the gentle and sweet influences of love, but through the sterner and harsher, yet no less purifying, ministry of suffering. In exile on the Breton shore, after horrifying visions in the mad-house, his mind once more is restored, though as the poet says, "Sane but shattered".

In this second and final restoration, however, no consolation of earthly love awaits him, but in its place there comes the vision of *Maud* in the spirit world, beckoning to him and prophesying of the time when through struggle with a foreign foe their land should be purged of its selfishness and "civil war", and tyranny should cease that was grinding the poor into dust, and brotherhood take its place, and

The glory of manhood stand on his ancient height,
Nor Britain's one sole god be the millionaire;
No more shall commerce be all in all, and Peace
Pipe on her pastoral hillock a languid note.

With this vision before him, blending love and patriotism, he plunges into his nation's foreign war, in the hope that this will bring about that brotherhood that their monstrous commercial greed had destroyed. The vision of *Maud* had given him a new inspiration and purpose in life:

Let it go or stay, so I wake to the higher aims
Of a land that has lost for a little her lust of gold,
And love of a peace that was full of wrongs and shames,
Horrible, hateful, monstrous, not to be told.

To appreciate the beauty of this vision and to feel the desperate force of the new resolve, we need to recall the earlier indictment of the social wrongs the people were enduring, and the grinding conditions that destroyed all their better natures:

When the poor are hovell'd and hustled together, each sex, like swine, . .
And the vitriol madness flushes up in the ruffian's head,
Till the filthy by-lane rings to the yell of the trampled wife,
And chalk and alum and plaster are sold to the poor for bread,
And the spirit of murder works in the very means of life.

In contrast with this condition, he thinks war would be welcome, not however as a diversion, but as a remedy. Though not a peace-at-all-price man, Tennyson was not lacking in a wholesome hatred of the savagery of war. But in his choice of war on this occasion he reveals his utter detestation of the economic conditions where "the spirit of murder works in the very means of life". No more striking way of declaring his convictions in this matter could be imagined.

In this last noble resolve for his country, the hero has out-lived his earlier sullen hopelessness, and takes new heart with the vision before him:

Let it flame or fade, and the war roll down like a wind,
We have proved we have hearts in a cause, we are noble still,

And myself have awaked, as it seems, to the better mind;
It is better to fight for the good than to rail at the ill;
I have felt with my native land, I am one with my kind,
I embrace the purpose of God, and the doom assign'd.

Instead of being again distracted by these great wrongs, he is inspired with an ardent enthusiasm for their redress, and becomes a prophet of the new and better world to be.

But at last we want to know, what was the relation of the poet to the sentiments expressed in his poem, for much of its value to us will depend on whether or not it voices Tennyson's own deep convictions. How much of the hero's criticism of social wrong and injustice represents the thought of the poet himself, and how much of it is only the ravings of a madman? Does the poet give voice to his own criticism in the utterances of the hero of the poem, or are we to understand that all such criticisms are to be taken only as the railings of a lunatic? Does the poem contain any of Tennyson's sincere judgments on social matters, or is it merely a huge satire on would-be social reformers generally?

We have already noticed Tennyson's statement that a great deal of the early misunderstanding of the poem was due to the failure of the public to observe that the poem was a drama, and that the hero uttered his own sentiments and not the poet's. Yet he feels compelled to add, "In a certain way, no doubt, poets and novelists, however dramatic they are, give themselves in their works". In one sense, then, Tennyson can no more be held for the views expressed by the hero of "Maud" than Shakespeare for the utterances of Shylock or Iago. But in another sense, the poet is responsible for the poem as his own creation, if not for all the views expressed in the poem.

It would avail nothing, then, to say that the sentiments of the poem belong only to the mad hero, for in the last analysis he is the poet's hero, the child of his own imagination. As Luce has observed, there is substantial accord between the views when the hero may be considered mad and when he is announced as restored and sane. ("Handbook to Tennyson's Works", pp. 299-318). The poem would have no direct value if the views of the maddened man were only mad views. As the general views of social conditions are substantially the same throughout the entire poem, no interpretation seems permissible but that which regards them as the settled convictions of the sane man, re-echoed in his madness. It was the painful assurance of the truth of these convictions that drove him mad. And, moreover, the truth of these convictions is more deeply impressed, when at last, sane and hopeful, he gives himself to the redress of the wrongs.

The leading sentiments and the main drift of the poem, then, must express the mind of the poet. A young man is made mad by the great wrongs he has suffered from evil social conditions, but fortunately is saved by the pure and noble love of *Maud*. Once more suffering from social injustice in the form of "marriage-hindering mammon", he is forced into a duel with *Maud's* brother. The death of the brother works in the end the death of *Maud*. Lapsing once more into madness at her untimely death, the hero is again restored by the sweet vision of *Maud*, in whose love he resolves to give himself up "to work for the good of humanity through the unselfishness born of his great passion. ("Memoir", I. 396).

The poem, then, is the poet's early indictment of the wrongs of the social order, and contains also a hint of the manner of undoing these wrongs. His greater poem, "The Idylls of the King", not to be completed yet for three decades, will give at greater length his ideal of a true social and political order founded upon love and brotherhood.

THE AMAZON

From the Painting by Haug. Exhibited by the Canadian National Exhibition

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

JOHN GALT: FOUNDER OF CITIES*

BY J. E. WETHERELL

FEW people of this generation, strange to say, are familiar with the name of John Galt, and fewer still, even in hazy fashion, can see along the vista of memory the incomparable array of adventures and projects and accomplished deeds which make up the life history of this remarkable man. He has no place in the excellent series of biographies, "The Makers of Canada"; nor have the three towns that owe him so much —one, its name, and the others, their very existence—reared monuments or memorials or tablets to his vanishing fame. His own "Autobiography," written in splendid assurance of the immortality of his place in history, and the brief memoir by "Delta" (D. M. Moir), his *fidus Achates,* are almost the sole sources to which the student has access for authentic information regarding this restless and versatile pioneer of Upper Canada.

In this short article I pay my humble tribute to this neglected hero, and I bespeak for this story of his eventful career fifteen minutes of the patient reader's attention, even if that reader does not happen to live in one of the three "G's", Galt, Guelph, Goderich, which have the high honour of claiming intimate relationship with John Galt.

Only a cursory survey of the forty-eight years of Galt's life before the

*"Had Mr. Galt achieved nothing else, the honour of having founded flourishing towns in Upper Canada would have been sufficient forever to perpetuate his name in connection with the historical annals of that Province as one of its greatest benefactors."—"Delta."

date of his advent as the founder of Canadian cities can be here given. He was born at Irvine, Ayrshire, Scotland, in May, 1779. His father became captain of a West Indiaman, and so the son was reared and educated in Greenock. His shrewd, observant, witty and quaintly original mother left her impress on the character and tendencies of the growing boy. Some youthful habits and predilections of the lad are worth recording. He was fond of flowers, shrubs and trees. He early showed a taste for music and a propensity for rhyming. Ballads and story books were a constant delight. The love for travel was in his blood, and when still in his teens he made pedestrian tours to Edinburgh, to Loch Lomond, to the Borders, even to Durham in England. On one occasion a sight of an engraving of Niagara Falls excited him unwontedly and thrilled his imagination so keenly that a desire to visit Upper Canada never left him till the wish was gratified.

Galt's father destined him for a mercantile life. At an early age the boy entered an office devoted to sale and barter. At the age of twenty-five the wanderlust could not be denied, and he determined to try his fortune in London, whether in business or in literature or in a profession he had no fixed notion. Indeed, his London career was a succession of futile experiments. He did some writing, he tried again a mercantile office, he even entered himself in Lincoln's Inn with a view to being called to the bar. Whatever he took up he prosecuted for the nonce with zeal, but the knight-errantry of youth impelled him to rove, and "the phantom with the beckoning hand" allured.

The chronicle of his travels must be brief. From London to Blenheim, by leisurely stages to Palermo, from Palermo to Gibraltar. At Gibraltar he met Lord Byron, now started on that romantic journey which begat "Childe Harold." He found in Byron a congenial spirit and they sailed together to Sardinia and Malta. The friendship led at a later day to John Galt's "Life of Byron." From Malta he went to Italy for a season, and then turned his face towards the East. Corinth and Athens were visited, and in the latter city he renewed his intercourse with Byron. The isles of Greece invited him next, and then Ephesus and Smyrna. Returning to Greece he saw Marathon and Thebes, ascended Parnassus, and took care to drink at Delphi of the Castalian Spring. A few weeks later he inspected the Pass of Thermopylae and rode by moonlight through the beautiful Vale of Tempe. His course then turned to Constantinople and Asia Minor. After tenting under Syrian stars he returned to view the archæological treasures of Adrianople and Philippi. After an absence of three years he came back, by way of Ireland and Greenock, to London. In London he resumed at once his literary labours and soon issued "Voyages and Travels" and "Letters from the Levant." Both books were well received. It was on the heels of these successes that he married Miss Tilloch, daughter of the distinguished journalist Dr. Tilloch. Of this union were born three sons, John, Thomas, and Alexander, of whom more will be said anon.

Galt's thirst for commercial enterprise was not quenched. He crossed the Channel and visited the cotton manufactories of Rouen; and thence, in quest of mercantile ventures, he proceeded to Brussels and Holland. He finally determined that literature, not business, was to be his vocation. "The Ayrshire Legatees" appeared in Blackwood's, followed by his best-known work, "The Annals of the Parish." In the "Annals" we have a succession of realistic pictures of contemporary Scottish character, manners and feelings. This so-called novel was written before "Waverley," although not published until after. The pious Micah Balwhidder, the clergy-

JOHN GALT AS A YOUNG MAN

From a Portrait reproduced by courtesy of Mr. John Galt, of Goderich, Ontario, a grandson of the original

man of three wives, is without doubt Galt's greatest creation. The subsequent volumes, "Sir Andrew Wylie," "The Entail," "The Steam-boat," "The Provost," with three other novels, all descriptive of the national manners and habits of thought, followed in quick sequence. Many regard "The Entail" as Galt's *magnum opus,* and, indeed, it had sufficient interest to lead Byron and Sir Walter Scott to peruse it thrice each!

"Delta" describes Galt's appearance at this time, when at the height of his literary zenith. He was a man of herculean frame in full vigour of health. In stature he was about six feet, two inches, and showed a tendency to corpulency. His hair was jet black: his eyes were small and piercing: his nose was straight: he had a long upper lip and a finely rounded chin. He bore a few inconspicuous marks of smallpox. He nearly always wore spectacles. His manner in conversation was measured and solemn, yet animated and attractive. In mixed company he was silent and reserved."

Anxious to educate his three clever sons, now ten, eight, and six years of age, he left London and settled near Musselburgh, Scotland. His grounds were part of the battle-field of Pinkie, and from his study window he could view Prestonpans.

While in London his thoughts were directed towards Canada by letters from across the sea which invited him to act as agent in settling claims for

losses sustained during the invasion of Canada by the United States 1812-14. To him in his secluded Scottish home in 1823 came from Mr. Robinson, Chancellor of the Exchequer (later Lord Goderich) the suggestion of making an inquiry into the resources of Upper Canada. From this inquiry emanated the conferences and proceedings which gave birth to the famous Canada Company. John Galt was appointed one of the commissioners for the valuation of the lands of the Province. He and four others set out for New York in a man-of-war. Galt sailed up the Hudson to Albany, where he met the Governor of the State, De Witt Clinton. Thence he went inland to "Buffaloe," the Falls of Niagara, "Louistown," and across Lake Ontario to York. When the work of investigation was completed the commissioners returned by New York to Liverpool.

The outcome of the investigation of Galt and his colleagues was the assigning to the Canada Company by the Government of a great tract of land in Upper Canada, and John Galt was appointed by the Company to go to Canada and make arrangements for future operations. Towards the close of 1826 we find him in Little York (the name of Toronto until 1834). A letter of December 18th, 1826, says of Little York: "In a small new town accommodations were not easily found, but I obtained at last a room of about ten feet square for an office, for which I paid a dollar a week, and I was obliged to stay at a tavern." Galt never had a high opinion of Little York; on one occasion he declared of the present busy and brilliant metropolis, "It is provocative of blue devils."

From York he directed an inspection by qualified agents of a tract of forty thousand acres of the Company's purchase for the purpose of finding within it an eligible situation for a town. All reports agreed in recommending the spot where the City of Guelph now stands. In "The Autobiography" Galt gives his reasons for selecting the site chosen: "Although Guelph is not so situated as ever to become celebrated for foreign commerce, the location possesses many advantages independent of being situated on a tongue of land surrounded by a clear and rapid stream. It stands almost in the centre of the table-land which separates four of the great lakes, namely, Ontario, Simcoe, Huron, and Erie; and though its own river, the Speed, as I named it, is not large, yet at the town it receives the Eramosa, and at a short distance flows into the Grand River, which may said to be navigable from the bridge of Galt to Lake Erie, a distance of nearly eighty miles."

With dramatic instinct he arranged that the founding of the new city of Guelph, named after the royal house, should occur on St. George's Day, April 23rd. "I am well aware," he says, "of the boding effect of a little solemnity on the minds of most men, and especially of the unlettered, such as the first class of settlers were like to be, at eras which betokened destiny." On the 22nd. of April he went to Galt, a town founded and named after him by an old Scottish friend, the Honourable William Dickson, some years before the origin of the Canada Company. At that time the town of Galt had eighty inhabitants, a post-office, one store, one tavern, a grist-mill, a sawmill, a cooper's shop, a distillery, and ten dwelling houses. "This visit of Mr. Galt settled forever the question of the name of the village. Prior to this time it continued to be known as "Shade's Mill," and notwithstanding the selection of Galt as the name of the post-office, the people appeared bent on adhering to the old name. The pleasing manners of Mr. Galt, however, made him quite popular with the villagers, and thereafter the name of Galt met with cordial acceptance."

It was an historic occasion when on the morning of April 22nd, John Galt, author and commissioner, aged

forty-eight; Dr. Dunlop, called "The Tiger" from his triumphant encounter with tigers in India; Charles Prior, and ten or twelve others, including axemen and chain-bearers, starting from the shore of the Grand River at Galt, set out through the primeval forest for a place styled "The Block" in the east of the township of Waterloo, to plant a settlement. The teams accompanying them belonged to an American, Absalom Shade, and were loaded with pork, flour, whiskey, and other impedimenta. The journey began at eight a.m. and the distance of eighteen miles was completed at five p.m.

Near the spot they were in quest of was a solitary shanty which an Indian who had committed murder had raised as a refuge for himself. All around spread a pathless wilderness. When the explorers reached the chosen spot the sun had set and twilight was darkening. They kindled a roaring fire and lay down for the night. On the morrow, April 23rd, the projected ceremony was carried out. John Galt's own words should describe the event: "We walked to the brow of the rising ground and chose a large maple tree. I struck the first stroke. The silence of the woods that echoed to the sound was as the sigh of the solemn genius of the wilderness departing forever. The Doctor then followed me and then Mr. Prior. The woodman finished the work. The tree fell with a crash of accumulating thunder. After the tree fell* there was a funereal pause. Then the Doctor pulled a flask of whiskey from his bosom and we drank prosperity to the city of Guelph. The rain which had been suspended during the performance began anew to pour."

The woodmen first opened a glade in the forest about seven miles in length and upwards of a hundred and thirty feet wide, forming an avenue, with trees on each side "far exceeding in height the most stupendous in England." The highroad to the town lay along the middle of this "Babylonian approach." Early settlers in Guelph identify the present Waterloo road, the continuation of Market Street, with this primitive avenue of John Galt's.

Before August, 1827, one hundred and sixty building lots were engaged and houses were rising as fast as building materials could be prepared. Before the foundations of the town were laid land was valued at 1s. 3d. an acre. Within two years the lowest rate was 15s. and the price in the neighbouring townships was 10s.

Galt's eyes were ever open to the charms and marvels of nature. In a letter from Guelph, dated August 1st, 1827, after describing the operations connected with the building of the new town, he adds: "Thousands of pigeons came in flocks and a doe with her fawn looked over the river marvelling at the work." These pigeons were, of course, the passenger pigeons, a species for many years extinct. It has already been said that Galt was a lover of trees. Here is an arboreal legend difficult to credit: "On the road to Guelph, a short distance from Galt, on the edge of the township of Beverley, I strayed into the woods and came to a tree, the most stupendous I had ever seen. I measured its girth, at the height of a man from the ground, and it was thirty-three feet; above which the trunk rose, without a branch, to the height of at least eighty feet, crowned with vast branches. This was an oak, probably the greatest known, as it lifted its head far above the rest of the forest. I think that it was a scion of the forest which had passed away, as the trees around, though large and massy, were of inferior growth. It was the ancestral predecessor of the present woods."

*One of the piers of the Grand Trunk Railway bridge over the Speed occupies the spot where stood the historic maple. The new Grand Trunk Railway station and the Winter Fair Building are situated on the site of the old market-place.

The founding of one city in the wilderness of Upper Canada in one year would have satisfied the ambition of most men, but John Galt possessed the huge egotism of the great and had magnificent dreams. The Guelph District was only a small part of the domains of the Canada Company. To the west, quite unexplored, in its virgin richness and glory, stretched sixteen hundred square miles of the "Huron Tract," embracing parts of the modern counties of Huron, Perth, Middlesex, and Lambton. The year 1827 set in motion here the initial activities of the great land company whose directing spirit was John Galt. The undertaking of finding a suitable location for a town in the Huron Tract was entrusted to Dr. Dunlop, who was advised that a harbour on Lake Huron should be sought. From the town of Galt a second time in 1827 set out the founders of a city, a small company of surveyors and woodmen to thread the forests of an unknown region for eighty miles towards the waters of the blue Huron. We are now to accompany Galt himself, who took the easier water route to the West.

In July, 1827, Galt proceeded to York; thence through Newmarket and Barrie to the Georgian Bay and Lake Huron to explore that part of the coast between Cabot's Head and the River Aux Sables, in order to discover if possible a harbour, and to meet at the mouth of one of the rivers the party that had previously set out from Galt. He crossed Lake Simcoe with singing boatmen. Having reached Penetanguishene, he found that His Majesty's gunboat, the *Bee*, had been placed at his disposal by the Admiralty. He embarked there and soon rounded Cabot's Head. In his account of the voyage he comments with fervour on the rare beauty of the scene at Cabot's Head, where he stayed in rapture for four hours. He turned into Lake Huron, and soon began to watch the land to catch a sight of the shore party. He had to voyage another fifty miles before he descried Dr. Dunlop's location. The historic occasion is best described by Mr. Galt: "We saw afar off by our telescope a small clearing in the forest, and on the brow of a rising ground a cottage delightfully situated. Nor were we left long in doubt, for, on approaching the place, we met a canoe having on board a strange combination of Indians, velveteens, and whiskers, and discovered within the roots of the red hair the living features of Dr. Dunlop. Having crossed the river's bar of eight feet, we came to a beautiful anchorage of fourteen feet of water in an uncommonly pleasant basin."

Thus was the present flourishing and beautiful town of Goderich founded by Dr. Dunlop and John Galt. Nor did the ceremony lack Dr. Dunlop's usual accompaniment on such formal occasions. "Among other things which tended to make our success in finding a haven agreeable was the production of a bottle of champagne," naïvely confesses Mr. Galt. It was one of two bottles which Dr. Dunlop had obtained the winter before in York and which with much restraint he had preserved intact for a function of this kind. "Next day we explored the river (Galt's "Autobiography" is still quoted), and had the gratification of seeing, as we ascended, several pleasant meadows without a tree, and islands and peninsulas that reminded us of the pleasantest parts of England."

The British gunboat conveyed Mr. Galt to Detroit. From there he took steamboat across Lake Erie to Buffalo. A short sojourn at York was followed by his return to Guelph, where Mr. Prior had been left in charge of the operations and improvements. Rumours and hints now reached Mr. Galt from various quarters that the directors disapproved of his extensive proceedings at Guelph. Insidious machinations were undermining his influence and this caused him much chagrin.

JOHN GALT

From the Painting attributed to Samuel Lover. The Painting was bought from a London dealer many years ago by the father of the present owner, Mr. Howell, of Galt, Ontario.

On the twelfth of August he initiated a kind of fair in the new town, invited a number of his friends, and gave a public dinner in the market-house to the inhabitants. The twelfth of August was chosen as being the King's Birthday, and as the anniversary of the day on which the Canada Company was instituted.

In a letter written to Scotland in August he discourses on several topics of interest: "I am much pleased with the Canadian summer as it shines forth in this Province. It is warmer certainly than in England, or rather there are more consecutive warm days." "I am laying the foundation of an academy, the Company having allowed me to reserve one-half of the money arising from the sale of the land for that purpose; I have got a school already opened in a shed. We have a regular mail-coach twice a week, a post-office, and they speak already of getting up a newspaper and a bank agency."

Not only were Guelph and Goderich founded with due ceremony, but, more important by far, they were laid out on a definite plan. If you place your right hand, palm down, on a map of Guelph, your wrist at the old "Priory," on the Speed, near the present G. T. R. Station, your thumb

THE OLD "PRIORY," GUELPH

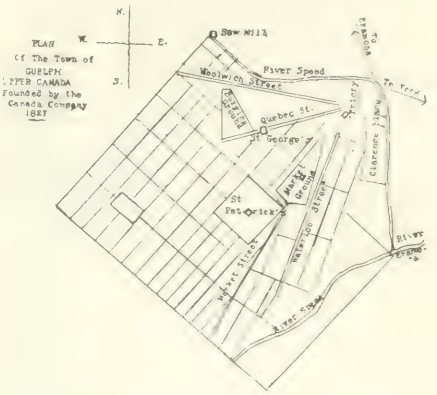
and four fingers will mark out the earliest streets of Guelph. The wide avenue mentioned in the paragraph descriptive of the inception of the city is Market Street, which originally ran to Galt. The thumb of the hand is the road since opened up, called Neeve Street. The other three streets, radiating through south and west, are Waterloo Street (not to be confounded with Waterloo Road), Quebec Street, and Woolwich Street. Macdonel Street, following the radial scheme, was opened up later. Various traditions account for the fan-like conformation of the plan of early Guelph. One legend ascribes to Dr. Dunlop, that strange compound of "bear and gentleman," the suggestion of a lady's fan! The most popular and widespread tradition avers that Mr. Galt fell in the mud near the "Priory," and the mould of his hand designed the plan of his new city. It is too bad to spread infidel notions, but one is inclined, after glancing at the physical features of the place, to suggest that the elbow in the River Speed at the "Priory" dictated the direction of the streets.

The plan of Goderich is perfectly geometrical, the streets proceeding from the Central Park along the eight main rays of the compass. To this day Central Park, Goderich, is a perfect octagon, and the eight streets have the eight names—North, Colborne, West, Montreal, South, Kingston, East, and Hamilton. If you start from the centre of Goderich to find a given location and take the wrong street, woe betide you! You "drag at each remove a lengthening chain."

There is a tradition current in both Goderich and Guelph that the plans of the two cities were sketched in London, and were interchanged by mistake *en route*. I have given this story a thorough sifting and find it apocryphal. It is not found in any of the available records of those far-off days, nor is it believed by living descendants of John Galt. The origin of the story is to me quite apparent. In "The Autobiography" Galt tells us that the directors of the Canada Company ordered him to change the name

of Guelph to Goderich in honour of Viscount Goderich, then temporary Premier of England. Galt's reply is characteristic: "The name of the place is not a thing that I care two straws about, but as it has been the scene of legal transactions it would be necessary to get an Act of the Provincial Parliament before the change could be made." At the same time he called the new town on Lake Huron after his Lordship. He heard nothing more from the directors regarding the matter, and Guelph remained Guelph, and Goderich perpetuated the Viscount's memory.

In the spring of 1828 Mr. Galt's family came out to Canada. They first sojourned in a house of the Company on Burlington Bay. In the summer of 1828 Guelph became the family seat, but the boys were soon put to school in Lower Canada. The Guelph home was the receiving house which Mr. Prior had erected for the settlers. The house was facetiously called "The Priory." It was a log cottage of one storey, to which was now added a rustic portico formed of the trunks of trees with the bark, illustrative of the origin of the Ionic order. The ceiling was only ten feet high, and the hall and two principal rooms occupied a space only twenty feet square. The original cost of the building was five pounds! The history of "The Priory" is cherished in Guelph, but all that is left of "The Priory" is sadly neglected. It stood on an elevation on the south bank of the River Speed, about a hundred yards from the spot where the first tree was cut. The main building is about fifty by thirty feet, with a wing (or lean-to) at each end. The south wing was the first post-office in Guelph. Mr. Galt occupied the house for one year. It then was the home of short-term tenants. In 1831 a Captain Strange, from Demerara, took up his residence in it. This Captain Strange was the grandfather of Mr. J. B. Powell, the present collector of Inland Revenue in Guelph. The Allan family next possessed the historic cottage. After varied vicissitudes the old house was used as a railway station of the C. P. R. It is now unoccupied, portico and wings removed, doors and windows boarded up.



Thus passes away the glory of old days! The traveller from Toronto to Guelph may see "The Galt House" on the right if he looks from the car window when the train begins to slow up on approaching the Grand Trunk Railway station.

Early in the summer of 1828 a gigantic labour was undertaken. The lands of the Company had to be sold as soon as possible, and there could be no immediate settlement without roads to attract settlers. A highway was cut through the forest of the Huron Tract for seventy miles to afford overland communication between the two lakes, Ontario and Huron, and easy intercourse for the settlers westward and eastward. The scheme was carried into effect by Mr. Prior. An explorer led the party; two surveyors with compasses followed; then a band of blazers to mark the trees in line; then the bushmen with their axes to fell the trees. The rear was brought up by wagons laden with provisions and other necessaries. When the whole seventy miles had been traversed even to the shore of Lake Huron at Goderich, the party faced about and began to retrace their tracks, clearing off the fallen timber from the avenue hewed out by the

axes. This was the birth of the famous Huron Road. For the undertaking Galt was allowed three thousand pounds, a sum very inadequate for so stupendous a task. So the men were paid part in money and part in land. The work cost about five thousand pounds. The Huron Road may be tracked to-day through or near the flourishing towns of Clinton, Seaforth, Mitchell, Stratford, Berlin. To be exact, it runs through Egmondville, Sebringville, north of Stratford, to German Mills, between Berlin and Galt. The old road decided the location at a later day of all the villages, towns, and cities, which now, happy and prosperous, exist along or near its route. It decided, too, the course of the Grand Trunk Railway from Guelph to Goderich. Well might John Galt, after founding two cities and opening up this pathway for the pioneers who were soon to swarm over the fertile Huron Tract, record his *non omnis moriar* thus confidently: "These transactions will be memorable in the history of what must be a great country. Nothing can prevent my humble name from being associated with the legends of undertakings at least as worthy of commemoration as the bloody traditions of heroic lands."

While everything was progressing and prosperous at the scene of operations in Canada some malign influences were estranging from Mr. Galt the countenance and support of the directors in London. News arrived in Guelph that the value of the Company's stock was steadily falling—a stock which was destined within five years to be the highest-priced vendible stock in the markets of the world. The great promoter and manager of the Canada Company suddenly fell under eclipse. The directors, without apprising Mr. Galt, ordered the bank at York to cease honouring his drafts. By a remarkable financial device, which cannot be described here, he saved himself from his sore dilemma, and maintained the honour of the Company. He was, however, fully aware that he was marked out to be a victim. Before leaving the country he determined that what he had accomplished and what he still planned should be inspected and reported on by some competent authority. One of the best available experts in the United States was engaged for the purpose. This man made an actual survey of the lands allotted to the Company, and sent to London a report entirely favourable to Mr. Galt and Mr. Prior.

Before leaving Canada he determined to visit the western settlement at Goderich. He took the road through the forest in winter. After a long and melancholy journey of seventy miles through the snow-clad woods he reached Goderich. The lake was covered with ice and the landscape was bleak. The township had been cleared of trees, the streets of the settlement had been marked out, and several houses had been built. Even the high spirits of "the large, fat, facetious fellow of infinite jest and eccentricity," Dr. Dunlop, failed to cheer his settled depression. After a few days' stay in the log house at "Galt Point" he returned to Guelph.

Of the Huron Tract Galt afterwards wrote: "It was divided into townships, named one after each of the directors. There were three or four over, and these were called after men in office. I confess it seemed to me to proceed from a lurking feeling of unprovoked contumely that I should have been passed over. I am content with having formed the Company, nor am I the first parent that has had unfilial offspring." If the curious reader will glance at the map of the counties of Lambton, Huron, Middlesex, and Perth, he will find the names of the worthies of the Canada Company and their friends embalmed in the preservative of township nomenclature—Bosanquet, Williams, Hay, Stanley, Tuckersmith, Hibbert, Logan, Ellice, and many others. Col-

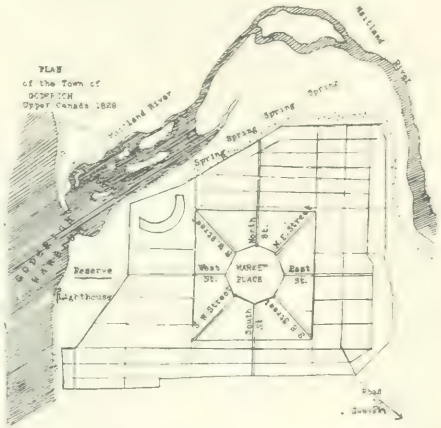
borne is named after the Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada, and the River Maitland after Colborne's predecessor, Sir Peregrine Maitland.

On going to Guelph after his return from Goderich he openly announced his intention of leaving for England. Just before he departed the inhabitants assembled in front of "The Priory" and read to him an appreciative address. The document was signed by one hundred and forty heads of families. Their complete satisfaction with Galt's endeavours was evidenced in every sentence of the address. "By the measures you have adopted our lands in many instances have in the space of eighteen months doubled or tripled in value."

From New York he took ship for Liverpool. There on landing he learned that the Compnay was to be broken up, as a result of his "lavish and inconsiderate expenditure." He did his best to dispel the sinister misrepresentations which had brought the hopes of the directors to this gloomy pass. The Company, as everyone now knows, lived and prospered exceedingly beyond the dreams of Galt himself. The story of its subsequent operations may be read in the entertaining book of R. and K. M. Lizars, "In the Days of the Canada Company."

John Galt now sat down at his desk in his library with the dogged resolution of devoting the rest of his years to literature. His health gradually failed, and from 1832 till his decease his life was a continual struggle with advancing disease. He breathed his last in his sixtieth year on the eleventh of April, 1839. His remains lie interred in the family grave at Greenock.

It has fallen to the lot of few men to have done so much for their country and their kind as John Galt. As an author he ranks very high, several of his works in their special field being quite unrivalled in English literature. As a founder of cities this monograph endeavours briefly to record his fame. His is among the bright names of Scotland and of Canada, and will, in this land at least, stand out for centuries as a landmark of the age in which he lived. The wandering emigrants whom he locat-



ed became a happy and flourishing people. Their grandchildren of today hold his memory in honour, and their descendants will surely from generation to generation save his name and his deeds from oblivion.

Three sons of John Galt achieved success in Canada. The eldest, John, Registrar of the County of Huron, an intimate friend of Sir John A. Macdonald, was cut off prematurely in 1866, at the age of fifty-two. The second son, Thomas Galt, was for thirty years an honoured judge of this Province. The youngest son, Sir Alexander Galt, was for a quarter of a century a conspicuous figure in the public life of Canada, and ended his very successful career by acting as High Commissioner for the Dominion in Great Britain. The sons and daughters of these three sons of John Galt are now moving in honoured spheres in various cities and towns of America—in Montreal, in Toronto, in Winnipeg, in Chicago, in Goderich. Numerous great-grandchildren of John Galt are already facing the high concerns of life in Canada, determined to bring no discredit upon the name of their illustrious progenitor.

THE HOUSE IMPREGNABLE

BY GEORGE CLARKE HOLLAND

EVER since Confederation the Senate of Canada, its constitution, its functions, its usefulness, and even its necessity as a legislative body have been the theme of much academic discussion, and, occasionally, of attempts to terminate its existence. That it still lives on unchanged, unruffled, and unafraid, pursuing the even and dignified tenor of its way, is striking evidence of the conservative spirit of our people and of the inherent value and necessity of the Upper Chamber.

At the conference which laid the foundations of the Dominion, there was a conflict of opinion as to whether the Senate should be elected, as the Canadian Upper House had been up to the union of the Provinces, or a body appointed by the Crown. The defects of the elective system were manifest in the Legislative Council of Canada, and some of the Maritime Provinces, also, had had some experience of the evils which occasionally resulted from having two elected bodies, each claiming to represent the people, when conflict arose between them; they had had no recent object lesson from which they could learn that an appointed upper house may, at times, prove as obstructive as though it had been elected directly by the people. The Fathers of Confederation, with the British House of Lords before them as a model, therefore decided that the members of the Senate should be appointed by the Crown and hold office for life. At the beginning, the appointments were made from the members of the old Legislative Council. There were more Councillors than positions and there was a waiting list from which, as vacancies occurred, appointments were made. Thus the defects of the system were not apparent in the early years of the Confederation; it was only when the list of old legislative councillors was exhausted and the government of the day had a free choice that the upper chamber began to assume what has been regarded as a partisan character. At the end of the first seven years, when the Conservative government was driven from power and Mr. Mackenzie formed his cabinet, he found the Senate a decidedly Conservative body. It was exasperating to the Liberals, fresh from the people and with an overwhelming majority in the Lower House, to find the Conservative enemy entrenched in the impregnable citadel of the Senate. Then, for the first time, the upper chamber found itself assailed as "an irresponsible body, obstructing the will of the people" and characterized as "a political Magdalen Asylum for discarded politicians who had been debauched by the Government of the day," and as "a House of Refuge for the senile, worn-out and rejected supporters of a discredited party." There were then, as now, demands for the abolition or reformation of the Upper Chamber; but then, as now, demands grew less insistent as the older senators passed away and their places were filled by stalwart

supporters of the government of the day. Many of the Senators appointed by Sir John Macdonald were old men when they entered the Senate, and the average mortality in the Upper Chamber in the seventies was high; thus it happened that Mr. Mackenzie was able to appoint a sufficient number of his own supporters to convert the Liberal minority into a Liberal majority in the Upper House before he was defeated in 1878. Then followed the long Conservative regime, during which the vacancies, as they occurred, were filled by the appointment of Conservatives, until the party was swept out of power by the tidal wave of 1896. During the eighteen years of Conservative rule, the Liberal Senators had dwindled down to a mere corporal's guard. It was natural, therefore, that a prominent plank of the Liberal platform should be "Senate Reform." During their long sojourn in the wilderness of Opposition, the party had conceived a violent hatred of the Senate, and threatened its abolition; but they found, as their opponents had found under similar circumstances, that to mend or end the Upper House was, at best, a very slow, difficult and doubtful process, and that they could with greater ease and safety await the natural process of reform by the hand of nature, the government filling vacancies, as they occurred in the Senate, with men who had won the confidence of the Liberal party by long and unswerving support. Thus in the course of a few years the Conservative majority in the Upper House melted away and the Liberals increased until, when the turn over of 1911 occurred, they numbered some two-thirds of the Senators. We are all familiar with the attitude of the Conservative party towards the Upper House since then. The defeat of the Naval Bill and the Highways Improvement Bill by the Liberal majority in the Senate has led to an agitation to "mend or end" a house whose enemies claim that it is unnecessary when friendly and a positive evil when in opposition to the government of the day. Various have been the suggestions to overcome the difficulty, ranging from limiting the Senator's position to a term of years, to the total abolition of the Upper House, but every attempt, however mild or however drastic, has been abortive. The Senate, whether regarded as a necessary, if somewhat defective, safeguard against hasty or ill-considered legislation, or as a dangerous anachronism thwarting the clearly expressed will of the people, continues to-day as it was constituted at the confederation of the Provinces, enjoying an ever-increasing prestige and influence the more it is denounced by its enemies. Other upper chambers dread the consequences of obstructing the impetuous rush of an eager and impatient democracy, but the Canadian Senate remains with powers undiminished. It has seen the House of Lords shorn of some of its ancient privileges and reduced to comparative impotence by a radical majority in the Commons, but when threats are uttered in Canada to treat our Upper House in a similar way, the Senate simply puts its back against the British North America Act, and, with imperturbable good humour, mildly ridicules its enemies. The conviction in the Senatorial mind is strong and well founded that the Commons would have as little power to end or limit the powers of the Senate against the will of the Upper House as the Senate would have to limit or end the powers of the Commons—that any attempt of the kind, even with the sanction of the Imperial authorities, would precipitate troubles more serious and disastrous to the Dominion than anything which could result from continuing the constitution as it stands to-day. Though modelled, as far as our federal system would allow, on the House of Lords as it was in 1867, the Senate holds a much stronger

position than its prototype. It is doubtful if any resolution of the House of Commons could abolish the Senate, or change its constitution unless adopted unanimously by all the Provinces that were parties to the original confederation pact. The Senate had its birth in what was virtually a treaty between those Provinces, and was designed primarily to protect provincial rights. In the weaker Provinces it was felt, at the time of confederation, that the system of representation by population in the Lower House would endanger their rights unless held in check by a fixed representation in the Upper House which could not be affected by more rapid growth of population in the larger Provinces. In less than fifty years we have seen a new Canada developing in the fertile West and Quebec and Ontario adding new territory to their already large areas and rapidly outstripping the Maritime Provinces in their increase of population. As a result, the representation of the Maritime Provinces in the House of Commons has declined as the representation of the larger Provinces has increased, until their influence in the government of the Dominion threatens to become negligable. Their one safeguard against disastrous loss of power and prestige is the Senate, where the three Maritime Provinces, with about one-third the population of Ontario, have twenty-four representatives as compared with an equal number from the premier Province. It is highly improbable, therefore, that the Maritime Provinces would consent to any reform of the Senate which would weaken their influence in the Dominion Parliament. And what has been said of the Maritime Provinces applies with even greater force to Quebec, whose representation in the House of Commons cannot be enlarged under any circumstances without serious and far-reaching consequences which statesmen would hesitate to face. Quebec, with its special rights and privilages, is deeply, vitally interested in maintaining the constitution of the Senate unchanged as a protection against possible dangers which may threaten them as Ontario and the Western Provinces increase in population. Any attempt, therefore, to abolish or to impair the power and influence of the Senate would meet with opposition from all Eastern Canada and must necessarily fail.

But apart from the impregnable position which the Senate holds under the British North America Act, upper chambers, even without such protection, often exhibit remarkable vitality. It would be difficult to find any reason for two houses in a provincial legislature, yet some of those provinces which at confederation adopted the bicameral system have been unable to get rid of a costly encumbrance. Thus it happens that Quebec and Nova Scotia, with a population considerably less than that of Ontario, have four legislative bodies, while Ontario is well governed with a single chamber. The absurdity of such a multiplication of legislative machinery is quite understood and appreciated, and time and again Nova Scotia has tried to get rid of its Legislative Council. The first serious attack on the upper house was made in 1879—just twelve years after the union—when a government measure to abolish the Legislative Council passed the Lower House and was defeated and supported in the Council by every supporter of the dominant party. At that time the Government had made three appointments to the Legislative Council, and announced that no gentleman had been appointed who would not agree to support such a measure, and in fact the three Councillors on that occasion did vote for abolition.

When the Longley Government came into power they announced that they had adopted their predecessors' policy and would appoint nobody who would not give a written pledge

of his willingness to support a measure to abolish the Council. As soon as they believed that there were enough gentlemen so pledged in the Legislative Council to carry such a measure they introduced a Bill in the Assembly where it was carried by an overwhelming majority. The Bill was then sent to the Legislative Council where it was promptly strangled, one of the excuses given for such action being that it was discourteous to the upper chamber to originate the measure in the Assembly, and that it should have originated in the Legislative Council. The following session the measure was again introduced, on this occasion in the upper house, only to meet with the same fate, many of the pledged councillors voting against it. The Government, whose policy had been endorsed by the electorate, thus driven to bay, appealed to the Imperial authorities to intervene and help the people of Nova Scotia to get rid of their incubus. Lord Ripon's reply, is dated 3rd December, 1894, and is as follows:

"I have the honour to acknowledge receipt of Sir H. Strong's despatch No. 229 of 12th October, forwarding approved minute of the Dominion P. C. on the subject of the petitions of the Legislative Council and Legislative Assembly of Nova Scotia in regard to the abolition of the Legislative Council.

"The question has received the serious consideration of Her Majesty's Government, but they consider that, as the Province has power to alter its constitution if it sees fit to do so, a resort to Imperial legislation would be inexpedient except in circumstances of urgent necessity. They are, consequently, very reluctant to take such a step in the present circumstances and trust that the matter may ere long be settled by the Province itself."

In the 1897 session of the Legislature, the following resolution was introduced by Mr. Campbell in the House of Assembly:

"Whereas it is admited by a large majority of the people of this Province that the Legislative Council has ceased to be a necessity as a branch of the Legislature, and that particularly since the union of the Provinces it has absolutely become unnecessary;

"Resolved, then, that this House during its session do pass an Act to abolish that branch of the Legislature, allowing them a small retiring allowance, equal to three years' sessional indemnity."

The resolution did not carry, and from that time the movement against the Upper House lost its force and soon disappeared from the arena of practical politics. Mr. Campbell arraigned the Legislative Council in the following language:

"During the last eighteen years every new Parliament elected to serve in this House has passed resolutions unanimously to abolish the Legislative Council, but with no favourable result. It was marvellous to him how patient and longsuffering the people of this Province were. The machinery of Government was out of all proportion to the work required, while we had to keep up our roads and bridges on borrowed money. It was most ridiculous to continue institutions altogether unnecessary."

The fairness of his arraignment was not questioned, but the cumbrous, expensive and unnecessary machine remains and, to all appearances, is liable to remain as long as Nova Scotia continues to be a Province of the Dominion. With such a record before them, well may the Senate of Canada smile at the threats and assaults of its foes in the House of Commons and the country. The Legislative Council of Nova Scotia is an admittedly useless body of gentlemen, representing nobody—not even the Government to which its members owe their appointment, and many of whom had actually violated their written pledges in order to preserve their positions—a body condemned by the people of the Province and their elected representatives and without an excuse for their continued existence as a branch of the Legislature except on purely selfish personal grounds, yet it lives on, defying governments, assemblies and public opinion. What hope, then, can the enemies of the Senate of

Canada have of success in their efforts to abolish, or to materially change, the constitution of a body which is admittedly the safeguard of the smaller provinces and of provincial rights throughout the Dominion, whose record of useful service has won the commendation of men like the late Honourable David Mills (who at one time had been loudest in calling for its abolition) and whose preservation is absolutely essential to the continuance of the Dominion?

To denounce the Senate as a useless body is to ignore its long record of useful service to the Dominion. That it has, on many occasions, justified the wisdom and foresight of the Fathers of Confederation in constituting the Upper House, is conceded by all who are familiar with its history. Through its rejection of the Marine Electric Telegraphs Bill, which, if enacted, would have fastened a cable monopoly on the Dominion, the Senate enabled Canada to give Marconi much needed encouragement in establishing wireless telegraphic communication between Europe and America.

It is admitted that the rejection of the first Drummond County Railway Bill enabled the Government to make a better bargain by which the Dominion was saved over a million dollars.

Opinions differ as to the wisdom displayed by the Senate in refusing to sanction the deal with Mackenzie and Mann for the construction of a railway through the Yukon wilderness from Telegraph Creek to Teslin Lake, but the arguments with which the Senators backed up their judgment seemed strong enough to convince the Government with whom it originated that the scheme should be abandoned.

By defeating what was popularly known at the time as the Tuckersmith Bill, a measure designed to so change the Huron ridings as to ensure the re-election of the late M. C. Cameron,who had been unseated after the general election, the Senate established a precedent which ensures the stability of the decennial redistribution of constituencies called for by the B. N. A. Act. At the time, the defeat of the Bill gave rise to violent attacks on the Senate and demands for its abolition, but nobody to-day regrets the decision of the Upper House on that occasion, and it is not unreasonable to anticipate that, in the light of history, other decisions of the Senate which have been attributed to partisanship, may appear more as the result of that "sober second thought" which the second chamber was intended to exercise for the protection of the public from being stampeded into the adoption of policies which, if entered upon without due deliberation, might entail serious consequences to the future of the Dominion.

The Lancastrians may rave and imagine a vain thing, but the Senate will continue the even tenor of its way, doing its work quietly and effectively without making demagogic appeals to the constituencies. It is exasperating, no doubt, to a government fresh from the people, feeling that it has the confidence of the public and eager to put its policy on the statute book of the country, to find its measures emasculated or rejected by a hostile majority in the Senate, but the evil is one which does not endure for many years, and it is an evil which has its root in the life tenure of the position and the system of giving the government of the day power to fill all vacancies.

It is reasonable under the circumstances, that no radical change is likely to be effected in the constitution of the Senate, nor is any step to diminish its power and influence likely to be effective, unless it originates in the Upper House and meets with the approval of a majority of the Senators.

From the Painting by Krieghoff. Owned by Mrs. H. S. Mara

OLD HABITANT

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

A TYPICAL LUMBER CAMP ON BULL RIVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA

THE WARNING

BY NORMAN S. RANKIN

Last summer there were:

Seventy-three forest fires caused by clearing land.

Sixty-seven forest fires caused by campers.

Thirty-seven forest fires caused by logging operations.

Besides railway and other fires.

$140,000 of public money was spent in fire protection.

One bad fire cost $90,000 to fight.

Fine timber was wasted, houses were destroyed, payrolls and trade went up in smoke. Several men were ruined.

WHY?

Just because some one neglected his clearing fires.

Just because some one left a camp-fire smouldering.

Just because some one broke the law when using steam machinery.

Our forests yield $2,600,000 to the Government.

Natural resources provide the money for developing British Columbia.

Lumbering circulates $24,800,000 a year among our people. YOU BENEFIT.

The best fire law in America was passed last winter at Victoria. HELP YOUR GOVERNMENT TO ENFORCE IT.

W. R. ROSS,
Minister of Lands.

I LOOKED at Cook, Cook looked at me, and we both looked at the notice board.

"Do you know," Cook said ruminatingly, taking his pipe from his mouth as he spoke, "that the lumber output of British Columbia is about a billion and a quarter feet a year?"

I shook my head.

"At the present rate of cutting," he went on, "making no allowance at all for annual growth, it would take the lumber industry of British Columbia nearly 250 years to use up the timber now standing. The annual growth of the forests of British Columbia is now, before they are ever adequately protected (he pointed with his pipe-stem to the proclama-

PILING LOGS ON BULL RIVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA

tion above) from fire and from waste, not less than five times the present annual cut.''

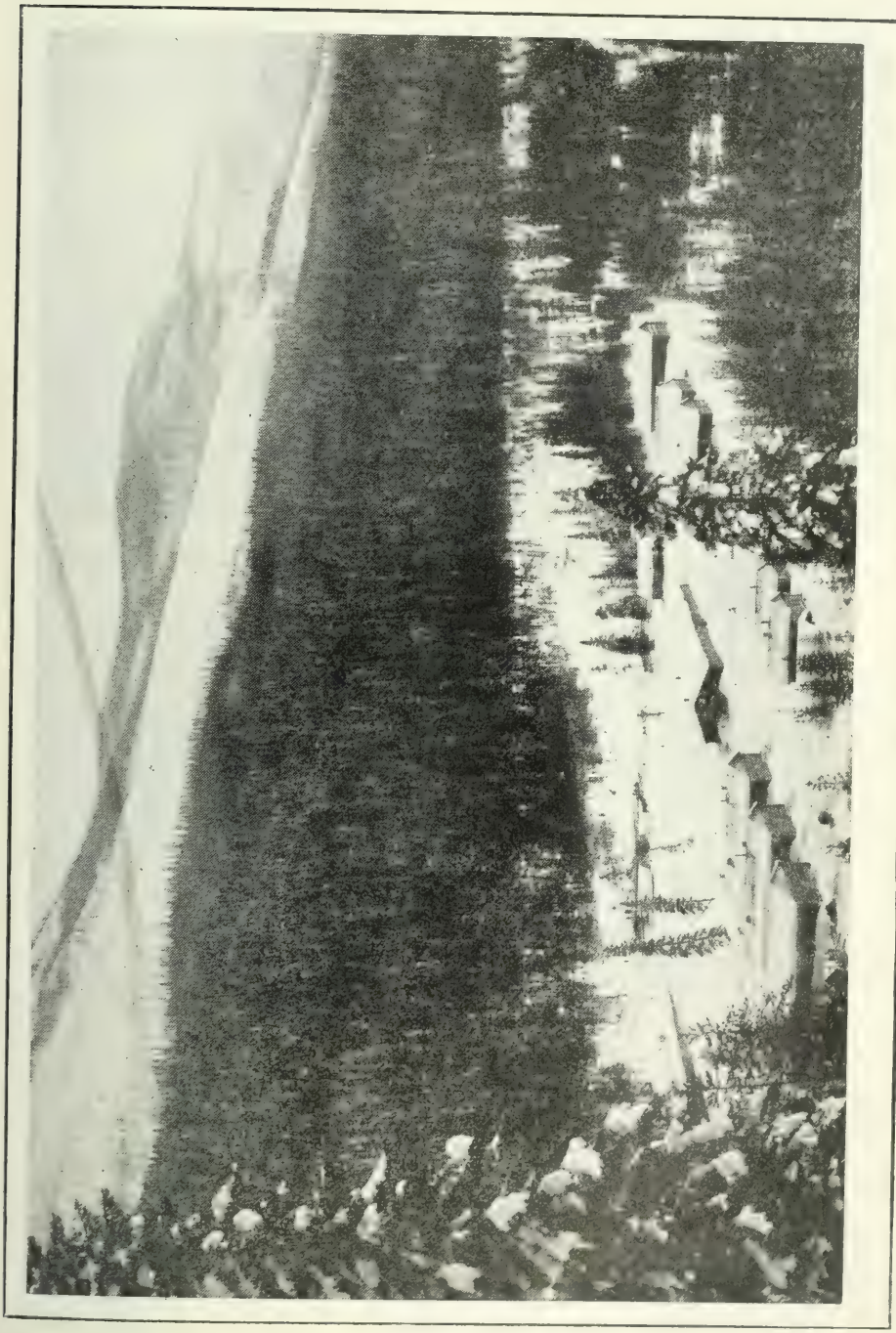
I had never heard Cook say so much before all at one time, and, to say the least, I was surprised.

''You ought to be a publicity commissioner or an industrial agent,'' I laughed, '' or secretary of a Board of Trade, or a Salvation Army speaker, or something of that sort. Say, by the way, what is the distance of the moon from the earth?''

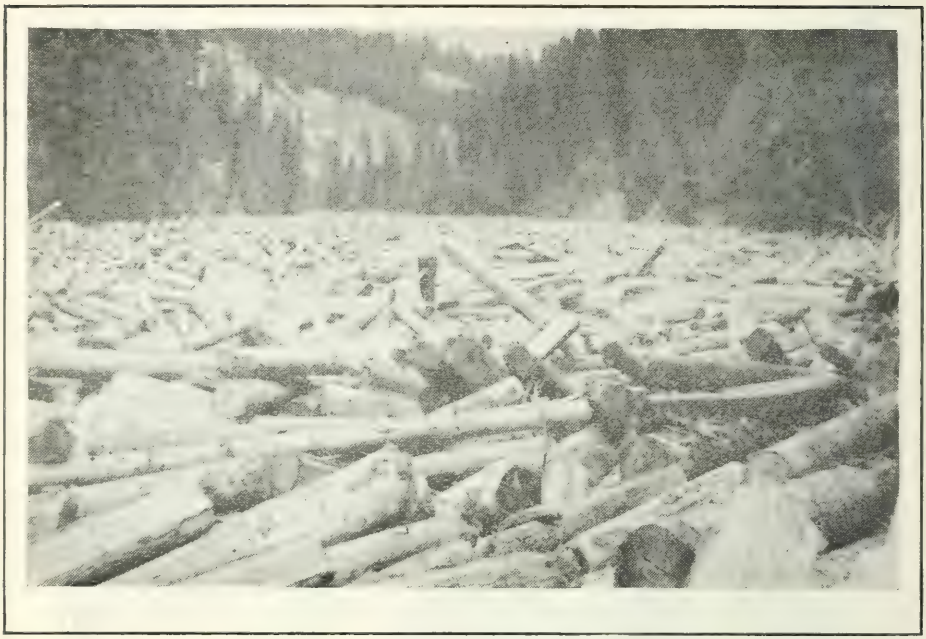
He was smoking and thinking again, and didn't trouble to answer; I saw an unsmiled smile, however, creeping out of the corners of his eyes and mouth, and knew he appreciated the joke.

''Come on, let's be going,'' he urged, and suiting the action to the word, took up his camera. I tagged in behind, and we hit the trail together. It was a glorious trail, too, zig-zagging up the steep mountainside, winding round big boulders and through cool green glades. Then it would burst into a little clearing through which the eye could fathom a tiny stream hurrying seawards, a thousand feet below. I should have liked to be a tramp with nothing to worry over but a meal, and I'd have crept in under a tall and shady palm tree, and, doubling beneath its perfumed branches, would have sunk into the kind of dream that only a tramp can imagine and a tramp enjoy. But no, we had our work to do, and the joys of the ''Knights of the Road'' were not for us.

Cook and I, with a moving picture camera and a couple of other common or garden cameras, were ''doing'' the Bull River Reserve and lumber camps. A perfect companion for a jaunt of this sort was good old Cook. He'd begun in ''dear ol' Lon'on,'' and knocked around the world so continuously ever since as to be thoroughly cosmopolitan. I believe he began by walking through Normandy into Finistere; then jumped over into Switzerland, where for a year he entertained the aristocratic residents of the Hotel des Avants; leaving



A BRITISH COLUMBIA LUMBER CAMP IN WINTER



A LOG JAM ON BULL RIVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA

there (engaged to be married to Lord Somebody-or-other's daughter) he had next taken service as an overseer on a sugar plantation in Jamaica, from which position he had emigrated to street railway construction in Demerara. He had fought the "yaller Jack" and mosquitoes up the Amazon; gone through the Cuban rebellion; helped build the Panama Canal; fillibustered in Hayti, and fled Mexico with Diaz, finally hooking up with the Edison Film Company in California. At any rate, you may be sure that having done all these things, and visited all sorts of queer places, his conversation was redolent of spicy and amusing anecdote

For the past week we had been tramping the country in the vicinity of Bull River, having left the railroad at Wardner, on the Crow's Nest. Now we were nearing the end of our ramble; every evolution of the log from the moment it is "spotted" in the forest, until trimmed and squared as a tie, or round and smooth as a post, or flat and square as a board, had been photographed and registered.

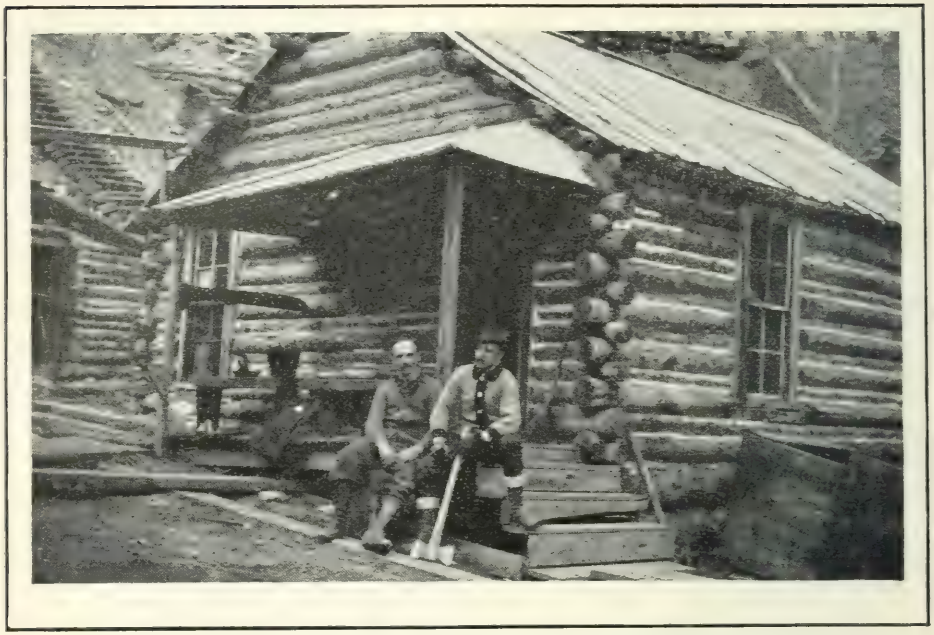
We had learned the soft "coo-ey" of the axeman's warning that a forest monster is about to topple; we could tell the broad from the scoring-axe or the double-bitted, and a pike-pole from a boat-hook. We had held our breath as the heavy logs shot down the greased skids into the rushing river, and gazed fascinated as the iron "nigger" punched the huge timbers into place for execution. We had thrilled from top of head to tip of toes as the rushing saw-carriage screamed through great logs, while its demon drivers swung strange levers and the mill reeked with sawdust and noise. And at night-time, after the day's work in the camps, when the horses were tranquilly munching hay and the men sat quietly round the log-house doors, smoking and "chinning," I heard many a pretty tale of the "girl back East" or "just across the line" who was waiting anxiously. "Jack" had enough "big round ones" gathered together to bring her out.

LOG CHUTE FROM DAM TO MILL ON BULL RIVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA

I had always imagined the lumber-jack to be "wild and woolly," overflowing with malice and mischief, ripe for any devilment, and while that may be true of the jack who periodically comes into town for "a good time," with six months' wages burning his jeans and a determination to "cut loose," the exact reverse is the case in camp. The lumber-jack in town on a holiday and the lumber-jack in camp are two distinctive persons, perusing sundry, separate aims, and nowhere in Western Canada will you run across a better-behaved, harder-working, more earnest lot of men. I take off my hat to them, be they walking boss, buck-beaver, swamper, roller, or axeman. And well informed, too. One man volunteered the information that out of every four dollars in the Provincial Treasury one of them was provided by forest revenue. He probably had read as much in the *Annual Forest Branch Report*, but no matter; the fact that he had remembered it speaks volumes. Another told me that of nearly 10,000 fire permits issued last year, only eight fires burned away. "And," he added, "that was going some."

A young fellow from Minnesota, who had come to me six months before with an empty pocket-book and an introduction, met me at one of the camps and showered me with blessings. He had been a bit of a dandy when he applied for the job, and the walking boss rather hesitated about employing him, but he had made no mistake; he was the happiest man in camp, ragged, burnt the colour of an old sorrel horse, but overflowing with good spirits and joy.

"Go back to town?" he asked, when I spoke to him. "No, not for mine, I won't. Just a little tent or a little shack for me right here, with the bears climbing in the backyard o' nights kind o' friendly-like, and the ole river rushin' busy down below to lull me to sleep; later on, p'r'aps," and he blushed, "p'r'aps a little girl from back Minnesoty way to share the shack and the bears with me. It's great-out-o'-doors places fer me."



A LUMBERMAN'S HUT ON BULL RIVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA

The figure on the right, holding the axe, is that of the author, Mr. Rankin

The lumber output of British Columbia is about one and a quarter billion feet a year, and the Forestry Branch is making every possible effort to secure the support of the public, the lumber companies, and the railroads in the prevention of forest fires, of which bush fires, matches, cigarettes, and cigar-ends, unscreened logging engines, coal-burning locomotives, and such things are the causes.

Six fire launches patrol the coast waters, one each on the Kootenay and Arrow Lakes, and in many other ways are the Government endeavouring to prevent fires. In this the Government have the hearty approval and co-operation of the Western Canada Irrigation Association. And so Ross's Forest Act has this in it:

Every donkey-engine and locomotive must be equipped with an efficient spark-arrester and with devices which will prevent the escape of fire from ash-pans and fire-boxes.

Every donkey-engine and locomotive must be provided with a sufficient supply of water and with a pump capable of forcing water to a height of twenty-five feet, 150 feet of hose, ten six-quart buckets, six shovels, three axes, three mattocks, all in good repair for fire-fighting.

All dead trees and snags within 200 feet of any donkey-engine at work must be felled.

A watchman must be kept on duty at every donkey-engine under fire during the noon hour, and for two hours after operations have ceased for the day.

A sufficient space around all camp buildings must be cleared of brush and other fine combustible material.

Lighted cigars, matches, cigarettes and pipe ashes must be completely extinguished before being thrown away.

Foremen, engineers, and all men working in the woods, as well as contractors, operators, and owners, are responsible for the carrying out of these regulations.

And always remember that the annual growth of the forests in British Columbia is more than five times the present annual cut.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT

BY BERNARD MUDDIMAN

IN every generation there are a few delicate souls who believe, with the great French æsthete, Joseph Joubert, "it is better to be exquisite than ample." Delightful amateurs of art, they have given the world some of its most refined work. Sir Thomas Browne, the Norfolk physician, was of their number, and so was Walter Pater, living a life of exquisite fragrance in Oxford, with its thousand subdued charms, a gray green city half as old as time. In their English company is Fitzgerald and Joseph Shorthouse, the Birmingham Quaker, who lived the dream life of John Inglesant, before he wrote it.

And Canada, in the person of Duncan Campbell Scott, has one of this band, who in delicately thin verse and a few exquisite short stories, almost unheeded, at certain intervals has broken silence. Austerity is the keynote of all such work; it suggests so much more than it actually performs. But then austerity, too, has her glories that steal on souls who have taken and kept the vow of passionate refrainment, and in their abnegation often surpass those who are prodigal of song. Such souls, by necessity, of their own nature, and not in obedience to any external command, have chosen the things of art that are more excellent, deliberately moving along upon a high plane of thought and feeling, because it is there alone that they find their true atmosphere. It needs a rigorous standard to exert this rejection of so many sweet things, to achieve which, one must daily make a great refusal, and its reward is the praise of silence—the most perfect applause of all.

Its crown is a certain delicacy of vision. For such refinement can be maintained only by an unyielding rejection, by a delight in ever seeking to have less rather than more. Where others bluster along and fume and rant and waste themselves, these finer souls go on distilling their thoughts, until the essence alone remains in their slim little books, that have the premanence and perpetuity of the elder classics. Their message so brief and simple thus gains a monumental permanence appealing to the most susceptible minds of every age. And such in its own way is the work of Duncan Campbell Scott.

The facts of his life are exceedingly simple. It moves in one atmosphere, hardly an energetic one, the leisurely atmosphere of the Civil Service at Ottawa. The son of a Methodist minister, he was born at Ottawa in 1862, and educated in the public schools and at Stanstead College, Quebec. He entered, in his seventeenth year, on December 15th, 1879, the Department of Indian Affairs; in which, last year, he attained to the highest rang, that of Deputy Superintendent-General. A limited life, if you like, devoid of any adventures save those of the spirit, but at least free from anything irksome or disturbing, full of the quiet necessary for really permanent belles-lettres.

In appearance, he has the analy-

tical ascetic look of a professor, say of logic, rather than the Bohemian aspect of a poet. The long nose, the thin, straight lips, the sharp lean features with the be-spectacled piercing eyes, might be those of some prime university lecturer. Remove the spectacles and you have one of those wan, gaunt faces the pre-Raphaelites loved to paint. Yet after you have been with him a little while, you begin to realize that the tone of his voice and the haunting kindness of his eyes could only be those of a poet. But everything denotes the austere intellectualist, nothing the fleshly poet of langorous loves. Indeed there is something almost puritanical about his rigid face and ways, that makes one think that for the poet at least sometimes the things of beauty burn with an evil light. The sensuous either in colour, or sound, or touch, must almost have for him that dreadful charm which sin has for others.

He did not pen a line of verse until he was twenty-five. Poetry had always interested him, but music was his first love. His prose work came last of all; and it is there, in the short story form, to my mind, as I shall endeavour to show, Mr. Scott works best. I shall keep this order.

Save a few uncollected poems like *The Globe* prize poem, "The Battle of Lundy's Lane," all his verse has been issued in four small plaquettes.

The year 1893, when Duncan Scott published in England his first volume of verse, "The Magic House," was rather a remarkable year in Canadian literature. Sir Gilbert Parker's first novel, "Mrs. Falchion," appeared, and Bliss Carman's magnificent volume, "Low Tide on Grand Pré," also saw the light.

"The Magic House" was a modest enough volume, without pretention, just the garnered up songs of a young man possessed of a delicate fancy. Immaturity is written over every line of it; but, it is a charming and fresh immaturity that has promise in its quiet restraint. There is no riot here of roses and wine and dancing girls, no poses or startling and dazzling ideas. The poet is not quite yet master of his material; and, sometimes, it has a crudely broken-up music; but, it is never a discord of thought, only of sound. For occasionally a patch of prose in the text retards its small pellucid rill of verse. But the thought is always there. Save for two poems, I would almost call it a volume of delightful minor verse.

It is imitative, to a certain extent like the work of all young poets. Their fancies and dreams are naturally shot through with the magnificent colour tones of the greater poets, who have intoxicated their brains and impregnated the ivory cells of gray matter with the unheard melody of vision. Here and there we notice a touch of Tennyson as in the title poem. "Above St. Irénée" is a study of Wordsworthian mode. A Pre-Raphaelite note rings through "In the House of Dreams." His meditation in one of the little countryside church-yards of Ontario is a study after the manner of Gray's immortal elegy tuned in the key of Matthew Arnold's wistfulness without the latter's doubt. Death is the eternal leveller of everything, and this hackneyed idea is wrought out in rather tame purple phrases. But it must not be thought that Duncan Scott is merely an imitator. These echoes are really not worth a second consideration. He is, when at his best, purely himself.

Again, another influence, I seem to trace at work in his early poetry, is that of his friend and fellow civil servant Archibald Lampman. Lampman was only a year his senior; but he was by far the more precocious of the two, and, perhaps, the more passionately poetical. But his verse is often too thick, while Duncan Scott's has the uncapturable lucidity of the lyrical lark's thin lapse of liquid music. Lampman had written more and perhaps more ably up to the time of which I speak. His first volume, "Among the Millet," was published

DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT, POET

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

locally in Ottawa five years prior to Scott's. Consequently, I think, he overshadowed Scott's work. In fact, it was only after Lampman came to Ottawa that Scott cultivated his muse. Further, the charming lines written in a volume of his poems by Scott have the eulogistic strain of an admiring junior. Poems like "A Summer Storm" remind me, too, of Lampman in their treatment of nature. Again, such lines as "In an Old Quarry" are full of Lampman:

And as gloom grows and deepens like a psalm,
This broken field which summer has passed by
Has caught the ultimate lethean calm,
The fabulous quiet of far Thessaly,
And though the land has lost the bloom and balm,
Nature is all content in liberty.

The tedious descriptive quality of Lampman's heavy Dutch landscapes, however, was not to be the métier of Duncan Scott. Even in this volume he shakes himself free of the seductive sweetness of his friend's work. For he has agreed "to choose a beauty puritan and stern." As a contrast, indeed, with Lampman, his creed, it must be admitted, is more active, less drugged with narcotic thoughts, more nimble and æsthetic:

Let your soul grow a thing apart,
Untroubled by the restless day,
Sublimed by some unconscious art,
Controlled by some divine play.

For life is greater than they think,
Who fret along its shallow bars;
Swing out the boom to float or sink,
And front the ocean and the stars.

For Scott seizes on the human interest of life and is unlulled by the heavy murmur of the bees and heady flower-scents. Like an athlete, his verse at its best carries no superfluous weight, and in this little volume we find him at his best in "At the Cedars" and "The Reed Player." The latter poem is a most splendid piece of music:

And now unseen along the shrouded mead
One went under the hill;
He blew a cadence on his mellow reed,
That trembled and was still.

In "At the Cedars," in short, irregular, abrupt, lithe verse, which he affects, Scott chronicles an incident at a log-jam on a river—an incident peculiarly Canadian. This is the first occasion on which he treats of French-Canadian themes, that, afterwards, with the Indian, form the body of his best work.

Five years after "The Magic House" Duncan Scott issued in Boston "Labour and the Angel". This second volume reveals a marked growth, a larger vocabulary, a firmer and stronger grip on life and a deliberate study of Meredith and Browning. The poet's mind has developed, has studied the psychology of a young man's day dreams and gone down to the market-places of life. He has suffered. He has rejoiced. Life has taught him something of her cruel lessons, her mystic secrets and hidden raptures. Above all, the philosophy of Browning and his method seem to move the poet in this volume. Perhaps this is in no wise strange. The passage of a soul from the dream-wrapt palaces of the poets of beauty to the jostling throng of Browning's men and women is a natural evolution. Many souls have found this way.

The technic, too, of this volume is more varied, more self-reliant than his first timid verses. The influence of Browning is here also very evident in this poetic expansion. We shall even find ellipses and short-cuts to profundity in the style of Meredith's "Woods of Westermain". There are, too, short, gasping, breathless, abrupt lines, whose disconnection is appalling. In "Stone-Breaking," for instance, we have a baldness of phrase that is repellent. But several of the poems stand out as works worthy of detailed consideration.

"The Labour and the Angel" is a poem with a message, not, however, deliberately didactic. It rather follows the rule of Browning in his "Men and Women". It presents a picture. It is a great poem in the

sense many of the poems of Emile Verhaeren are great. It employs the old style of poetry in a modern way. It is not merely language in the state of a crisis, like so much of our modern verse, for it has also an incisive criticism of life. How can existence and work be harmonized? How can a man still preserve his soul and at the same time earn his daily bread? On all of us is laid the burden of work and nowhere more so than in a young country like Canada:

Down in the sodden field,
A blind man is gathering his roots,
Guided and led by a girl;
Her golden hair blows in the wind,
Her garments with flutter and furl
Leap like a flag in the sun;
And whenever he stoops, she stoops,
And they heap the dark-coloured beets
In the barrow, row upon row.

This verse, you will say, is literal to the verge of the prosaic. But wait one moment. This frugal and sparing use of poetic luxuriance is the very essence of Duncan Scott's restraint. These plain figures in the light of a common day symbols of humanity; for the man is all mankind and the girl beside him is the "Angel of Labour", and without her all his striving and work would be blind and purposeless:

She offers no tantalus cup
To the shrunken, the desperate lips;
But she calms them with lether and love
And deadens the throb and the pain. . . .
For labour is always blind,
Unless as the light of the deed
The Angel is smiling behind.
"Effort and effort," she cries.
"Up with the lark and the dew.
Still with the dew and the stars,
This is the heart-beat of life.
Feel it athrob in the earth."

It may be urged that this is but a versified version of Carlyle's gospel of work. I prefer to regard it, however, as a manifestation of the times and tendencies of a nation which glories in workers and has nothing but contempt for the leisured classes, the drones of the social hive. A somewhat similar theme is developed in "The Harvest". What if the reapers were to hold back their sickles and the millions of women "learned in the tragical secrets of poverty" and of men wild-eyed and gaunt-throated with but a vestige of manhood were to demand the self-annihilation of humanity? It is like a dreadful nightmare of the French Revolution, of the rising of those creatures described in a memorable passage by La Bruyère.

This volume also contains an extraordinary excursion, absolutely unique for the restrained verse of Duncan Scott into the sardonic world of Pope and Swift. I refer to the poem entitled "The Dame Regnant". This is nothing more than a savage onset against what the French call *bavardage*; in other words, Lady Tittle-Tattle—Scandal. It flames with almost rabid rage. It sweeps on like the pent-up fury of a man who has suffered a wrong. No other poem of Duncan Scott has this spirit of *saeva indignatio*, of Juvenalian flash. Its style is strongly reminiscent of Browning; but it has a lurid light that is Swift's:

And but give the wizard crone
Two small juttings in the air,
Spiderlike she weaves her web,
From her ancient ventral store,
Till the whole great house is meshed
With her legends, grim and hoar.
Or she starts a quiet mouse,
Feeding in the native cheese,
And a wolf springs from the rind,
Bloated out to what you please.
What she does not say she thinks;
Crafty, with a few dry winks,
Drops her poison in the eye,
Watching while it works and sinks;
When the eye is diamond clear,
Comes she with a slimy sigh,
Bred to catch the dullard ear,
Opening with the formula,
Stereod to the devil's phrase
In the human words, "They say";
Then the burden of the tale
Crawls in after like a snail.

Personally, I consider this mental writhing alien to Scott's work; but the poet himself, strangely enough, considers it "One of the best things I have ever done".

. . absolute poetry, if I may borrow that expression from musical critics, I prefer a work like "Adagio", for in "Adagio" a music-lover speaks in a poem not unworthy of place beside Browning's supreme and deathless "Abt Volger". Its conception is pure Keatsian:

The permanence of beauty haunts thy dreams,
And only as a land beyond desire,
Where the fixed glow may stain the vivid flower,
Where youth may lose his wings but keep his joy,
Does that far slope in the reluctant light
Lure thee beyond the barrier of the hills.
And often in the morning of the heart,
When memories are like crocus-buds in spring,
Thou hast up-builded in thy crystal soul
Immutable forms of things loved once and lost,
Or loved and never gained.

And one line is worthy of Arthur Rimbaud himself:

Four viols build the perfect cube of sound.

In 1905 appeared the third volume of Scott's poetry—"New World Lyric and Ballads". The whole volume demonstrates that Scott is purely a lyrical and not a dramatic poet. The Indian theme has now become predominant. The ballads relate mainly to incidents in the Far North and are strictly not ballads at all. The old ballad note cannot be recreated. It is dead and Duncan Scott has succeeded not one whit better than any other member of the numerous band who have essayed to revive it. There is no grip in them such as we find in any collection of old ballads. The life is out of them. They are children of art while the old ballad was essentially a child of life.

We can never succeed in forgetting this as we turn over the pages. For example, take the piece entitled "The Mission of the Trees". A small northern tribe suffer much from famine. The witch doctor ascribes this to the fact that one of their number and his son are Christians. The little boy is sick and he tells his father he will never be well again until he hears the Mission bell. So the father binds on his snowshoes and with the child on his back starts on his way to "The Mission of the Trees". Of course, he never attains it. A snow blizzard and hunger overwhelm them. The whole is cast in the ballad quartrain; but it is a legend, not a ballad. Again in those irregular ballads "On the Way to the Mission" and "The Forsaken", we have two little brutal incidents of Indian life that are essentially dramatic and consequently marred by a lyrical singer. In a harsh way he strains himself to be dramatic in the *vers libre* form he employs; but, the result is unconvincing, and blurred like a smudged charcoal drawing. While a third poem of this style, "Catnip Jack", is possibly the worst poem he has written since maturity. It is horror overdone. The whole atmosphere is as impossible as it is ridiculously repulsive. "The Forgers," on the other hand, is watered-down Schiller. Again he falls back into the fatal rut of the Ontario poets' endless yards of description and reflection in a few poems like "The Rapids at Night" and "A Nest of Hepaticas".

However, the volume is saved by a few lyrics which have a beauty in them that Duncan Scott never before attained. It is here we note the poet's increased power, otherwise we might be forced to hail the volume as a temporary relapse. The prelude and epilogue are furnished by two exceptionally beautiful little outbursts of lyrical song. Vague and bizarre almost like the early poems of Maeterlinck, they have a strange ethereal music. In "The Sea by the Wood" we have a strange, out-of-the-world atmosphere of weariness. It is the sea beyond the world and the poet touches a fanciful lute above its spirit waters. In "The Wood by the Sea" we are in a magic land of unimagined bird and flower where

stray the dreamers of all day-dreams.

His last volume of verse is a kind of glorified Christmas card. This is "Via Borealis," which appeared in 1906 in green paper covers with decorations by A. H. Howard, R.C.A. It contains seven poems. The longest of these, "Spring on Mattagami," is in some respects the sweetest poem Duncan Scott has written. It should be called "Love in a Wilderness", for it is clearly modelled after George Meredith's "Love in a Valley". The poet fares by canoe to the northern wilderness, the land of quintessential passion. He ponders the ways of his maid as poets only do, yearns for her presence, and finally pours out his whole heart's tale:

Here in the wilderness less her memory presses,
Yet I seek her lingering where the birches shine,
All the dark cedars are sleep-laden like her tresses,
The gold-moted wood-pools pellucid as her eyne;
Memories and ghost forms of the days departed,
People all the forest lone in the dead of night.

The highly sensuous imagery of the verse rushes on at a fine pace. There is a fuller elation, a wider ecstasy, a happier buoyancy here than one finds in Duncan Scott's other work. Every now and then gushes forth pure music:

Here beyond the silver reach in ringing will persistence
Reel remote the undulating laughter of the loons.

The only other poem worth consideration here is a particularly illuminating psychologic study of the mentality of "The Half-Breed Girl". It is perhaps the most powerful thing he has written in verse of this description:

She is free of the trap and the paddle,
The portage and the trail,
But something behind her savage life
Shines like a fragile veil. . . .
But she cannot learn the meaning
Of the shadows in her soul,
The lights that break and gather,
The clouds that part and roll.

The reek of rock-built cities,
Where her fathers dwelt of yore,
The gleam of loch and shealing,
The mist on the moor. . . .

The whole poem should be read to appreciate its beauties of introspection.

This completes up to date the poetry of Duncan Scott. Our next consideration is his prose. And if I may express a personal opinion, I believe it is by this he will live. It has all the perfection of delicate porcelain ware. I do not refer to his volume in the Makers of Canada Series, or to his long essays on the Indians of Canada, but to his short stories. They are superior to even his best poems. They are more subtle, more finished, more vital. For though he has the poetic temperament, it is more vital in these little dainty prose sketches than in the fetters of verse. His colour sense, his careful choice of words move more easily in poetic prose than in the ethereal world of verse.

I remember reading several uncollected stories of his, which makes one hope that he may be induced to add another little slim volume to "In the Village of Viger". There are several mordant little tragedies of the North, some even unpublished, which should see the light in volume form. Among them three remain vividly in my memory, two written in the form of a Hudson's Bay Company factor's diary, "The Vain Shadow" and "Labrie's Wife", while the third is "Vengeance is Mine". The collected stories have a bewitching grace, that is, however, something deeper than mere prettiness. They form a series of vignettes in the life of an imaginary French-Canadian village. Down the streets of Viger, that cluster round the slim steeple of St. Joseph's, move both tragedy and comedy. The Lombardy poplars that shade the lit-

tle stream of Blanche are not too far from the encroaching arms of a Montreal, say, not to see the advent of more curious visitants than the robins and bobolinks of spring. It is a scene of some strange little tragedies and a comedy or two of rural life. But as a rule the tragic note prevails; the irony of fate, the futility of human hopes are repeatedly made evident in these ten sketches. In a few pages we are given an incisive little tragedy, a grim peep into human hearts. Moreover, the brevity of these sketches adds to their intensity; and we rise from reading them purged in the same sense Aristotle meant when he spoke of the effect of tragedy on the auditor. For there is nothing mean or sordid in these village dramas. It is always the fall of some noble element in commonplace hearts.

There is the little milliner, who drops down from the great town into the sleepy high street of Viger. And when Madame Laroque, who made clumsy dresses and trimmed hats badly, saw the newcomer's sign, she cried: "Ah! the bread is to be taken out of my mouth!" There is the history of the girl who lived with her consumptive brother at No. 68, Rue Alfred de Musset, and who said: "I must live, I was made to". There is the idyll of the bobolink and the tragedy of the seigniory. But above them all one stands out as a work of supreme excellence. We will consider it in some detail.

At the Inn of Viger, which Paul Arbique, the old French soldier born at Sedan, kept, the German watchmaker of the village, Hans Blumenthal, was a regular habitué. In fact, he was Arbique's best customer till the Franco-Prussian war came. "When the war excitement broke out, Arbique expected to see no more of him. . . . But instead he returned again and again to his place at the little table by the window, peering through his glasses with his imperturbable, self-absorbed expression, not seeming to heed the wordy storms that beset his ears."

Arbique pastes a map on the wall and scrawls beneath it a French Chasseur, "A Berlin!" But Hans simply sticks pins in it with red and blue pieces of wool to show the positions of the armies. Arbique takes to drinking, and wants to fight someone; but, everybody in Viger agreed with him, except the German, and he kept silent. He had serious thoughts of challenging him to a duel, if the opportunity offered. The whole village, indeed, are against Hans, and when the Germans begin to win after Woerth, the lads hoot him and someone flings a stone through his shop window. He drinks his beer quietly and goes home earlier, that is all. One night the village topers made a compact to go out when it is late, break into his house and beat him. But Latulippe, Arbique's ward, hears of the plot and warns him.

The state of Arbique, as the news of the French reverses arrives, is terrible. Although he could manage to deceive himself by a false enthusiasm, sometimes, the truth would stab the old soldier of France's heart like a knife, and he would tremble as if he had the ague, for the honour of his country was the dearest thing to him in all the world. But the impertrubable German simply advances the pins on the map towards Paris. Arbique goes on drinking and has to take to his bed.

Coming down one day he finds the German with his finger on Sedan, his own birthplace. This is too much. He broke out: "No, not there—here," his voice trembling with rage. "Here we will fight—you for your abominable Prussia, I for my beautiful France." But Hans never moved. Arbique faints and is carried off to bed. When the German learns that he is dying with grief, because France was beaten, he says, "Brave Soul!" There is no page in Canadian prose so perfect as the conclusion of this story:

"It was September, and around Viger the harvest was finished. The days were clear as glass; already the maples were stroked with fire, with the lustre of wine and gold; early risers felt the keen air; the sunsets reddened the mists which lay light as lawn on the low fields. But Paul Arbique thought and spoke of Sedan alone, the place where he was born, of the Meuse, the bridges, of his father's farm, just without the walls of the city, and of his boyhood, and the friends of his youth. His thoughts were hardly of the war, or of the terror of the downfall which had a while before so haunted him.

"It was the evening of the day upon which the news of the battle had come. They had resolved not to tell him, but there was something in Latulippe's manner which disturbed him. Waking from a light doze, he said: 'That Prussian spy, what did he say?—they must fight there—between Mézières and Carignan? I have been at Carignan—and he had his hand's paw on Sedan.' He was quiet for a while; then he said, dreamily: 'They—have—fought.' Latulippe, who was watching him, wept. In the night his lips moved again. 'France', he murmured, 'France will rise—again.' It was toward the morning of the next day when his true heart failed. Latulippe had just opened the blinds. A pale light came through the willows. When she bent over him she caught his last word. 'Sedan,' he sighed, 'Sedan.'"

Such is the sum total of Duncan Scott's work up to date. Possibly there is a vein of limited prettiness in much of it that will destroy his ever attaining the glory of anything but a side-scheduled niche. But, at any rate, it will be all his own. It will be stamped with a certain refinement that never swerved to popular idols in an age of half-silk-hosed chorus girls, of fiction purveyors with "best seller" climaxes, and of poets who celebrate their vespers in brothels. As a poet he often forgets his tune because he is too fascinated by his vision. He keeps a severer guard on his words, a closer watch on his lips than any other Canadian poet. He comes to us not arrayed in the divine flame, but with the smell of it about his garments. Beauty has been a very living experience to him. As a short story writer he is the most artistic Canada has produced, and, some day, his work will come as a revelation to those who love all beautiful things. It is in this line he works in pure gold. Yet I cannot help thinking that the man is greater than the artist. For there is always a sense throughout these volumes that, though the artist may not reveal the whole man, and though the poems may not reveal the whole of the poetry, these works, like broken rose petals about a garden doorway, tell us of a world of perfect colour and perfume within. Finally, his mind is one of that imaginative kind to which, as Rossetti once said, works of the condensed and hinted order are so dear. You see that in his poems and, above all, in his stories.

CALLA AND LILY

BY HULBERT FOOTNER

AUTHOR OF "TWO ON THE TRAIL", "JACK CHANTY", ETC.

ONE seldom thinks of Coney Island in the winter time, and if one does it is with a shiver, for the idea of the bitter Atlantic gales searching out the crannies in the flimsy structures which compose the City of Fun is anything but a warming one. Yet, though the hoarse invitation of the barkers, the rumble of the scenic railways and the shrieks of the female passengers are stilled; though the scent of popcorn, sausages, and stale beer no longer rises on the air, life in Coney Island is not extinct even in February. Hilgenreiner's is open all the year.

On the coldest nights couples scurry down Surf Avenue past the great plaster goddess who, with the scantiest of draperies to cover her through the winter, mounts guard at the entrance to Morpheus Land, and around the corner into the dark Bowery, where the loosened planks spring under foot and the wind plays hob with the remains of last summer's decorations. Midway on this deserted boardwalk a single building rays light from every aperture. It is "Hilgenreiner's Dancing Palace," the destination of the hurrying couples.

The O'Heraghty twins (born on Easter Sunday nineteen years ago, and in honour of the day christened Calla and Lily) journeyed to Hilgenreiner's every Saturday night. They liked the place because it was "respectable," they told each other; and respectable it was in the full sense of the word as applied in Coney Island; but it was a stronger attraction than that which drew the twins and other youngsters so far. In the summer, Hilgenreiner's, like all the surrounding resorts, was given over to the indiscriminate mob, but in the winter it possessed a character quite its own; in no other place was so much gayety consistent with such undoubted respectability. Among the decorations at Hilgenreiner's was a large china doll which hung suspended in a swing under the smoky ceiling. It might have been likened to the Spirit of Youth smiling down at the bright-eyed, red-lipped youths and maidens, so frankly pleased with themselves and with one another.

None of the boys had ever asked Calla or Lily to dance. In fact, though they were far from suspecting it, the twins were a sort of joke at Hilgenreiner's. They were so little, so grave, so comically alike; they wore such elaborate, old-fashioned little dresses and hats (which they constructed themselves). In asking them to dance the boys suspected they would become laughing-stocks. Moreover, in some way their botanical names had become known and were the inspiration of many a Hilgenreiner joke. So poor little Calla and Lily, like two dolls out of the same batch, always waltzed and two-stepped together, followed by smiles. They both wore, for propriety's sake, an expression of forbidding indiffer-

ence, so that no one ever knew how their hearts began to beat every time they approached the place where the young men waited for partners, and sunk as they passed by and no signal was given.

During the week, sitting side by side at the table where they filed cards, Calla and Lily planned in whispers for Saturday night and what they should wear. In the evenings they sewed. As a result the twins possessed a wardrobe which, as they often told each other, rivalled in size many a lady's who rode in her own carriage. They had imbibed from their mother strong ideas on the propriety of dress which were not to be lightly shaken by the passing vagaries of fashion. They quite looked down on the store clothes of the other girls at Hilgenreiner's. They possessed a single soul halved in two bodies; since their birth they had not been parted for a day, and now that their parents were dead they sufficed to each other. And yet they *did* want a young man. They had spirited discussions about the youths they saw from afar at Hilgenreiner's, for whom they had invented names to suit themselves. They always thought of one young man between them; one apiece would have suggested an unimaginable division of their interests.

One Saturday night, clad in their latest effort of dressmaking, which they referred to as "our red," Calla and Lily were sitting at a little table by the rail which surrounds the dancing-floor at Hilgenreiner's, drinking "pear cider," their invariable tipple. They did not in the least enjoy pear cider, but it was a custom of the place to which they deferred. They made two glasses apiece last out the evening which, with five cents to the waiter constituted their expenses. They had not as yet experienced the sensation of having some one else pay for their drinks. The evening was half over, and so far their "red" had not been any more successful than its predecessors in making a conquest of the swains. The twins hid their disappointment well; promptly upon the sounding of the first note for each dance they took the floor with a businesslike air and danced right through as if there was no such thing as a young man.

Suddenly they were conscious that some one had stopped in the aisle beside their table and was looking at them. Instantly they stiffened into self-consciousness and looked stonily ahead. Their hearts began to beat with quickened strokes.

"Good evening, ladies," said a man's voice.

The twins turned their heads simultaneously with an air of cold surprise which each admired in the other.

"Good evening," they murmured stiffly.

But the young man (he was young, but not quite the "swell dresser" they had dreamed of) was not so easily put off.

"May I sit down?" he asked.

"Certainly," they said together. A chair stood by Calla and another by Lily, and the twins experienced a moment of harrowing suspense. But he took neither. He seized another chair and sat at the end of the table. The girls exchanged a glance of approval.

"What'll you have?" he asked politely, as the next step in their acquaintance. The twins hastened to decline any further refreshments, but he called the waiter and ordered two lemonades. The twins exchanged a look of delighted horror at such extravagance. They simply adored lemonade.

For a while conversation languished. The young man did not seem to be especially gifted in that way, and while a close observer might have discovered that the twins were not quite so chilly as at first, they did not encourage him openly. But their cheeks got red, their eyes began to shine, and their mouths made ready to smile in the corners, in spite of them. Lily was sorry to see Calla

giving herself away so completely, and Calla had precisely the same thought about Lily. Those passers-by who were accustomed to see the twins on Saturday night were surprised to discover all at once that they were very pretty. As often as they dared, they darted little glances at their new acquaintance. He appeared to be a muscular lad, well hardened by physical labour; a little under the average height, but quite big enough and dangerous enough to the twins. At the present moment he had an air nothing less than ferocious; but at Hilgenreiner's that is a well-known cover for bashfulness. Young men were assorted by the twins into three great classes: "swell," "steady," and "fresh." This one was undoubtedly of the middle kind. They telegraphed their thankfulness across the table that he was not of the third division, while secretly reserving a little sigh that he did not come under the first.

Presently, with a preliminary moan, the band overhead slipped into one of the slow waltzes beloved of Hilgenreiner's. Each twin felt a tightening in her breast and looked steadily at her glass. What would he do next? For some precious moments he did nothing—but squirm uneasily on his chair. Finally he blurted out:

"Well, here's a fix! Who'm I going to dance with?"

"Calla," said Lily instantly.

"Lily," said Calla just as quickly.

"I don't care to dance," added Lily.

"I'd rather watch," said Calla.

"It'll be over before we decide," said he. "We'll have to toss for it! Heads I dance with Calla, tails with Lily!"

He produced a quarter from his pocket and flipped it onto the table.

"Tails it is!" he cried. "Come on, Lily!"

She got up slowly, as she had seen the popular girls do, and, giving her skirts a shake, walked languidly to the dancing floor with a hand to her back hair. He grasped her firmly, she laid her face comfortably against his shoulder and they swept out into the throng.

How different it was from her uncomfortable self-conscious circlings with Calla. Far from being put out if people stared, now she hoped they were staring. For the first time there was no need for her to trouble herself about their course through the crowd; with a strong arm to support her and a pilot at the helm she could close her eyes and give herself up to it. Lily was glad it was a waltz. As she told Calla afterwards, she floated away on its slow notes like a speck of dust in a sunbeam. It seemed to her as if the ugly common things of every day were made over and made right; Hilgenreiner's became a palace of the stage with her for leading lady and her partner for the hero.

As they approached the end of the dance it again became an agitating question what he would do next. If he evinced a disposition to leave her, Lily was prepared to hang on to him and insist, in the interest of fair play, on his dancing the next dance with Calla. Fortunately it was not necessary, for when the music stopped he accompanied her as a matter of course. They had more lemonade in spite of a protest from the twins, and when the band struck up again the young man and Calla were among the first couples on the floor. As she watched them appearing and disappearing in the shifting throng, Lily lived it all over again; and when they compared notes on the way home the twins found that, allowing for the difference between two-step and waltz time, Calla's sensations during her first dance with a young man were exactly the same as her sister's. They learned his name on parting—Burton Sherlin. He was a shipper at Maudle & Cohn's big department store. He pronounced his name "Buyton," just as the twins said "Certainly" when he asked them if they would be

at Hilgenreiner's the following Saturday.

The twins had little sleep that night; time after time as they were about to drop off, one or the other would remember something and turn over in bed with eyes shining in the dark.

"You know, I always said red was our colour, Lily."

"So you did. Isn't it good we hadn't bought our new dress goods before this happened?"

"He paid me a compliment about it. When we were dancing, says he, 'Your dress is just the colour of your cheeks.'"

"He said that to me, too. We had a good colour to-night."

"All our own, too; not like some I could mention down there!"

"But he isn't the kind to be caught by anything like that."

"We wouldn't have him if he was, would we?" And so on through the whole story for the dozenth time!

On the following Saturday night the twins appeared at Hilgenreiner's early, but there was no sign of Burton on the floor, and as the evening sped by without his reappearance their disappointment was heavy. Just as they were thinking of starting for home he turned up with a shame-faced air and flags were raised in the twins' cheeks again. He danced once with each. The Saturday after that he stayed longer with them and gradually in the course of weeks he came to constitute himself their escort for the whole evening. He lost his whipped air in their company and was on the alert for any covert smiles behind the twins' backs. One night he arose suddenly from beside them and, crossing the floor energetically, had high words with a young gentleman whom he repeatedly invited to come outside. The young gentleman declined to do so and an exchange of blows was averted. Burton maintained a watchful, warlike air during the rest of the evening, which secretly delighted the twins, though they scolded him. He refused to explain the cause of the quarrel.

Before this Burton learned to distinguish between Calla and Lily. There was a certain droop to Lily's eyelashes and a fall in her voice which affected him powerfully—made him want to fight some fellow. He could not understand how he had ever thought them so much alike. But in spite of Burton's predilection for Lily he found himself much more at his ease with her sister and was able to exchange repartee with Calla in the best manner of the young men of Hilgenreiner's. As this went on, in the twins' endless talks about Burton, Calla began to assume a little air of proprietorship and to treat her sister with just a shade of condescension. Lily, so far as one could tell, was satisfied. If there was any change in her it was that she began to think more of Calla's appearance on their weekly journeys to the Island than of her own.

One night when Burton and Lily were waltzing, Burton's tongue, usually tied when he was alone with her, seemed to be released. This was the more surprising since dancing at Hilgenreiner's is a serious matter and conversation while the music lasts is not considered the thing. Burton appeared to be anxious to unburden himself about his family affairs, to which he had never before referred.

"My sister's going to be married next month," he began. "Her fellow's a floor-walker and they've raised him to be a buyer for the notions. They're going to take a swell flat and they've offered the old woman a home. That lets me out." This was a long speech for Burton. On the face of it, it seemed like an ordinary communication, but something made Lily's heart start thumping in a most surprising way.

"I'm soon due for a raise, too," he continued. "I'm in line for the head shipper's job down at the store." This confirmed Lily's fears. She knew instinctively what next to

expect. They waltzed awhile in silence.

"Lil," he suddenly blurted out, his heart in his voice, "I'm just crazy about you. I want you for my steady."

"Oh, stop," she murmured.

They dropped out of the dance and stood by a pillar at the lower end of the hall where there were fewer people.

"You spoil it all!" she complained. "Why can't we go along as we are?"

"I can't go with the two of you. It makes me look like a fool!"

"Oh, if you're ashamed of us—"

"I'm not!" he protested. "And you know it. I asked you to dance the first night because the fellows dared me to and I've been glad ever since. I'll knock any fellow's block off that laughs at you. But I can't talk to you when she's around. I don't want her to hear what I've got to say to you!"

By this time Lily had managed to draw a long breath and collect her wits; besides there was that in his last speech which brought anger to her aid. To his astonishment she faced him indignantly.

"How dare you say such things to me!" she cried. "Are you trying to turn me against my own sister? What do you mean by making up to her all this time and then asking me to keep company with you? Do you know what you've got to do? You've got to go over there this minute and ask *her!*"

Burton closed his mouth obstinately. "I'll be hanged if I do," he said, without heat.

Lily drew herself up to the full of her small height. "Then never speak to either one of us again!" she said, impressively.

"Oh, all right!" he said, sullenly, and marched off.

Lily's ordeal commenced when Calla naturally demanded to know what had taken Burton away so suddenly. He had been very faithful of late. Lily explained it somehow. She felt it necessary at any cost to keep Calla in ignorance of what had happened, though the task of playing a part with her twin, with whom up to this minute she had shared every thought in her head, was a staggering one. Lily's pillow was sprinkled with a good many tears that night and the nights which followed; but she succeeded. Calla never guessed.

Contrive as she would, Lily could not bring up a reasonable excuse for their remaining away from Hilgenreiner's the following Saturday. It had become so much a thing of course in their week that Calla would have been astounded at such a suggestion. Moreover, this was the night on which the new dresses were to be shown. Lily knew that no pretext of illness would deceive her twin. It was either confess the truth or go ahead as if nothing had happened. She chose the latter plan, relying on the belief that Burton would not dare show his face after what had happened. She underestimated that young man's pertinacity and resourcefulness. He, too, was making preparations during the week—"laying pipes," he said—for Saturday night.

By one pretext and another Lily managed to delay their departure, and the evening was well advanced before they arrived at the dancing palace. Burton was not immediately in evidence, but Lily enjoyed only the briefest of respites. They had scarcely seated themselves and ordered two glasses of pear cider when she saw him at the far end of the hall pushing through the crowd with a dogged set to his shoulders which told her he was coming to have it out with them. Lily lowered her lashes to hide the resentful tears which would rise. What had been the use of her painful struggle to keep the truth from her sister, she thought, if Burton was coming to make trouble between Calla and her.

"Good evening, ladies," said Bur-

ton, as on the first night. His tone conveyed a portentous formality, but was otherwise mild. Lily breathed more freely.

"Shake hands with my friend, Mr. William Dolan," said Burton.

It was their first intimation that Burton was not alone. He stepped aside to allow his friend to come forward. In spite of their manners, the twins' eyes opened very wide and they could not forbear exchanging a glance of astonishment; for Mr. Dolan was a wonderful sight, perfect in every detail, the embodiment of the swell dresser they had dreamed of before Burton appeared on their horizon. He was about Burton's size, but younger, and according to the standard of the twins, extremely good looking. Poor Burton looked as heavy as a day labourer beside him.

After duly shaking hands with the twins, Mr. Dolan seated himself beside Lily, while Burton took the chair next to Calla. Lily was conscious of a double irritation with this arrangement. She was annoyed because Burton allowed the newcomer to sit beside her instead of taking that seat himself, and she was annoyed again because she could not take in the details of Bill Dolan's make-up without turning rudely in her seat. Calla was free to gaze openly at the splendour.

Burton sent back the pear cider and ordered lemonade for the twins. Lily felt that she ought to be angry with him, but to her shame she found herself admiring him instead for the cool way in which he had ignored her command never to approach them again. Bill Dolan did not talk, but his actions were eloquent. He blew his nose into his mauve handkerchief, he shot his cuffs, he unbuttoned his coat the better to display a startling waistcoat. Bill ran to purple; handkerchief, shirt, and cravat were of a shade. The twins were dying to see if he had on purple socks as well. Bill's hair was brushed to a degree, and an odour of violets permeated the atmosphere every time he shook out his handkerchief. He accepted the twins' admiration as a matter of course; Bill was delighted with himself.

When the band struck up Bill asked Calla for a dance, and Lily and Burton were left together. They avoided each other's eyes.

"Will you dance with me?" asked Burton, in a guarded tone.

"If you wish," returned Lily, no less non-committal than he.

They two-stepped solemnly through the number in Hilgenreiner's best manner, without exchanging a single word. Naturally the dance broke the ice and thenceforth the quartette got along famously. Calla and Lily scarcely recognized each other, they became so gay and talkative. Mr. Dolan proved to be as entertaining as he was decorative. Only Burton seemed to have a secret anxiety. After a number of dances Bill Dolan started a sort of oration.

"Although I ain't had the pleasure of knowing you young ladies for long," he said, mopping his face a good deal and glancing nervously at Burton from time to time, "I feel like I was an old friend, being as I —that is because I—"

Bill stopped and gazed anxiously around.

"He seems to be stuck," remarked Burton scornfully. "I guess he wants to say it's because he heard so much about you from me."

"Sure! That's it!" cried Bill, taking new heart. "My friend Burton can't talk about nothing else. Why when he gets going about the O'Heraghty twins he gets so—so—I mean so elegant—"

"Eloquent," interrupted Burton.

"Well, eloquent, then," said Bill, glaring back. "What's the difference? If you want me to go on—"

"Can't you keep still, Burton!" said Calla severely. "It's a perfectly dandy speech. Don't pay any attention to him, Mr. Dolan."

"Well, the long and short of it is,"

continued that young man, visibly cheered by encouragement from this quarter, "I wanted to ask if you wouldn't mind if I made a regular fourth at this here party?"

Calla and Lily assured him they would be delighted.

"And, what's more," Bill went on, getting very red and fidgety again, "I wanted to find out, that is to ask in a way, meaning no offence: I wanted to ask Miss Calla O'Heraghty —in the presence of her sister—if she would keep company with me."

The twins looked hard at the table and blushed in unison, but for a different reason it may be hazarded. Calla was the first to look up. She glanced shyly at Burton.

"If he doesn't mind," she said.

"Bless you, my children!" said Burton sheepishly.

"Well, that's settled!" exclaimed Mr. Dolan with great satisfaction. "And here's a waltz to clinch the bargain. Come on, Cal."

Lily continued to stare at the table. She was of three minds, whether to scold, or cry, or laugh.

"Well?" questioned Burton experimentally, when they were left by themselves.

She looked at him with deep reproach. "It was all a put-up job!" she said.

"What of it?" said Burton doggedly.

"It isn't square to Calla!"

"Ain't he a good sort of chap?"

Lily was constrained to admit that he was.

"Earns first-class wages for a kid, too," added Burton.

"I'm afraid he spends it all on his back," suggested Lily.

"Ah!" growled Burton with his most hang-dog air. "I set up his clothes. Them are what I bought for myself."

"Oh, Burton Shevlin!" she cried, horrified. Nevertheless she let him take her hand under the table.

SPRING

By BEATRICE REDPATH

IN deepest woods there is a vernal stir,
While earth is quickened with the tender green;
Blue waters rend their crystal sepulchre
And there is life where death like sleep hath been.

Bird voices haunt the golden lighted days,
And snowdrops glimmer whitely 'mid the grass,
While in the twilight of the hidden ways
All greenly veiled Persephone doth pass.

IN GREEN PASTURES

BY HAROLD SANDS

HOW THE HERDING OF SHEEP ON SAN JUAN ISLAND IN 1855 AND THE INDISCRETION OF A HOG IN 1859 ALMOST PREVENTED THE CENTENARY OF PEACE ABOUT TO BE CELEBRATED

IMPORTED sheep and a thoroughbred hog which had the distinction of voyaging on the first steamer that ploughed the Pacific came close to preventing Canada, Great Britain and the United States from indulging in a celebration in honour of the one hundred years of peace. The countries were nearly embroiled in war in 1855 over a flock of sheep owned by the Hudson's Bay Company which were pastured on San Juan Island in the Strait of Juan de Fuca. The Hudson's Bay Company occupied the island in 1845, but the United States claimed it under the Oregon boundary treaty of 1846. No attempts were made to enforce this claim until the years 1854 and 1855, when officials of the United States visited the island to collect customs dues on the sheep. Their authority was disputed by servants of the fur company and the matter was referred to Downing Street and Washington.

Diplomats smoothed over the trouble, but the San Juan difficulty blazed out again in 1859 when Lyman A. Cutler, an American squatter on the island, shot a valuable hog belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company. This porker, being unacquainted with international affairs, showed an undue fondness for Cutler's potato patch. After killing the animal Cutler informed Hudson's Bay Company officials that he would mete out the same fate to any other of the company's stock that trespassed on the land of which he had taken possession.

Neither Canadians nor Americans had forgotten the trouble over the sheep, and this episode of the pig, ludicrous as it appears after the lapse of time, revived the smouldering animosity. American troops were hurried to the island, and as soon as this act became known at Victoria, British warships were despatched to San Juan. Viscount Milton, writing on the subject, declared that it was entirely due to the temper and judgment of Governor James Douglas that a collision did not at once ensue.

As the San Juan Island dispute became acute shortly before the outbreak of the Civil War, it has been asserted that Southern conspirators helped to foment it. General George E. Pickett, the Confederate officer whose name was immortalized through the grand charge which he led against the Union Army at Gettysburg fifty years ago, was mixed up in the excitement and so was the Southern-born General W. S. Harney. General Harney was in command of the military district of Oregon and had won more or less renown in engagements with Indians. The wild guerilla war in which he had been engaged, consisting chiefly in destroying bands of Indians whenever he

met them, says Viscount Milton, had evidently caused him to forget the lessons in international law which he learned at West Point, and he appears to have considered that a British colony might be "improved" off the face of the earth as easily and with as little ceremony as a tribe of Indians could be "suppressed".

In those pre-Confederation days Vancouver Island was a Crown Colony and was ruled from Downing Street through a local Governor. Washington Territory (now State) was a long way from Washington, D.C., and it took as many days as it does minutes now for happenings there to be made known to the President and his advisers. Therefore General Harney was, for a time, a little king, and he acted for all the world like a despot of the middle ages.

Without waiting to communicate with the Colonial authorities or with Washington, General Harney ordered Pickett to occupy San Juan Island with his company of infantry then stationed at Bellingham Bay. The ostensible object was "to protect the inhabitants of the island from the incursions of northern Indians". But Harney instructed Pickett to also bear in mind the "more serious and important duty" of affording adequate protection to American citizens in their rights as such, "and to resist all attempts at interference by the British authorities residing on Vancouver Island". General Harney further ordered four companies of artillery to San Juan Island and then wrote a bellicose letter to Governor Douglas at Victoria informing him of what he had done.

Admirable restraint was shown by Governor Douglas and by Admiral R. L. Baynes who was in command of the British fleet at Esquimalt. Although they could easily, by force of numbers, put the Americans to rout they preferred not to complicate a difficult situation. Therefore they made no attempt to land British troops on the island until they had first communicated with the Foreign Office in Downing Street. The United States forces on the island numbered 461, and they had eight 32-pounders. The British had within easy summons a command so much larger that Pickett admitted in an official letter that "they have a force so far superior to mine that it will be merely a mouthful for them".

Despite this disparity the fire-eating Americans all but dared the British to fight, and the forbearance and tact of the Governor and the Admiral in the face of great provocation alone prevented a resort to arms. United States military authorities afterwards gallantly admitted this fact, and President Buchanan recalled Harney and expressed great regret and surprise at his "unauthorized and unjustifiable" action.

Nowadays both Canadians and Americans can afford to smile at the pother over a dead pig and a small island with a few dozen inhabitants. It should be remembered, however, that the island was a bone of contention between the British and United States Governments for no less than twenty-five years. Nor should it be forgotten that, to the people of Victoria, the San Juan controversy was a matter of moment.

Some of the early residents of Victoria were just as eager as Harney and Pickett to go to war over the island. Those old-timers did not view with any enthusiasm the peace policy of Governor Douglas who adopted the waiting policy since used so conspicuously by William Jennings Bryan in his capacity of Secretary of State at Washington. The Provincial Parliament met at Victoria when the trouble was at its height and the legislators were able to let out considerable steam in the debate on the address in reply to the speech from the throne. One ardent orator declared that the "position we occupy to-day would make the iron monument of Wellington weep and the

stony statue of Nelson bend his brow".

Douglas remained as cold as iron and as immovable as stone. He calmly carried out his peace policy in the face of the adoption of an address in reply to the speech which contained sentences out of the ordinary run of such documents in Canada.

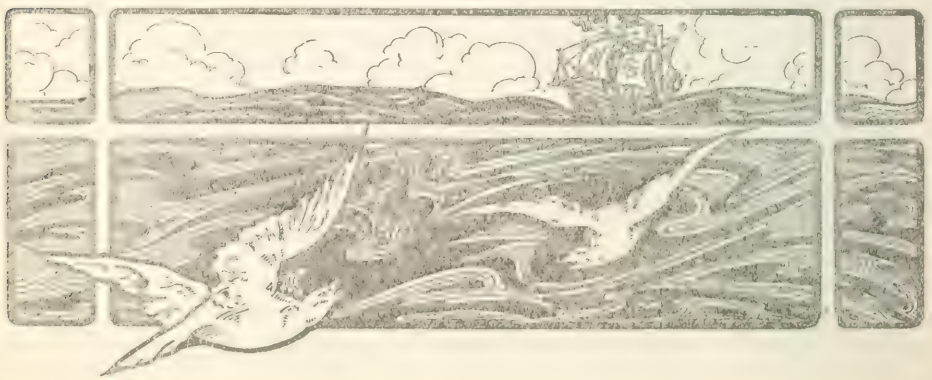
"The House would most earnestly impress upon your Excellency," the address read as finally adopted, "to enforce upon her Majesty's Government the necessity of demanding from the Government of the United States not only the immediate withdrawal of troops, but also strenuously, and at all risks, to maintain her right to the island in question, and also to all other islands in the same archipelago, now so clandestinely, dishonourably and dishonestly invaded."

While the people of Vancouver Island were thus, through their representatives in the House of Assembly, forcibly expressing their opinions, the inhabitants of the Territory of Washington were not at all backward in upholding the actions of Harney, Pickett and other United States officers. Both Americans and Canadians were willing, and some desirous, of settling the matter at the bayonet's point. Harney, in fact, authorized a call for volunteers if such action should be considered necessary by the Governor of Washington. The latter expressed himself willing to make the call if the need arose, and added:

"In such an event I have an abiding faith that the citizens of this Territory will, with enthusiastic alacrity, respond to any call necessary for the defence of individual rights, the rights of their country, or their country's honour."

Happily the demonstrations were confined to oratory and letter writing. It is worthy of note that throughout its early tempestuous history this little island of San Juan engaged the attention of men of world-wide fame. Lord John Russell, the Earl of Aberdeen, Lord Lyons, Lord Palmerston, Lord Stanley, and Lord Clarendon were among the British statesmen who at one time or another wrote State papers in regard to the island. On the American side three presidents, Polk, Pierce, and Buchanan, had a hand in the trouble, and the historian, George Bancroft, Secretary of State Seward and others devoted considerable attention to the island.

After General Harney had been well and properly "called down", a joint occupation of the island was agreed upon, and finally the question of whether it was British or United States territory was referred to Emperor William I. of Germany for decision. In a letter to the Emperor in 1871 Bancroft pointed out that of sixteen members of the British Cabinet and all the American statesmen who had been concerned in the matter all save himself were dead. The following year the Emperor announced his award, which gave the island to the United States.



The Painting by Glyn Philpot in the National Art Gallery of Canada

MORNING PRAYER

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

SABA: AN UNKNOWN ISLAND

BY LESTER RALPH

WITH the opening of the tourist routes and the ever-increasing facilities for those who can afford it to escape from the rigours of the Canadian winter, the West Indies are becoming yearly more popular as a holiday resort. But, delightful as it is to sojourn for a while in those sunny climes, where cold is not and a gray sky is a prenomenon welcomed as unusual, their very popularity is beginning to spoil them for those who look for a real holiday, as well as a change of scenery and temperature. In the less frequented islands the accommodation is terribly limited; in the more known it is better but expensive. Rare indeed is that holiday "bourne from which no traveller returns" disillusioned.

But such a place exists, practically unknown except to its inhabitants, and its name is Saba.

Such information as can be gathered about that happy land from guidebooks is scanty and almost entirely erroneous. Sir Frederick Treves in his fascinating work "The Cradle of the Deep" gives a very picturesque account of the island and of the strange industry of its natives. Unhappily, there is hardly a word of truth from beginning to end of that portion of his narrative. He has relied, apparently, on the brief note devoted to Saba in Aspinall's "Guide to the West Indies," wherein that otherwise most estimable author makes the following series of astounding statements:

> The tiny Island of Saba (five square miles) to the northwest of St. Eustatius, also belongs to Holland, having been occupied by the Dutch in 1640. Little more than a rock rising sheer out of the sea and very inaccessible, Saba was the last stronghold of the Buccaneers. It has three towns or villages: the Low Town, 900 feet above the sea; the Middle Town, 1,200 feet, and the Upper Town, 1,900 to 2,000 feet above sea-level. The male population almost without exception follow the sailor's profession, and they are great boat-builders. The boats are built in the highlands and shot over into the sea below when they are ready for launching. At the landing-place in a small cove are the remains of many warehouses which testify to the former importance of the islet. Access from the landing to the lower town is gained by a path cut out of the hill in irregular steps, up which the ponies take the travellers in perfect safety. The inhabitants have fair complexions and rosy cheeks, showing that they have not intermarried to any extent with the negroes.

Now, Saba belongs to the Dutch, and most Saba men are sailors, moreover the figures are fairly accurate. The rest of the above account, except the unhappy touch on the "intermarriage," was taken as a great joke when shown to those sailor-men. The part that particularly amused them was the passage about boat-building.

And yet the place presents peculiarities enough for the journalist in search of copy, unadorned; enough even for a king's surgeon seeking to turn with his pen guineas as golden as any he ever turned with his scalpel. The fact is that neither Sir Frederick Treves, nor Mr. Aspinall, nor as far as I can learn any writer of note whose work remains ever saw Saba.

Saba is the home of anomaly. It has been a Dutch island for almost three hundred years; yet hardly one per cent. of its inhabitants can speak anything but English. Its islanders are a race of seamen, and one of its few important functionaries is the Harbour-Master; yet it has no harbour. It supports at least three distinct varieties of the Christian Faith; yet, except for the pastors of the varieties, few members of any of the congregations would be able to state with exactness to which denomination they belong. The inhabitants are, with very few exceptions, the direct descendants of the original colonizers, intermarrying to an extent that is hardly credible; yet the type shows practically no sign of degeneracy. The area is five square miles, almost wholly volcanic rock, and vegetation of an edible kind is well-nigh non-existent; yet it contains a population of 2,000 among whom want is unknown. Still more wonderful: Saba alone in the world seems to have solved the colour question which vexes the profoundest intellects of the Western Hemisphere; and almost passing the bounds of credence, it has been left to Saba to solve the wider question of education of the masses with no corresponding discomfort for the ruling class.

After this such minor peculiarities as follow scarcely arouse comment. The little island boasts of a standing army of one man, and a police station with a lock-up which has held but one prisoner since it was built—a member of the police force arrested and incarcerated by the other member. It has no liquor laws, and no Temperance Society; but the drunkenness is as rare there as trees are. The name of the principal town, which one attains after a tiresome ascent of 1,000 feet, is Bottom; and a locality known as Hell's Gates has been chosen as a site on which to erect the favourite chapel dedicated in the Roman Catholic Faith. There is one piano in the land. The amount of modern abominations of which there are none is still more astonishing. Politics interest them not: and as there is but one season all year round, and water never fails, that other topic, the crop, leaves them unmoved. In religion they have reached that wide tolerance that welcomes it in any form, and is as cheerfully resigned to the loss of any particular branch as it is to its occasional re-appearance.

It is the home of peace and rest girt by the immensity of the Atlantic and canopied by the infinity of a sky that is always blue.

It is approached (I use the word respectfully, for in some weathers landing is impossible) from the easily accessible island St. Eustatius either by the schooner which plies between that island and St. Martin, or by sloop. I thoughtlessly chose the latter, and only ceased to regret my choice when actually on land at my destination. To describe adequately the horrors of that short passage would expand this article to the dimensions of a temperance pamphlet. Suffice it that the flimsy coffin in which I suffered was manned by Statia (short for St. Eustatius) men, than whom there are no worse sailors in all the world; just as there are no better than their neighbours, the men of Saba.

It was growing dark as we rounded the windward end of the island and escaped from the cauldron that boiled in the straits between; and towering above us with never a light and never a trace of human habitation, the great rock, sheer from the white breakers to its black height of 2,500 feet, was grim enough.

In relief, perhaps, at having once more cheated the sea of its destined victims, one of the idiots who mishandled our sloop most of the afternoon insulted the mighty precipice before us with a conch shell, whose mournful bray was echoed and re-echoed through the fastnesses of the old volcano which composes the island. He continued making this

senseless noise as we crept along in the lee of the rock for what seemed an interminable time, till another idiot suddenly put the helm hard over and we made straight for the shore, with ahead of us nothing that I could see but that black wall and the white fringe at its base. Then, just as suddenly, when destruction seemed imminent, and I had resolved that if I had to drown, the man who lost our only jib shortly before should drown with me, round we swung hard a' starboard again and lay to within fifteen yards of the shore.

Then I noticed for the first time a great crack in the side of the crater, and at its base a tiny shelf of beach with a rough shed half concealed by rocks to one side of it. After much blowing of conch shells and the firing of a gun, there appeared round the shed — of all things unexpected—a policeman, in a semi-military uniform. He was the Brigadier, I was told, and my fellow-travellers seemed to find the explanation perfectly satisfactory. The Brigadier shouted something to which our crew shouted something in reply, and then departed at the double, to reappear presently with what was presumably his Brigade, who were carrying a rowing-boat. This they launched with the ease and rapidity one associates with the Picture Palace. I bundled in and we were literally carried ashore by the surf. The helmsman stood controlling our course with extraordinary dexterity by means of an oar over the stern, and shouting directions to the rowers, which they obeyed like machines. I learned the necessity for this afterwards. There is only one gap in the reef which masks the landing-place, and that is barely wide enough for two boats to pass through; moreover, immediately before the gap, on the seaward side, there is a sharp rock that has to be mounted at almost right angles. Outside that reef the depth has not yet been sounded.

I was glad to be on shore.

We were now at the foot of what the Guide-Book describes as "a path cut out of the hill." It is in reality a gigantic crack in the wall of the crater, through which no doubt the lava once wound down to the sea. A docile horse had been provided for me, and the serpentine ascent is indescribably beautiful, as it passes through the almost pependicular sides of the ravine over a road that is in parts the natural track of the lava, and here and there has been helped with rough artificial causeways. The wilderness of the place and its loneliness remind one irresistibly of stage "scenery" (Act 11, "The Brigands' Lair"), and one expects at every moment to see "supers" with "property" rifles issue from the rocks on either hand. But they do not; and unless one happens to be overwhelmed by a landslip, or picked off by one of the lumps of rock that frequently come bounding down from above, one arrives at length at the principal town, Bottom, and perceives at once that this is an alpine village cleaned up for tourists, and not the West Indies at all.

Bottom exactly fills the circular space inside the crater; as neatly as an egg fits its cup: and each of its little houses might have been constructed by a cabinet-maker with plenteous leisure. No two houses, one had almost said chalets, are quite alike. Each stands by itself in its own tiny garden-plot, surrounded by its own neat little fence with the ridiculous little gate that fits, as everything in this sailor-built place fits, like the draw of a Japenese toy. There are two things that sailors learn to love of necessity,—paint and clean wood-work—therefore are their houses here painted as to the outside like the hull of a battleship and fitted within with unvarnished panelling and floors speckless as the decks of an old-time seventy-four. And Saba grows no timber. Every foot of it is painfully imported, or, rather, is brought home with loving pride by

Mr. Saba-man when he means to build a nest worthy of the future Mrs. S.

But there is no need to speak of the young husband generically as Mr. Saba-man. Everyone in Bottom except the Government officals and the clergy has the same name—Simmonds. In the other little town at the windward end of the island dwell the Hassells and the Johnsons; and a clan called Every, with a small admixture of Johnsons, live midway between, at a village named St. Michaels. Nor will a Simmonds lightly marry a Hassell, nor a Hassell without very sufficient reason marry a Simmonds. When therefore Mr. Simmonds has built his house, he marries Miss Simmonds, whom he has known from the time she first breathed, establishes her in his red and white doll's house, deposits with her the other treasures he has collected on his travels, and goes to sea again to earn money for any future little Simmondses that may happen along. It is possible that the old houses are allowed to stand sometimes; but from all appearances, inside and out, each little pill-box in the collection has just been taken from its tissue paper and dusted and set in its place.

In the biggest of all the doll's houses, eminent with six windows in a row and two storeys and planted in the very centre of things, lives the Governor, a most cheery and hospitable Dutch gentleman of leisure whose name I will not attempt to spell. Near this are two churches, delightful examples of patient chip-carving, the school-house and offices of the Government. On the outskirts of the circle, jammed against the rock, is a ring of shacks given over to the coloured population, who number barely two hundred as against eighteen hundred pure whites, a proportion that is startling to those acquainted with the West Indian conditions. On this point the Guide-Book has got within arm's length of the truth, though for once it overstates the fact. There may be a dash of white here and there among the coloured, but there is no trace of colour among the whites. This again is exceptionally rare in these latitudes. Here the two races live on friendly terms, but the relation is always that of master and dependent. A coloured man may rise as high as second mate on a Saba schooner, but he never attains to the proud position of Captain, and no Saba white man would ever work under the direction of a coloured boss. The difficulty attending a disproportionate increase in the numbers of the negroes is solved automatically by the limits of the island. Saba will not hold more than a certain number, and the whites want all the room they already possess for themselves. Consequently the superfluous coloured population must emigrate and fill up other islands. There could never be any question of their dispossessing the white land owners, even if they had the opportunity to save the necessary wealth. Nor is there any of that discontent among the lower classes which is the modern product of universal education. The Dutch Government has provided and equipped an excellent public school to which all little Saba citizens must go, irrespective of colour. The teachers are very efficient, and there is no lack of funds to make the education system a suceess. Unhappily for the aims of Holland, who would have all her subjects Dutch, and happily perhaps for Saba, which is determined to remain English, the regulation ordains that public instruction shall be in Dutch and that all the teachers shall hold Dutch diplomas. No Saba boy, therefore, learns anything whatever at school exceept something of the three r's, which he picks up inspite of his instructors: and that is all the lay knowledge he requires. His serious education begins out of school hours under the direction of a retired seaman, who teaches the rudiments of navigation and a mysterious branch of mathematics locally known as "x

chasing,'' and is completed at the rope's end.

This ''finishing academy'' is the first house reached from the ravine, and its owner was the first hospitable Simmonds to welcome me indoors and stay me with cold meats and excellent bottled beer. They have their comforts these islanders. It was now pitch dark outside except for the lighted windows that compassed and crossed the crater hollow in every direction, and twinkled here and there up the side of the cliff toward Windward. On the other sides blackness, more than tropical, up and up until the jagged lips of the funnel zigzagged against the spangled sky. In a very short time—for they are early to bed here—the stars alone lighted my way to the Doctor's house and the comfortable bed that awaited me.

On waking next morning I was not surprised (two or three years in the West Indies deaden that faculty) to find a horse breathing on me as I lay in bed. Half asleep, I wondered vaguely that the Doctor did not keep his live stock in its appointed place, and whether the tiny object that the open window revealed to me away up on the cliff was a goat or a cat; and then turned out in quest of my host. The adjoining room was untenanted save by the hind quarters of the friendly horse, but just then their owner, as I rightly conjectured from his riding-breeches, entered from the opposite door with a cheery grin and two bottles which he waved at me in additional greeting. He explained that he was the parson from Windward: had seen my boat coming in the evening before, and had ridden over to see who I was. Strangers are very rare in Saba. He had just met the Doctor in the village. He hoped Polly had not alarmed me. The stable was locked and she would do more harm in the garden than in the dining-room. Did I know where the Doctor kept his sugar? He recommended the Doctor's beer. So we anchored the mare (the parson's expression) to a table leg, and I gathered much store of information.

The fortunes of Saba have followed those of its neighbour Statia. The island is too small, too unfertile and too inaccessible for its inhabitants ever to have been able to subsist independently. In the old buccaneering days it can have served only as a last refuge and a safe depository for the spoils of the pirates driven there from the other islands, when the palmy times of piracy were over. Having no vestage of a harbour, or even a safe roadstead, the buccaneers had to careen their ships, as their decendants do to this day, in the Virgin Isles, a day's sail to the north. But once landed in Saba they were safe from any attack, however well concerted. The ravine would be a veritable death-trap for an invader, defensible with ease by a few determined men lying among the rocks to each side of the narrow defile. The only other gateway to the stronghold is appropriately called ''The Ladder,'' and consists of more than a thousand steps, steep and narrow, leading from the water almost perpendicularly up the cliff at the western end of the crater. Scaling this rock ladder, even under the easiest conditions, is a feat by no means easy or pleasant: and a single man at the top with two rifles could stop an army from advancing a dozen paces. But, as if even this were not enough to render these desperadoes safe in their last resort, a circular depression at the very highest point in the island commanding an outlook on all sides has been roughly strengthened where the only track across runs near it, and testifies by its name, ''The Rendezvous,'' to its former purpose. Midway between the two towns, it was here that the last stand would have been made by the men of Bottom and Windward, English and Dutch, combined for once in the face of danger.

Small as it is, Saba has already

been the home of two distinct parties, and the types are distinct even now. The men of both are English-speaking to-day, but it would be impossible to take one of the dark-skinned, long-limbed Simmonds for a Hassell, "bluff in the bow and broad a'beam" and square-headed as a Dutchman should be. The difference in breed is noticeable even among the women. Just as Miss Simmonds affects a certain up-to-dateness in dress and conversation, with aspirations toward "culture" and the wider life of Statia and even farther afield: so shall you seldom find a Miss Hassell elsewhere than home, stolidly polishing brass and wood-work and little sisters, and looking ahead complacently to a home of her own and a generous maternity.

And here the rough ancestors of these Saba men hoarded their plunder unmolested, long after Teach was a mutilated corpse, and Morgan's respectable Governor of Jamacia: whereas Statia was attacked by English, French, and Dutch in turn, though never subdued, till wearying of it all, they asked Holland to take them under her flag, which to-day, with a cabbage-palm in the corner, is their national emblem: and with Statia went Saba.

Space forbids an account of the entertainment at "Government House," where fully twenty assembled guests danced Dutch and Spanish dances to the accompaniment of an organ, a fiddle and a "shock-shock" (this last onomatopoetic contrivance of canvas, grit and broken shells); and where the "Army" justified his existence by appearing in full regimentals to hand round the refreshments. It was on this occasion that I made the acquaintance of the Anglican Rector of the island (the owner of Polly had been superseded by him some months before, but like most visitors to Saba, was reluctant to go), and he, I hate to think it was due to pure malice, lent me the sardonic equine on which I essayed to go to Windward on the following day.

The track winds up the least precipitous side of the crater, and is admirably adapted to young and reckless goats. We, the Rector's horse and I, had acheived some five hundred feet of precipice, when the brute stopped dead, and on remonstrance turned his wicked head and laughed at me. From where I sat I commanded an unbroken view of the Rectory stable roof immediately below my left foot: my right leg was securely wedged between the horses flank and a particularly nubby portion of the mountain-side. For some time we stayed thus, immutably determined on contrary directions, till the horse began walking backwards. Short of going ahead, against which he was firmly resolved, it was the only thing he could do, unless he elected to remain where we had halted, indefinitely. I had on voice in the matter, but I did have the good sense to scramble out of the saddle when the face of the cliff to my right receded slightly and gave me the chance. And there we parted company. I presume the horse backed all the way home; for he eventually reached his stable, and that not by the shortest route, perpendicularly, as in my anger I had prayed he would.

Under a pitiless sun, and with sore feet protesting against the canvas shoes I was foolishly wearing through my rash confidence in the borrowed beast, I gained the edge of the crater and the little village of St. Michaels which looks down on Bottom like an eagle from its eyrie, though it is barely visible from below. Up here it is a different world, where the prevailing influence is the Trade Wind which blows steadily from the north-east with little change in velocity for three parts of the year. Down in Bottom the outlook is brown rock on every side, with a glimpse of hurrying clouds above. On the heights there are no bounds to the eye ex-

cept the great circle of the horizon, and the general impression is that of infinite blue distance.

It was on the path to Windward from St. Michaels, where the track skirts the edge of the island and seems to overhang the breakers, so sheer is the fall of the rock, that I found the very house for an ideal honeymoon of the romantic novelist. Just round a bend which hid St. Michaels, some visionary had built it with weatherstained wood and infinite pains, had screened it with scarlet and crimson and pink hybiscus, and then, in despair of ever finding a mate dainty enough for such a bower, had presumably dived over the cliff in front of his little front gate. For there it nestles coyly, simply and therefore beautifully furnished, with never a tenant, and the rent is four dollars a month. How it remains untenanted by living flesh is merely one more mystery in this land of paradox.

For about a mile farther the path winds on with the summit of the "Rendezvous" on one hand, and on the other the deep blue, sobbing and moaning and roaring in the caves it has hollowed out some two thousand feet below. Then it takes a sharp rise over rough steps that almost made me regret the four-footer egoist I had left behind, and one has reached Hassell land. Windward is Bottom over again with the walls down except on one side where a huge buttress of rock breaks the force of the easterly gales. It also possesses two little churches and the most important store in the island, owned by Captain Ben Hassell, the uncrowned king of Windward. He was at sea when I visited his domain, but my new friend, the superseded parson, was there to welcome me, and perched on his highly-trained mare I was carried up and down stone ladders till I had seen many dozens of Hassells and Johnsons and been seen of many more.

And then I was taken to the goal of my pilgrimage, Hell's Gates, and into the presence of Father Jennessens, another dispossessed cleric, but one of a different type, who rules in these simple hearts with a sway surpassing that of kings, a very Pope among his children. Some years ago his Order, the Dominicans, shifted him to Curacao and a more important cure, as a tardy promotion for one who had worked faithfully and well for a period longer than the life-time of the ordinary man. But the old priest could not bear to be parted from his sailors—his children as he considers them—so these children of his built him a little church all for himself, and support it for him and flock there to see him whenever they return home from sea. No one knows quite how old he is, and tradition says that he lives on Schnapps, snuff and prayer exclusively. He is supposed, also, to keep a supply of the two former in a little cupboard under the alter-table. If this be so, he must feel secure in the approval of his Lady: for She knows he is but an old man of simple faith who could mean no slight to Her who has had his absolute devotion all these years.

However that may be, no saint had ever a niche more beautifully situated than his—in the wildest and most lonely part of the island, where a big rock has been cleft in two to frame his little white church with its pink roof against an azure background. He lives in a tiny house built off the church and furnished like the cell of an anchorite; and when I visited him he was holding a little court. In attendance was his successor, a gigantic young priest in the coarse white girdle cloak of the Dominicans, who was helping the guests to the famous Schnapps.

I have to admit that his Schnapps is good; I am proud of few things so much as the fact that I have had a pinch of his snuff; and I should dearly like to think that I may be some day remembered in the prayers of that old man.

NEIGBOUR

BY KEENE ABBOTT

THE deputy sheriff had come. Cautiously he opened the wooden gate as though he wanted to take someone by surprise. He did not allow the latch to click, but all the same the rusted hinges creaked a dismal warning.

The officer would find no one at home; twice before this day his calls had been fruitless, and now, as formerly, a funereal silence wrapped the little weather-beaten house which seemed utterly deserted. And yet the existence which was hiding there could not wholly conceal itself. From the stub of brick chimney, above the sagging roof patched with tin and tar paper, bluish vapour was rising, very thin wisps of vapour as though the smoke were also trying to be invisible that it might not betray the master of the house into having a summons from the court of equity served upon him.

The visitor knocked, politely at first, then louder, then louder still, and his blows on the door resounded from the echoing emptiness within. At the back door the result was the same; no answer. But the deputy sheriff did not go away; he examined the hoe, rake and other garden tools leaning against the house wall, saw that fresh dirt adhered to the spade, and then began to look in at the windows. Green house plants on the sills with white lawn curtains behind them; geraniums red and pink glowing in the sunlight, and between the flower-pots, a gray cat asleep, with paws tucked lazily under him.

Surely someone must be at home. Again the man rapped, but still the house remained both deaf and dumb. Very well, he would wait. Utilizing the bottom side of a bushel basket for a seat, he resignedly began his watch, refilling his pipe as often as he smoked it out. A long, long time he sat there, and finally concluding that it might be well to see whether any one were hiding in the coal shed, he started away, striding through the garden where row on row of broad-leaved rhubarb spread its wealth of green to the brilliant sunshine. He was not careful how he went, and as he plodded diagonally through the rich, verdant growths, his feet were breaking down many a tender stalk, when suddenly he was commanded to halt. An excited voice, quavering and shrill, had penetrated the deep prevailing hush.

"Hey, you, stop! You're trompin' down my pieplant!"

The kitchen door had been jerked open, and a spare old man under a great straw hat, had come charging out into the garden, his thin, quivering face all one pucker of brown wrinkles, his sleeves rolled up above the elbows and his slim arms gesticulating like an automatic scarecrow.

So it came about that the deputy sheriff found opportunity at last to serve an order of the court upon Old Man Pieplant.

The following day the veteran gardener called at the office of the Martin Realty Company. Nearly every morning since they had first refused

to accept the lease money he offered for his plot of ground, he had been coming here. Obstinate and patient, he had been repeatedly offering the sum of eight dollars, unfastening the dirty bit of string from about the squeezed mouth of a grimy shot-bag, counting out the change coin by coin, sighing because no one would pay any more attention to him, but still unwilling to believe that the acre patch where he lived had been sold and that he would no longer be permitted to stay there.

Sell the land? How could they do that, when he had been having the use of it these thirty years and more? It seemed almost to belong to him; he had lived there so long, and always he had been punctual with his money. They could not find fault with him for that; he knew it.

Twice the situation had been explained to him. The city had been growing, spreading out, crowding in upon him. Formerly his acre plot of ground was almost waste land; now it was valuable. On one side of it a fashionable apartment house had been built; on the other side, a handsome residence, the home of the wealthy Mrs. Wilfred Carroll. Surely Old Man Pieplant could not expect to live there, in such a neighbourhood, in that crazy, sag-roofed shanty of his.

"I could . . . maybe . . . fix it up a little," he faltered.

But no, that would not do. The land had been sold. He would have to go some place else to raise rhubarb for the market.

He did not believe it; he thought there was merely a question of wanting him to pay more money for the land, and he offered more, but the lease was not renewed.

Then he was seized with alarm. Perhaps, after all, the law was going to drive him out, and finally, when he realized this he was ill of it all night long.

The next day he was scarcely able to do the least bit of work in the garden. The bundles of pieplant he had gathered early in the morning were only withering in the sun, and realizing that he could not go to market, he lowered them in their basket deep into the well to keep them fresh.

Afterward he went into the house, locked himself in, and when some one knocked repeatedly and insistently at his doors he did not show himself. And yet, in the end, the notice of eviction had been served, and now that the old man saw how utterly impossible it was to get his lease renewed, there remained nothing for him to do but to employ a lawyer and then show in court that they had no right to drive him off his land.

But they did have a right; that was the trouble. The lawyer said so. He advised his client to move; that was it—get out! A dreadful shock! The old man stammered with choking protests.

Get out? He? Why—why, he would do nothing of the sort, never! Thirty years, more than thirty years he had been living there, and now get out! Well, say, how could he do that? Where could he go? How would it be possible to earn a living, since pieplant, that single acre of pieplant, was all he had?

He sought counsel with other people, and their recommendation was the same as that of the lawyer: he must give up the land.

Well, then, maybe he could find some other place. But where? How, in his brittle old age, could he have the courage and the strength to begin all anew? The thought of it frightened him, shook him with a dread of his incompetency, assailed him with a sense of tremendous obstacles, and most of all, filled his mind with that grim and haunting spectre—the poorhouse!

Always he shuddered to think of that, but now that it seemed the inevitable; now that he would no longer have opportunity of supporting himself with the labour of his hands he felt how dangerously near to him

was that institution for the destitute and he tried to resign himself to the notion of being a pauper—a bitter thought, but perhaps, in the end, he might get used to it.

As he went scuffling homeward that day, lurching sadly along with the twisted handle of the large, earth-stained wicker basket hooked upon his arm, it seemed to him that he would never be able to reach the house, he was so strangely enfeebled, stiff, heavy and crippled in every muscle, as though his heart as well as his body had at last grown old, old, ever and ever so old.

Finally, at the end of his long walk, he reached the wooden gate and dejectedly dragged it open. As he did so his big gray cat came bounding toward him, came bounding with his usual feline daintiness and pliant ease over the green and even ridges of the broad-leafed rhubarb. With arching back the animal rubbed himself against his master's leg, purred continuous content, and with upraised tail waved a cordial welcome. Then, as the man laboriously stooped down, the household pet gracefully leaped to his shoulder, proudly perching up there under the brim of the wide straw hat that he might be carried on into the kitchen for his noonday allowance of milk.

"What a big, nice cat you have there!"

Those words, spoken by a well modulated contralto voice, were unexpectedly addressed to him by a woman in a fawn-coloured gown with a few fluffy lavender blossoms in her girdle. Quite like a scene on the stage, she had appeared from behind a flowering lilac bush, and the old man, being so taken by surprise, stammered uneasily

"A nice cat? Well, yes—yes, he is."

What should this woman be doing here? Some neighbour, perhaps, who had come for a bundle of pieplant. The old man waited for her to state her errand, and then, as she began to stroke the soft fur of the animal on his shoulder, he said to her:

"You would like a cat?—such a cat as this?"

"Oh, yes!" she replied with that complacency of tone suitable for humouring a child, but to her abashed astonishment the old man said:

"Well, you can have him."

The woman quickly withdrew her hand from the back of the purring animal.

"Yes," he added, "you take him. And see here, now, what tricks he will do." His basket, a thing of heavy wicker, polished on either side from rubbing against his body, he held at arm's length, and his pet leaped gracefully into it. He put the cat on the ground, made a hoop of his arms, and after a few moments of obstinate refusal, the animal lithely bounded through. "Take him," the old man repeated. "I give him up." He was holding his bent elbow toward her, with the cat upon it, and the woman twice cleared her voice before she contrived to say:

"Of course I should like the cat, but—"

The old man thought it was out of pity for him that she hesitated, and he made haste to add:

"That's all right; take him; you mustn't think about me." He was speaking with husky gentleness, and his hand went on stroking the animal's back. "I have to get along without him. Of course it's going to be hard, a little hard at first, but I will get used to it. For now, you see, now that I have found a good place for my cat, I won't have to worry about him."

"But why should you give him up?" the woman inquired, and the old man grew red, very red. He had so little blood in his body and all of it apparently, had come running into his face.

"They are driving me . . . I mean, I am going away; that's it; I'm moving out. It isn't good to live so long in one place."

He swaggeringly spat aside to show that he did not mind it much, this moving out. But now, of a sudden, his expression changed, for the front gate had creaked open, and a person with a derby hat, a pudgy little man, was coming in.

Then two thin shoulders gave a shrug of contempt, and a thin old voice abruptly exclaimed:

"That Dutchman again! A landscape gardener he calls himself; he says the soil here needs a chemical fertilizer, but did you ever see such soil? Only look how everything grows! I make it that way."

A brown hand was proudly waved toward the green lines of pieplant drowsing in the sunlight, the white sunlight which was all a-quiver there. The garden was so slumbrously hushed that with the slightest whiff of air the leaves gave forth a papery whisper.

The woman, after examining the ribbons of dark, rich earth which stretched to the end of the garden between the even rows of rhubarb, quietly observed:

"A rose arbour might flourish here, I should think."

And the old man replied:

"Yes, it would; anything would thrive in such ground as that."

At the approach of the man with the derby hat the woman inquired:

"Are you well acquainted with him, this landscape gardener?"

"He works up yonder." The old man jerked his thumb in the direction of a steep green terrace surmounted by a modern residence with wide, pillared verandas garlanded with honeysuckle. It was a red tiled house with several gables and a conservatory on one side whose arching roof of glass flamed in the sunlight like polished metal. "A widder lives there, alone, all alone in that great big place."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, and they tell me that she's bought this place, too, that old widder."

"Has she indeed?" the woman questioned with a self-conscious smile. "And is she so old?"

"I dunno; I guess so," he answered, and hostilely scrutinized the new arrival who had bared his head and was ceremoniously bowing.

With a slight nod which stirred the billowing lavender plumes of her hat, the woman greeted the pudgy gardener, and then said to him:

"Some other time will do for us to talk about the rose arbour. I shan't need you to-day."

Her words somewhat abashed the rotund visitor, who quickly consulted his watch.

"Am I late?" he asked.

"No, I think not, but that will be all for to-day."

The round, florid face of the heavy little man grinned with fat perplexity, but his employer, being a woman, was of course not to be understood. He therefore stammered a "good afternoon," and withdrew.

Meanwhile the old man was staring at the woman. He wiped his face on his sleeve, knocked off his hat and picked it up again.

"Well, well, to think of that!" he gasped. "You are the widder, you!"

"The *old* widder," said the woman, and in truth her hair was turning gray, but her face, the sad, calm face of one who rarely smiles, was unmarred by even a trace of wrinkle.

"I was coming to see you," the old man added, "to see you about . . . to talk about the lilac bush yonder, and those trees. I set them out. In the big one, over there, that's where the children used to have their swing. Nobody must cut down those trees. You will see to that, won't you?"

"Children?" said the woman. "You have had children?" There was a certain wistfulness in her tone, and she spoke softly as though her voice were an echo from that great house up there on the terrace, that beautiful residence which was so full of fine things—and loneliness.

"I got their pictures in the album," said the old man. "And if you want to see them . . ." he hesitated, smiling shamefacedly as he added: "Their ma always used to say that I bragged a tiresome lot on our boys, but she was awful proud of them, too, and bragged the same as me. And they *were* fine boys. They used to come home every Christmas time, but of course it made a difference when their ma was gone. They never forgot their old dad, though; no, ma'am, they didn't! Only . . . you see . . . one of them, you see . . . one of them went for a soldier, and the other one, Henry . . . well, I'm a-hungerin' yet and a-waitin' to hear what's become of Henry. 'Most every year I used to get a letter from him, but it's been five years, now—yes, ma'am, five years, two months and three days since I got my last letter from him."

"I should like to see a picture of your boys," said the woman.

Shortly afterward she was seated in a wooden rocking chair in the house of her neighbour. For over two years she had been living within a hundred yards of him, but to-day was the first time they had exchanged a word, and as often as she had looked down with offended eyes from her windows upon the patched roof of this ugly old shanty, she had never supposed that the interior of such a dwelling could be so neat, that the floor could be scrubbed so white, that the rag carpet and oval rugs of the front room and the chintz-covered furniture, with prim tidies upon the chairs and sofa, could have a charm so homely and quaintly picturesque.

And he babbled garrulously of all the years he had been raising pieplant, of how he had built this house himself. Between the lawn curtains, above the blossoming geraniums on the sill, she was looking out through the open window at that residence up yonder on the smooth green terrace, *her* residence, designed by the city's most eminent architect, a place of tinted walls and softly harmonizing colours in which to house Oriental rugs, stately tapestries brought from Europe, rich brocades, furniture wrought by master craftsmen, lovely and costly trifles of every sort chosen by her ultra refinement of taste.

The old man was still talking, but suddenly she interrupted him. She looked into his faded eyes, and said brusquely, almost harshly:

"Stay here. I don't want you to go away."

"Don't?—don't go 'way? But I got to go. They say I must get out."

"Who says so?"

"Everybody." The old man, with a sweep of the hands, seemed to indicate the whole world.

The woman slowly closed the red plush album, snapped the big copper clasp, arose with a whispering rustle of her gown, and then said with quiet emphasis:

"The land is mine . . . No, yours—as long as you live it's yours."

The old man had a confused notion that he had not heard correctly, and he bent forward, with hand scooped about his ear, but of a sudden he recalled that this woman, and not the Martin Realty Company, was now the owner of that garden plot. Then, in his bewilderment of joy, he began to stammer:

"Sure nuff; it's your land. Yes, that's so. Only think of that! I plum forgot." With one hand squeezing his other hand he wistfully added: "You say . . . I'm to stay here?"

The woman had opened the door to go out, but she paused upon the threshold, surprised by the white splendour of sunshine asleep out there in the garden where drowsed the fresh-faced green of all the well-kept pieplant rows. She looked at them and then turned to look once more at the old man, and impulsively she stretched out her hand toward him.

"I want you for my neighbour," she said.

CURRENT EVENTS

THE House of Representatives at Washington, by a decisive majority, voted in favour of the repeal of the clause in the Panama Canal Act which would give to vessels engaged in the United States coasting trade free passage through the canal from ocean to ocean. But before the repeal becomes effective it will have to be sanctioned by the Senate. At this time of writing, it is under debate in that final court, but whether or not it receives the sanction of the Senate, its passage by the Representatives marks a decisive victory for the President. Apart altogether from the merits or demerits of the case, it cannot be denied that had not Mr. Wilson himself, personally, taken a determined stand in favour of repeal, the whole measure as passed by Congress last year would have stood on the statute books. While this attempt to do justice to Great Britian can be laid almost entirely to the credit of the President, it should not be forgotten than no less a champion than the Honourable Elihu Root fought with telling ardour against the Bill when it came up in the Senate last year. His remarkable speech, the text of which appeared in *The Canadian Magazine* for March, is regarded as an unanswerable statement in favour of equal tolls to all vessels entering the canal.

Opinion at Washington forecasts a victory in the Senate for repeal. Men like Senator Lodge, for instance, who would grant United States vessels engaged in coasting trade some measure of preference, are in favour of this repeal. Their opinion is that if the United States Government wish to give some advantage to American vessels they should give it in some other form than a breach of an international treaty—they might grant a subsidy.

The repeal by the Representatives of this clause in the Act is another instance of the dominance of the President in United States politics; for there is no doubt whatever that the change in sentiment as well as in Act is due to the personal interference of Mr. Wilson himself. Mr. Roosevelt dominated Congress by brute force; his rule was known as the rule of the Big Stick. In Mr. Wilson's case the power is intellectual. His fine scholarly attainments, his mastery of constitutional history, his broad outlook, his evidences of culture and humanitarian consideration all have had a pronounced modifying effect on national tendencies. The human impluse to get the better of the deal at all costs has been checked, and the people of the United States at this time of social crisis are beginning to realize that there are other things to consider besides their own national interests. It remains to be seen, however, how the Senate will act in this instance; but, with Lodge and Root in favour of repeal, with the great conscience of the people awakened by their President, it is altogether likely that Congress will finally undo, to the credit of the nation, legislation that has shamed them belegislation that, notwithstanding the best that can be said for it, has shamed them before the whole world.

Poetry seems to be coming into its

own again in England, for quite apart from the great interest that centres in the political arena the people are taking time to buy books and poetry and listen to poetry being read. Publishers report remarkable increases in the sale of poetry, and there are several instances where books of verse have been almost among the "best sellers." The coming of Rabindranath Tagore from Bengal to read and translate into English his own works aroused a great deal of interest, as a result in part at least of the introduction given by Mr. W. B. Yeats. The mystic personality of this Bengal poet had something to do with the arousing of public curiosity, but his work seems to increase its hold upon his readers, and some of it, particularly "The Gardener," has had a big sale in the United States.

The work of Mr. Alfred Noyes has sold in large quantities, but one need not wonder at that, because Noyes is, if anything, a popular poet. His recent visit to Toronto, when he came as an apostle of peace, under the auspices of the International Polity Club, revealed a marked contrast in personality, temperament, and style to Mr. Yeats, who had just preceded him, and who had appeared in Toronto under the auspices of the Gaelic League. In these two men we had the antitheses. Yeats is a poet of poets; Noyes is a poet of the people. Someone asked Yeats what he thought of "Drake," by Alfred Noyes, but Yeats confessed that he had never read it. Then in turn someone asked Noyes what he thought of Yeats, but as the answer was to be regarded as confidential all we can say is that he did not class him with the major poets.

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Yeats set out to establish his thesis that all real art is a result of conflict, of warring elements in the human mind. In other words, he would not look for art in the well rounded life. But from the man who for some reason has been deprived of the thing for which his soul has craved he would look for art to issue. That is an interesting thesis, and may be carried further, even to a practical demonstration. For example: There are readers who say that because of the extremely pathetic scenes depicted by Dickens, Dickens himself must have been very responsive, very sympathetic; in other words, must have had a kind heart. But there is a reason to believe that the very opposite is the fact, that Dickens was by nature hard-hearted and unsympathetic, with the result that when he undertook to depict something pathetic it had to be extremely pathetic in order to make him think it worth while depicting. So that we have in a sad scene by Dickens sadness that moves the universe.

Yeats talked much about beauty. Beauty, to him, was the purpose of art. Noyes, on the other hand strove not so much for beauty as for revelation. He is regarded as an optimistic spirit, and he concerns himself more with giving a message to the people than with supplying to the few cause for æsthetic delight. His latest poem, "The Wine Press," is an example of his tendency, and it was because of this poem's terrible arraignment of war that the International Polity Club, which is organized to promote peace, selected him to address them.

*

We might find several causes for the revival of interest in poetry in England and yet not find the greatest cause. One is undoubtedly the recent practice of having poets read their own poetry to whoever wishes to go and hear them. That practice has been carried on in particular at the Poetry Bookshop in London. Then again there has arisen in England a band of young poets who are now known as the Georgian poets, distinctive, we presume, from the Victorian and earlier poets. Of their number

is Mr. John Masefield, whose ballads have become immensely popular, although many critics say they are not so good as his earlier work.

Will there be a similar revival in Canada? Canadians respond naturally to poetry, and we should be loth to think that as a nation, we could turn lightly away from the fragrance of the poetic muse.

☼

The war scare now has been changed so as to involve Russia and Germany. Despatches from abroad refer with mild alarm to a recent secret conference between the heads of the Russian Government and leading deputies of the Russian Parliament. The conference was for the purpose, it is supposed, of increasing the enormous strength of the Russian army. All the leading members of the Russian Government were present, as well as all the leaders of the political parties in the Duma that are considered to be loyal to the Empire; with the result, as indicated in the press, that a demand will de made for an addition of five hundred thousand men to the standing army, together with the sum of five hundred million roubles, which is equivelant to about two hundred and sixty million dollars. This vast addition in men and money is supposed to be needed to complete the readiness of Russia for any conflict they might have with Germany. Germany as well is stirred up to the seriousness of the situation. A bone of contention is the partition of Poland, and it will be interesting to see how the Kaiser's "Russian Friend," the Emperor of Russia, will requite Germany's guarantee against the worst effects of the Japanese war and the Terrorist Revolution. According to the Berlin newspapers, the persecution of the Polish residents of Prussia continues, notwithstanding the wishes of the saner German people. The London *Outlook*, having translated the reports from the German newspapers, gives this account of a recent incident:

> An abominable instance of the all-pervading oppression with which Prussian administration follows and persecutes the Poles in every aspect of their national existence was afforded by the action of the authorities in Berlin itself a few days ago. The Prussian Government forbids its Polish subjects to employ their native language even in the services of their own religion within their own houses of worship and prayer! Just imagine a body of London police, the B. division or the C. division, being let loose upon a congregation of British Catholics, whether Irishmen or Canadians, who dared to say their prayers in French or Gaelic within a Catholic chapel in the Metropolis.
>
> Even imagination would be too weak to call up the picture of such an impossible monstrosity. Yet only on Sunday last the entire congregation of a Catholic church in Berlin—where there is a resident population of more than seventy thousand Poles—were driven, with the utmost violence, by a body of sworded and helmeted police, out of their own church, in the midst of the celebration of the important rite of Confirmation, merely because Polish prayers were used by a body of Polish people. The Poles in Prussia must pray in German or they may be silenced and dispersed by a charge of police, or soldiers, if necessary!

☼

Mr. John Galsworthy, whose literary standing is as high as that of anyone writing in England to-day, has addressed a letter to *The Times* charging Parliament with neglect of duty. It is not often nowadays that a literary man interferes with politics, but when we read Mr. Galsworthy's letter, part of which follows, we wonder whether his indictment would apply with equal force in Canada:

> I am moved to speak out what I and, I am sure, many others are feeling. We are a so-called civilized country; we have a so-called Christian religion; we profess humanity. We have a Parliament of chosen persons, to each of whom we pay £400 a year, so that we have at last some right to say: "Please do our business, and that quickly." And yet we sit and suffer such barbarities and mean cruelties to go on among us as must dry the heart of God. I cite a few only of the abhor-

rent things done daily, daily left undone; done and left undone, without shadow of doubt against the conscience and general will of the community:

Sweating of women workers.

Insufficient feeding of children.

Employment of boys on work that to all intents ruins their chances in after-life—as mean a thing as can well be done.

Foul housing of those who have as much right as you and I to the first decencies of life.

Consignment of paupers (that is, of those without money or friends) to lunatic asylums on the certificate of one doctor, the certificate of two doctors being essential in the case of a person who has money or friends.

Export of horses worn out in work for Englishmen—save the mark!—export that for a few pieces of blood-money delivers up old and faithful servants to wretchedness.

Mutilation of horses by docking, so that they suffer, offend the eye, and are defenceless against the attacks of flies that would drive men, so treated, crazy.

Caging of wild things, especially wild song-birds, by those who themselves think liberty the breath of life, the jewel above price.

Slaughter for food of millions of creatures every year by obsolete methods that none but the interested defend.

Importation of the plumes of ruthlessly slain wild birds, mothers with young in the nest, to decorate our gentlewomen.

Such as these—shameful barbarities done to helpless creatures—we suffer among us year after year.

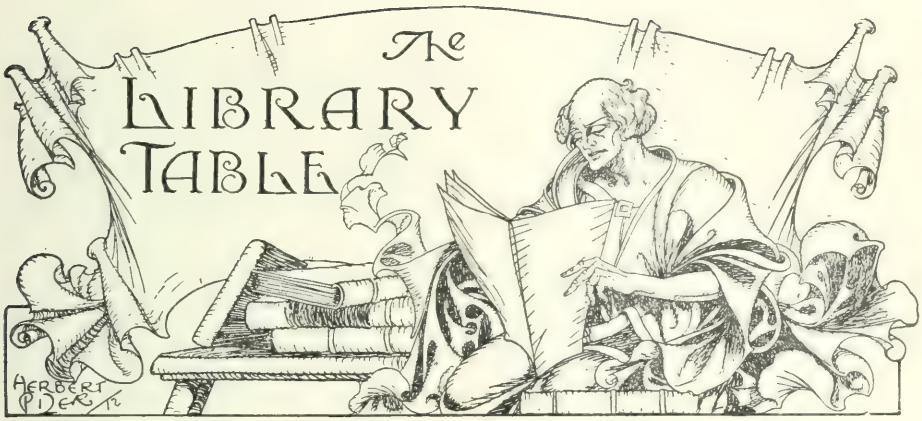
The putting into practice of democratic government in Cuba, following the general elections of 1912, has been watched with much interest by students of political economy. That it has not attracted wider attention is a tribute to the peaceful and eminently satisfactory manner that the change was received by the people. The new President seems to be a man raised for the position. Here is an appreciation of him written by Mr. Sydney Brooks:

President Menocal stands almost as much apart from and above the ordinary run of Cuban politicians as President Wilson stands apart from and above the ordinary run of American politicians. Cuban-born, educated in the United States, a fiery and daring guerilla leader in the war against Spain, by profession a civil engineer, for many years the working head of the largest sugar estate in the island, and at all times an indefatigable sportsman, General Menocal has long enjoyed the affection of the mass of his countrymen and the confidence of the business interests. The President has the priceless asset of character. He is the very opposite of a self-seeker. Not even in the reckless gossipings of the Havana cafés has it ever been suggested that he sought the Presidency for what he could make out of it. There is a vein of genuine altruism in his nature; he is, I should say, an exceedingly difficult man to move when convinced that he has right and justice on his side; and his devotion to Cuba bears the stamp of a complete disinterestedness. He has pondered those deeper problems of her life and conditions that find, as a rule, so small a place in the polemics of party. He has studied and understands her permanent needs; he is thinking of Cuba while most of those around him are thinking of jobs and concessions and the petty manœuvres of "politics." Whether these characteristics are the ones that are most helpful in the special circumstances of Cuban public life, time alone can prove. But already it is clear that the accession of a President of General Menocal's manifest integrity and high-mindedness has had a wholesome effect on the political atmosphere. There is very little talk of "graft" in Havana nowadays. People feel that, so long as General Menocal is in the Palace the Government will be honestly run, concessions will only be granted on their merits, and every effort will be made to give Cuba a clean, stable, and economical administration.

RUINS

From the Painting by Giardino in the Art Museum of Turin

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE



STORIES OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE

By Agnes Maule Machar. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

IMPRESSED with a sense of its divine purpose, its final mission to humanity, as the end for which the shoot of Saxon freedom planted in British soil has grown into the greatest Empire the world has ever seen, the author of this instructive volume has written it with a view to instructing the youthful mind with a sense of certain significant facts in connection with this great mission. The author is a well-known Canadian writer, with several books to her credit. In this instance she has selected some of the inspiring incidents throughout English history and she has re-told them so that the youthful mind can understand and fully appreciate them. She begins with "Britain and its first people, "Boadicea and the Romans," and ends with "Mary, Queen of Scots." This long interval furnishes her with an opportunity to introduce a fine line of imposing heroes and heroines.

POEMS

By Rupert Brooke. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

WE have had opportunity of late to refer to the exquisite poetry of this young Englishman, who is one of a group of "younger" poets who in England are styled "The Georgian Poets." His first volume has reached a third edition, and the reputation of the author is extraordinary for one whose work has been for so short a time before the public. We should like to quote "Second Best," "The Song of the Beasts," "Blue Evening," but we take only this sonnet:

DAWN.

(On the train between Bologna and Milan; second-class.)

Opposite me two Germans snore and sweat.
Through sullen swirling gloom we jolt and roar.
We have been here for ever: even yet
A dim watch tells two hours, two aeons, more.
The windows are tight-shut and slimy-wet
With a night's fœtor. There are two hours more;
Two hours to dawn and Milan; two hours yet.

Opposite me two Germans sweat and
snore. . . .

One of them wakes, and spits, and sleeps
again.
The darkness shivers. A wan light
through the rain
Strikes on our faces, drawn and white.
Somewhere
A new day sprawls; and, inside, the foul
air
Is chill, and damp, and fouler than be-
fore . . .
Opposite me two Germans sweat and
snore.

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LOVE AND THE UNIVERSE

By Albert D. Watson. Toronto: The Macmillan Company.

PERHAPS to many readers the most interesting part of this book will be Katherine Hale's foreword, which is in part at least poetical and symbolical. Miss Hale says that "Evolution and idealism, liberty and law, God and laughter, soul and body, the mating of these in perfect accord becomes the fabric of this poet's vision, a vision which he has set vibrating in clear song and has rimmed about with the wholesome and lovely colours of the woods, the waters, and the sky." The very heart of Dr. Watson's message she finds in these lines:

Oh, for a love like the air,
So infinite, soundless, and broad,
That every child of the earth may share
The joy of the heart of God!

As we have not discovered in the volume anything that inspires partiality, we accept for quotation Miss Hale's choice of the sonnets:

God is eternity, the sky, the sea,
The consciousness of universal space,
The source of energy and living grace,
Of life and light, of love and destiny.
God is that deep, ethereal ocean, free,
Whose billows keep their wide unbarriered
place
Amid the stars that move before His face
In robes of hurricane and harmony,
A light that twinkles in a distant star,
A wave of ocean surging on the shore,
One substance with the sea; a wing to
soar
Forever onward to the peaks afar,
A soul to love, a mind to learn God's plan,
A child of the eternal—such is man.

RAVENNA: A STUDY

By Edward Hutton. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

MR. HUTTON'S admirable review of the history of Ravenna and of its unique architectural treasures deserves to be widely read, for it provides the key to much that is puzzling in the decline of the Roman Empire and the rise of the Holy Roman Empire, and in the days of barbarism that more or less sharply separate the periods of the two Empires. Mr. Hutton points out that in Ravenna we have the one existing link that joins the ancient world to the world of the Middle Ages, and that its history summarizes that of the warring elements of old and new, of culture, and barbarism. He lays great stress upon Ravenna's geographical position — a position that, whenever Italy was threatened, gave her the immense importance of an impregnable city commanding the pass between Cisalpine Gaul and Italy directly that pass was threatened. Contrary to the opinion of Gibbon, Mr. Hutton asserts that Honorius was wisely advised to retreat from Milan to Ravenna, and that, so far from this retreat being a flight, it was a consummate strategical and political move, and he certainly makes out a good case for his assertion.

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THE WINE-PRESS

By Alfred Noyes. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

ONE almost agrees with this poet that a new dawn is breaking, when one considers the significance of a popular English poet using all the clangour of his muse to inveigh against the horror of war. The book is dedicated to Colonel Denison and Principal Hutton and all others who believe that peace is the spoiler of nations. It is described as a tale of war. It is indeed a tale of bloody war. The recent conflict in the Bal-

kans is the scene; but first there is a prologue in which the angel Sandalphon reports to God that the East is praying:

O God, deliver Thy people. Let Thy sword
Destroy our enemies, Lord.

and that the plea of the West is the same. Then we see Johann, a Bulgarian wood-cutter, saying good-bye to his wife and child. He is about to leave for the "front" to fight for —he does not now what—but very likely for the Fatherland. He takes us through the campaign, and here is an incident:

Before Johann a young face rose
Like a remembered prayer:
He could not halt or swerve aside
In the onrush of the murderous tide,
He jerked his bayonet out of the body
And swung his butt in the air.

He yelled like a wolf to drown the cry
Of his own soul in pain.
To stifle the god in his own breast,
He yelled and cursed and struck with the rest,
And the blood bubbled over his boots
And greased his hands again.

Faces like drowned things underfoot
Slipped as he swung round:
A red mouth crackled beneath his boot
Like thorns in spongy ground.

Slaughter? Slaughter? So easy it seemed,
This work that he thought so hard!
His eyes lit with a flicker of hell,
He licked his lips, and it tasted well;
And—once—he had sickened to watch them slaughter
An ox in the cattle-yard.

And then, after Greece and the Balkan States have been successful, they quarrel, and Johann finds himself fighting against the ones who so lately were his comrades of the line. He does not know why. Why? Let the poet answer:

—"Fight? Fight? For what?"—"Why don't you understand
What war is? For a port to export prunes,
For Christ, my boy, and for the Fatherland!"

The poem is a vivid, terrific picture of the horrors of war, but it is optimistic, for in the epilogue "The Dawn of Peace", a new era, is discovered. As the poets heretofore have taken no small part in spreading the spirit of militarism, this poem is recommended to those institutions and individuals that uphold the doctrine of peace.

*

UNPATH'D WATERS

By Frank Harris. Toronto: Bell and Cockburn.

THIS volume is well named, for Mr. Harris has indeed carried his fiction into strange waters. Apart from their great merit as masterpieces of short fiction, these stories are of extraordinary interest because of their very daring. In the first story, for instance, the author takes Christ (at least, we assume that the character could be none other than the One who was crucified on Calvary) and treats Him as an everyday human being. The action takes place after the crucifixion, and we are introduced to a humble wayfarer who settles down because of the allurements of a woman, whom he at length marries. He listens to the praises of his friends, who go nightly to hear the wonderful preaching of a man named Paul, but he scoffs and says Paul garbles the saying of the Saviour. In time he dies, and when they prepare him for burial they find the marks of the nails and the sword. It is the suggestion back of all this that makes the story striking and exceedingly daring.

*

FIFTY CARICATURES

By Max Beerbohm. William Heinemann.

IN England it is almost a trite saying that to be caricatured by Max Beerbohm is to be put at once on the high road to fame. Quite certain it is that this extremely subtle caricaturist, himself doubly famous, has

helped the "de-ah public" to take an interest in some persons that are now almost national idols. To mention only a few: The King, Sir Edward Grey, Thomas Hardy, Bernard Shaw, John Macefield, Sir Edward Carson, Premier Asquith, Lloyd George, Mr. Balfour, Colonel Seely, George Grossmith, George Moore. The Balfour "frieze," a going, going, gone sort of treatment, is delightful. But these are drawings to be looked at in the book.

❊

APHRODITE AND OTHER POEMS.

By John Helston. London: William Heinemann.

WE confess to a liking for this poet's work, even though critics have found some of his product ornate. It is ornate—not always; but ornamentation is not a quality to be consistently condemned. For there are in this volume many ornate yet beautiful lines, such, for instance, as:

> By midnight's massed momentous quietude,

which is well worthy of poets whose names are known where Helston's has never been heard. In the poem "Lonicera" there are many splendid passages, but we select the following:

> For I remember how you went with me,
> One morning, down the middle of the year . . .
> The long road yet comes gray across the hill
> By dense dark woods and shine of ruddy wheat,
> Where ruddier poppies hide or take the sun,
> And purple knapweeds darkling dream across
> The variant gold of bird's-foot trefoil days.
> Swifts, like spent arrows, glancing from the clouds,
> Drift down the wind, high over us: and all
> The ways of little streams are half revealed
> By fragrant methods of the meadowsweet.
> But most the honeysuckle I recall.
> It is a land whose likeness mocks our own;
> Where August comes to meet us from the hills.
> This is your kingdom left you at the last—
> Your last of love, where once you had held sway
> From my horizons northward, to the south,
> And from the sunrise, out beyond the arch
> Of the half-sunken sun to solemn things
> That have their home behind a sunsetting;
> From star-dawn on the sapphire slopes of night,
> By midnight's massed momentous quietude,
> To lovely latitudes where morning moves
> In orient twilight putting out the stars. . .

Of a minor order there is "A Child's Song":

> Down by the mill-pool,
> Ere the swallows come,
> Where the water tumbles
> Ever into foam,
> Blooming in the springtime,
> Long before the swallows,
> Brave and bold,
> Full of gold,
> See the sunny sallows!
> Down by the mill-pool,
> When we're fast asleep,
> Men with lighted lanterns
> Round the sallows creep.
> Catching 'em in hundreds—
> Some as big as swallows!
> Shaking moths
> Into cloths,
> All along the sallows!

❊

HERE ARE LADIES

By James Stephens. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

CHARACTERISTICALLY, this is a Stephens book. It is unlike any of his others, but, then, it is unlike any other book by any other author. It consists of a series of short sketches which appear under the headings of "Three Heavy Husbands", "Three Women Who Wept", "Three Angry People", "Three Young Wives", "Three Lovers Who Lost", and "Three Happy Places." They are all subtly and irresistibly Irish, with fine touches of real Hibernian wit and philosophy. They cannot be classed as short stories, for some of them are in form at least merely single incidents or conversations. But all are extremely suggestive. Towards the end of the volume there are some

chapters under the general heading of "There is a Tavern in Our Town", in which are given the quaint opinions and odd observations of a frequenter of the place. The book will be immensely enjoyed by those who know good humour and keen characterization.

☼

THE LIFE OF JOHN BRIGHT

By George Macaulay Trevelyan. London: Constable and Company.

WHEN John Bright, at the age of sixty-six, was speaking at the unveiling of a Cobden statue, he referred to an incident in connection with the death of his first wife when he himself was but thirty years of age. The incident was connected with Bright's first acquaintance with Cobden. When Cobden saw Bright lamenting his great loss, he put his hand upon the other's shoulder and said: "There are thousands of houses in England at this moment where wives, mothers, and children are dying of hunger. Now, when the first paroxysm of your grief is past, I would advise you to come with me, and we will never rest till the Corn Law is repealed." And Bright went, and they never did rest until they had seen that and other corn laws repealed. In this volume you get close to Bright and to the great events and reform movements in which he took a prominent part: the Factory Acts, the Franchise Reform, the Crimean War, the American War, the death of Cobden, office under Gladstone, and Home Rule. It is a great biography, such as one might expect from the author of "The Poetry and Philosophy of George Meredith."

☼

COLLECTED POEMS

By E. A. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

E. A. (GEORGE RUSSELL) is regarded as the poet *par excellence* of Ireland, and now that this volume of his work has appeared he is being more than ever talked about. His work is notable for its splendid poise, fine natural quality, exquisite colour and admirable dignity. There is about the very euphony of this couplet a compelling flavour:

Above the misty brilliance the streets assume
A night-dilated blue magnificence of gloom.

We quote this poem:

DESIRE.

With thee a moment! Then what dreams have play!
Traditions of eternal toil arise,
Search for the high, austere and lonely way,
The Spirit moves in through eternities.
Ah, in the soul what memories arise!

And with what yearning inexpressible,
Rising from long forgetfulness, I turn
To Thee, invisible, unrumoured, still;
While for Thy whiteness all desires burn.
Ah, with what longing once again I turn!

☼

—*Poetry and Drama* for March contains poems by Maurice Hewlett, Ezra Pound, Godfrey Elton, and James Elroy Flecker; articles on "The Repertory Theatre," by William Archer; "Reviewing: An Unskilled Labour," by Edward Thomas, and on "Translating Poetry," by Wilfred Thorley. There are also a "Dramatic Chronicle," by Gilbert Cannan; a "French Chronicle," by F. S. Flint, and a paper on "American Poetry," by Louis Untermeyer and Charles T. Ryder.

☼

BOOKS RECEIVED

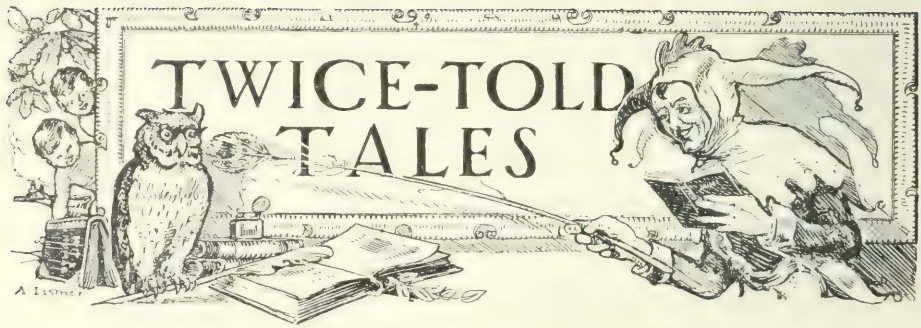
—"Overland Red," (anonymous). Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

—"The Gardener," by Rabindranath Tagore. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

—"The Marriage of Cecelia," by Maude Leeson. Toronto: E. P. Gundy.

—"In the Heart of the Meadow," by Thomas O'Hagan. Toronto: William Briggs.

—"The Foundations of International Polity," by Norman Angell. Toronto: William Briggs.



It Has Never Been Known

Great Picture Buyer (to hostess) —What do you think of an artist who painted cobwebs on the ceiling so truthfully that the servant wore herself into an attack of nervous prostration trying to sweep them down?

Hostess (a woman of experience) —There may have been such an artist, but there never was such a servant.—*Tit-Bits.*

Retort Courteous

Every one has heard authentic stories of the man who asked another, "Who is that old frump over yonder?" and got the reply, "She is my wife." But the story doesn't go far enough.

Jones observed an old lady sitting across the room.

"For heaven's sake!" he remarked to Robinson, "who is that extraordinarily ugly woman there?"

"That," answered Robinson, "is my wife."

Jones was taken aback, but moved up front again.

"Well," he said persuasively, "you just ought to see mine!"

Stumbling Into Society

Architect — "Now, where would you prefer the drawing-room, sir?"

Mr. Strukile — "Look here, young man, I've let you put up a music-room, when I couldn't play a mouth-organ; a nursery, when I ain't got no nurse; and a pantry, when I don't pant. But I'm goin' to draw the line at a drawin'-room, when I couldn't even draw a straight line."

Bad for the Digestion

She was a plump widow, with two charming daughters. She had been a "relict" just a year, and was beginning to wear her "weeds" lightly. All the same, when the new curate called upon her she sighed: "Ah, I feel the loss of my poor, dear husband very much. I never have any appetite for anything now."

The curate was all sympathy, and, in the endeavour to cheer her by pointing out what a comfort to her her daughter must be, replied:

"I can quite understand that, but you are solaced in—"

"Si-r-r!" interrupted the indignant lady. "Allow me to inform you that I am not laced in at all."

MR. CALLAHAN (reflectively): "Ash Wednesday—Shrove Tuesday—Good Friday—say, this is a new one on me!" —*The Masses*

THE WHY OF IT.

"Yes," mused the old sea captain, "when I was shipwrecked in South America I came across a tribe of wild women who had no tongues"

"Mercy!" cried one of his listeners of the fair sex. "How could they talk?"

"They couldn't," snapped the old salt. "That's what made 'em wild."

*

A PLAN TO FOOL ST. PETER

A group of men were discussing their probable chances of entering the heavenly gate. Some were extolling their virtues and religious zeal, and felt sure they could not be ignored. Several were willing to take chances when the situation presented itself.

One said he had his plan mapped out and, when pressed for details, said: "Well, I intend to walk up the golden stairs and take hold of the door and keep opening and closing it, making as much noise as possible, till I get St. Peter good and peeved; and then he will say: 'See here, either you come in, or stay out.'"

MAIDENLY MATURITY

The unmarried woman of questionable age waxed exceedingly wroth when the census man asked the number of her years.

"Did you interview the girls next door?" she stormed, "the Hill sisters?"

"Most certainly," replied the census man.

"And did they tell you their ages?"

"Yes."

"Well," she chirped, as she slammed the door in his face, "I'm just as old as they are together."

"Oh, all right," responded the census man softly to himself and he made an entry in his book: "Sarah Smith—as old as the Hills."

*

COURTSHIP IN BULUWAYO

In Buluwayo a young couple presented themselves one Saturday afternoon on the Magistrate's tennis lawn and interrupted the game by demanding to be married. The magistrate refused; declared he would not have his only holiday spoiled; his office was closed for the day. The lovers were insistent; they were trekking at once to take possession of a farm a hundred miles up country and must be married before they set off. "Why on earth," said the magistrate, "did you not come to me this morning?" "But please, sir, we only met at lunch for the first time."—*London Chronicle.*

*

GRANT HIM KEEN SIGHT

A frightfully henpecked man was summoned to the bedside of his dying spouse. For forty years she had made his life a burden.

"I think I am dying, David," she said; "and before I leave you I want to know if I shall see you in a better land."

"I think not, Nancy," he replied—"not if I see you first."

The Wrong Prescription

Lewis Waller, the actor, who recently returned from a successful season in America, tells a story of a very old Irishman who one day astonished a friend by announcing that he was about to get married.

"Married!" exclaimed his friend, "an old man like you!"

"Well, ye see," the old man explained, "it's just because I'm gettin' an ould bhoy now. 'Tis a foine tring, Pat, to have a wife near ye to close the eyes of ye whin ye come to the end."

"Arrah, now, ye ould fule!" exclaimed Pat. "Don't be so foolish. What do ye know about it? Close yer eyes, indade; I've had a couple o' thim, and faith, they both of them opened mine!"—*Pearson's Weekly.*

*

The Justice of It

An old north country farmer visiting London put up at one of the big hotels. He had barely turned in on the first night when a boy turned on the electric light, exclaiming:

"Make haste, sir! Get up! The hotel is on fire!"

The old man slowly raised himself on one elbow and, fixing the boy with a determined look, remarked:

"If it burns down, I no pay for the bed."—*Tit-Bits.*

*

Woman's Place Is—?

In a meadow half a dozen young women were practising putting. They looked very smart in their trim golf suits, their skirts of rough homespun, and their scarlet jackets. As I watched them, an old farmer and one of his farm hands approached.

"Boss," grumbled the farm hand, "them girls in the medder is scarin' our cows."

The old farmer shook his head and sighed.

"Ah, Timothy," he said, "times is changed since I was young. In them days the cows scared the gals."—*London Labour Leader*

Surprised

A Scotchman landed in Canada not long ago. The very first morning he walked abroad he met a coal-black negro. It happened that the negro had been born in the Highland district of Scotland and had spent the greater part of his life there. Naturally, he had a burr on his tongue.

"Hey, mannie," said the pink Scotchman, "can ye not tell me wheer I'll find the kirk?"

The darky took him by the arm and led him to the corner. "Go richt up to yon wee hoose and turn to yr're richt, and gang up the hill," said he.

The fresh importation from Scotland looked up at him, in horror. "And arre ye from Scotland, man?" he asked.

"Richt ye are," said the darkey. "Aberdeen's ma hame."

"And hoo lang have ye been here?"

"Aboot two year," said the darkey.

"Lord save us and keep us!" said the new arrival. "Whaur can I get the boat for Edinboro?"—*Cincinnati Times-Star.*

*

Parsimony

They were discussing many people and during the course of the evening all manner of little acts of stinginess were described.

Then the silent man began to speak.

"I once knew a woman," he said, "who had a cat. She went out shopping one morning and ordered a few cheap groceries, together with a pennyworth of meat for the cat.

"The goods had to be delivered three miles away. But as the van was about to leave, late in the afternoon, a servant rushed into the shop in a state of great excitement.

" 'Missus's things gone yet?' she asked anxiously.

" 'Just going,' replied the assistant.

" 'Well, you must change the order,' gasped the breathless girl. 'Don't send the meat. The cat's just caught a bird.' "—*London Answers.*

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

From the Painting by
Corot in the National
Art Gallery of Canada

STREET AT
ANVERS

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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BROOD OF THE WITCH-QUEEN

BY SAX ROHMER

I.—THE RING OF THOTH

ROBERT Cairn looked out across the quadrangle. The moon had just risen, and it softened the beauty of the old college buildings, mellowed the harshness of time, casting shadow pools beneath the cloisteresque arches to the west and setting out the ivy in strong relief upon the ancient walls. The barred shadow on the lichened stones beyond the elm was cast by the hidden gate; and straight ahead, where, behind a quaint chimney stack and a bartizan, a triangular patch of blue showed like spangled velvet, lay the Thames. It was from there the cooling breeze came.

But Cairn's gaze was set upon a window almost directly ahead and west below the chimneys. Within the room to which it belonged a lambent light played.

Cairn turned to his companion, a ruddy and athletic looking man, somewhat bovine in type, who at the moment was busy tracing out sections on a human skull and checking his calculations from Ross's "Diseases of the Nervous System."

"Sime," he said, "What does Ferrara always have a fire in his rooms for at this time of the year?"

Sime glanced up irritably at the speaker. Cairn was a tall, thin Scotsman, clean-shaven, square jawed and with the crisp light hair and gray eyes which often bespeak unusual virility.

"Aren't you going to do any work?" he inquired pathetically. "I thought you'd come to give me a hand with my *basal ganglia*. I shall go down on that; and there you've been stuck staring out of the window."

"Wilson, in the end house, has got a most unusual brain," said Cairn, with apparent irreverance.

"Has he!" snapped Sime.

"Yes, in a bottle. His governor is at London; he sent it up yesterday. You ought to see it."

"Nobody will want to put your brain in a bottle," predicted the scowling Sime, and resumed his studies.

Cairn relighted his pipe, staring across the quadrangle again. Then—

"You've never been in Ferrara's rooms, have you?" he inquired.

Followed a muffled curse, a crash, and the skull went rolling across the floor.

"Look here, Cairn," cried Sime, "I've only got a week or so now, and my nervous system is frantically rocky; I shall go all to pieces on my nervous system. If you want to talk, go ahead. When you're finished, I can begin work."

"Right oh," said Cairn calmly, and tossed his pouch across. I want to talk about Ferrara."

"Go ahead, then. What is the matter with Ferrara?"

"Well," replied Cairn, "he's queer."

"That's no news," said Sime, filling his pipe; we all know he's a queer chap. But he's popular with the women. He'd make a fortune as a nerve specialist."

"He doesn't have to; he inherits a fortune when Sir Michael dies."

"There's a pretty cousin, too, isn't there?" inquired Sime slyly.

"There is." replied Cairn. "Of course," he continued, "my governor and Sir Michael are bosom friends, and although I've never seen much of young Ferrara, at the same time I've got nothing against him. But—" he hesitated.

"Spit it out," urged Sime, watching him oddly.

"Well it's silly, I suppose, but what does he want with a fire on a blazing night like this?"

Sime stared.

"Perhaps he's a throw-back," he suggested lightly. The Ferraras, although they're counted Scotch—aren't they?—must have been Italian originally—"

"No, Spanish," corrected Cairn. "They date from the son of Andrea Ferrara, the sword-maker, who was a Spaniard. Calsar Ferrara came with the Armada in 1588 as armourer. His ship was wrecked up in the Bay of Tobermory and he got ashore—and stayed."

"Married a Scotch lassie?"

"Exactly. But the genealogy of the family doesn't account for Antony's habits."

"What habits?"

"Well look." Cairn waved in the direction of the open window. "What does he do in the dark all night, with a fire going?"

"Influenza?"

"Nonsense! You've never been in his room, have you?"

"No. Very few men have. But as I said before, he's popular with the women."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean there have been complaints. Any other man would have been sent down."

"You think he has influence—"

"Influence of some sort, undoubtedly."

"Well, I can see you have serious doubts about the man, as I have myself, so I can unburden my mind. You recall that sudden thunder-storm on Thursday?"

"Rather; quite upset me for work."

"I was not in it. I was lying in a punt in the backwater—you know, *our* backwater."

"Lazy dog."

"To tell you the truth, I was trying to make up my mind whether I should abandon bones and take the post on *The Planet* which has been offered me."

"Pills for the pen—Harley for Fleet? Did you decide?"

"Not then; something happened which quite changed my line of reflection."

The room was becoming cloudy with tobacco smoke.

"It was delightfully still," Cairn resumed. "A water rat rose within a foot of me and a kingfisher was busy on a twig almost at my elbow. Twilight was just creeping along and I could hear nothing but faint creakings of sculls from the river and some-

times the drip of a punt pole. I thought the river seemed to become suddenly deserted; it grew quite abnormally quiet—and abnormally dark. But I was so deep in reflection that it never occurred to me to move.

"Then the flotilla of swans came round the bend, with Apollo—you know Apollo, the king-swan?—at their head. By this time it had grown tremendously dark, but it never occurred to me to ask myself why. The swans, gliding along so noiselessly, might have been phantoms. A hush, a perfect hush, settled down. Sime, that hush was the prelude to a strange thing—an unholy thing!"

Cairn rose excitedly and strode across to the table, kicking the skull out of his way.

"It was the storm gathering," snapped Sime.

"It was something else gathering! Listen: It got yet darker, but for some inexplicable reason, although I must have heard the thunder muttering, I couldn't take my eyes off the swans. Then it happened—the thing I came here to tell you about; I must tell somebody—the thing I am not going to forget in a hurry."

He began to knock the ash from his pipe.

"Go on," directed Sime tersely.

"The big swan Apollo—was within ten feet of me; he swam in open water, clear of the others; no living thing touched him. Suddenly uttering a cry that chilled my very blood, a cry that I never heard from a swan in my life, he rose in the air, his huge wings extended — like a tortured phantom, Sime; I can never forget it—six feet clear of the water. The uncanny wail became a stifled hiss, and sending up a perfect fountain of water—I was deluged—the poor old King-swan fell, beat the surface with his wings—and was still."

"Well?"

"The other swans glided off like ghosts. Several heavy raindrops pattered on the leaves above. I admit I was scared. Apollo lay with one wing right in the punt. I was standing up; I had jumped to my feet when the thing occurred. I stooped and touched the wing. The bird was quite dead! Sime—I pulled the swan's head out of water, and—his neck was broken; no fewer than three vertebrae fractured!"

A cloud of tobacco smoke was wafted towards the open window.

"It isn't one in a million who could wring the neck of a bird like Apollo, Sime; but it was done before my eyes without the visible agency of God or man! As I dropped him and took to the pole, the storm burst. A clap of thunder spoke the voice of a thousand cannons, and I poled for bare life from that broken backwater. I was drenched to the skin when I got in, and I ran up all the way from the stage."

"Well," rapped the other again, as Cairn paused to refill his pipe.

"It was seeing the firelight flickering at Ferrara's window that led me to do it. I don't often call on him; but I thought that a rub down before the fire and a glass of toddy would put me right. The storm had abated as I got to the foot of his stair—only a distant rolling of thunder.

"Then out of the shadows—it was quite dark—into the flickering light of the lamp came somebody all muffled up. I started horribly. It was a girl, quite a pretty girl, too, but very pale, with over-bright eyes. She gave one quick glance up into my face, muttered something, an apology, I think, and drew back again into her hiding-place."

"He's been warned," growled Sime. "It will be notice to quit this time."

"I ran upstairs and banged on Ferrara's door. He didn't open at first, but shouted out to know who was knocking. When I told him, he let me in, and closed the door very quickly. As I went in, a pungent cloud met me—incense."

"Incense?"

"His rooms smelt like a joss-house; I told him so. He said he was experimenting with *Kyphi*—the ancient Egyptian stuff used in the Temples. It was all dark and hot. Phew! like a furnace. Ferrara's rooms were always odd, but since the long vacation I hadn't been in. Good Lord, they're disgusting!"

"How? Ferrara spent vacation in Egypt; I suppose he's brought things back?"

"Things—yes! Filthy things! But that brings me to something, too. I ought to know more about the chap than anybody; Sir Michael Ferrara and the governor have been friends for thirty years; but my father is oddly reticent — quite singularly reticent—regarding Antony. Anyway have you heard about him in Egypt?"

"I've heard he got into trouble. For his age, he has a devil of a queer reputation; there's no disguising it."

"What sort of trouble?"

"I've no idea. Nobody seems to know. But I've heard from young Ashby that Ferrara was asked to leave."

"There's some tale about Kitchener—"

"By Kitchener, Ashby says; but I don't believe it."

"Well—Ferrara lighted a lamp, an elaborate silver thing, and I found myself in a kind of nightmare museum. There was an unwrapped mummy there, the mummy of a woman—I can't possibly describe it. He had pictures, too, photographs. I shan't try to tell you what they represented. I'm not thin-skinned; but there are some subjects that no man anxious to avoid Bedlam would willingly investigate. On the table by the lamp stood a number of objects such as I had never seen in my life before; evidently of great age. He swept them into a cupboard before I had time to look long. Then he went off to get a bath towel, slippers and so forth. As he passed the fire he threw something in. A hissing tongue of flame lept up—and died down again."

"What did he throw in?"

"I am not absolutely certain; so I won't say what I *think* it was, at the moment. Then he began to help me shed my saturated flannels and he set a kettle on the fire and so forth. You know the personal charm of the man? But there was an unpleasant sense of something—what shall I say? —sinister. Ferrara's ivory face was more pale than usual—and he conveyed the idea that he was chewed up—exhausted. Beads of perspiration were on his forehead."

"Heat of his rooms?"

"No," said Cairn shortly. It wasn't that. I had a rub down and borrowed some clothes. Ferrara brewed grog and pretended to make me welcome. Now I come to something which I can't forget; it may be a mere coincidence, but—. He has a number of photographs in his rooms, good ones which he has taken himself. I'm not speaking now of the monstrosities, the outrages; I mean views, and girls—particularly girls. Well standing on a queer little easel right under the lamp was a fine picture of Apollo, the swan, lord of the backwater."

Sime stared dully through the smoke haze.

"It gave me a sort of shock," continued Cairn. "It made me think, harder than ever, of the thing he had thrown in the fire. Then, in his photographic zenana, was a picture of a girl whom I was almost sure was the one I had met at the bottom of the stair. Another was Myra Duquesne.

"His cousin?"

"Yes. I felt like tearing it from the wall. In fact, the moment I saw it, I stood up to go. I wanted to run to my rooms and strip the man's clothes off my back! It was a struggle to be civil any longer. Sime, if you had seen that swan die—"

Sime walked over to the window.

"I have a glimmering of your monstrous suspicions," he said slowly. The last man to be kicked out of an English varsity for this sort of thing, so far as I know, was Dr. Dee of St. John's, Cambridge, and that's going back to the sixteenth century."

"I know; it's utterly preposterous, of course. But I had to confide in somebody. I'll shift off now, Sime."

Sime nodded, staring from the open window. As Cairn was about to close the outer door—

"Cairn," cried Sime, "as you are now a man of letters and leisure, you might drop in and borrow Wilson's brains for me."

"All right," shouted Cairn.

Down in the quadrangle he stood for a moment, reflecting; then, acting upon a sudden resolution, he strode over towards the gate and ascended Ferrara's stair.

For some time he knocked at the door in vain. but he persisted in his clamouring, arousing the ancient echoes. Finally, the door was opened.

Antony Ferrara faced him. He wore a silver-gray dressing-gown, trimmed with swandown, above which his ivory throat rose statuesque. The almost-shaped eyes, black as night, gleamed strangely beneath the low, smooth brow. The lank black hair appeared lustreless by comparison. His lips were very red. In his whole appearance there was something repellently effeminate.

"Can I come in?" demanded Cairn abruptly.

"Is it—something important?" Ferrara's voice was husky but not unmusical.

"Why, are you busy?"

"Well—er—" Ferrara smiled oddly.

"Oh, a visitor!" snapped Cairn.

"Not at all."

"Accounts for your delay in opening," said Cairn and turned on his heel. "Mistook me for the proctor, in person I suppose. Good night."

Ferrara made no reply. And, although Cairn never once glanced back, he knew that Ferrara, leaning over the rail, above, was looking after him; it was as though elemental heat were beating down upon his head.

II.

A week later Robert Cairn quitted Oxford to take up the newspaper appointment offered to him in London. It may have been due to some mysterious design of a hidden providence that Sime 'phoned him early in the week about an unusual case in one of the hospitals.

"Walton is minor house-surgeon there," he said, "and he can arrange for you to see the case. She (the patient) undoubtedly died from some rare nervous affection. I have a theory" etc.; the conversation became technical.

Cairn went to the hospital, and by the courtesy of Walton, whom he had known at Oxford, was permitted to view the body

"The symptoms which Sime has got to hear about," explained the surgeon, raising the sheet from the dead woman's face, "are—"

He broke off. Cairn had suddenly exhibited a ghastly pallor; he clutched at Walton for support.

"My God!"

Cairn, still holding to the other, stooped over the discoloured face. It had been a pretty face when warm life had tinted its curves; now it was congested—awful; two heavy discolourations showed, on either side of the region of the larynx.

"What on earth is wrong with you"? demanded Walton.

"I thought," gasped Cairn, "for a moment, that I knew—"

"Really! I wish you did! We can't find out anything about her. Have a good look."

"No," said Cairn, mastering himself with an effort—"a chance resemblance, that's all." He wiped the beads of perspiration from his forehead.

"You look jolly shaky," comment-

ed Walton. "Is she like someone you know very well?"

"No not at all, now I come to consider the features; but it was the shock at first. What on earth caused death?"

"Asphyxia," answered shortly. can't you see?"

"Someone strangled her, and she was brought here too late?"

"Not at all, my dear chap; nobody strangled her. She was brought here in a critical state four or five days ago by one of the slum priests who keep us so busy. We diagnosed it as exhaustion from lack of food—with other complications. But the case was doing quite well up to last night; she was recovering strength. Then, at about one o'clock, she sprang up in bed, and fell back choking. By the time the nurse got to her it was all over."

"But the marks on her throat?"

Walton shrugged his shoulders.

"There they are! Our men are keenly interested. It's absolutely unique. Young Shaw, who has a mania for the nervous system, sent a long account up to Sime, who suffers from a similar form of aberration."

"Yes; Sime 'phoned me."

"It's nothing to do with nerves," said Walton contemptuously. Don't ask me to explain it, but it's certainly no nerve case."

"One of the other patients—"

"My dear chap, the other patients were all fast asleep! The nurse was at her table in the corner, and in full view of the bed the whole time. I tell you no one touched her!"

"How long elapsed before the nurse got to her?"

"Possibly half a minute. But there is no means of learning when the paroxysm commenced. The leaping up in bed probably marked the end and not the beginning of the attack."

Cairn experienced a longing for the fresh air; it was as though some evil cloud hovered around and about the poor unknown. Strange ideas, horrible ideas, conjectures based upon imaginings all but insane, flooded his mind darkly.

Leaving the hospital, which harboured a grim secret, he stood at the gate for a moment, undecided what to do. His father, Dr. Cairn, was out of London, or he should certainly have sought him in this hour of sore perplexity.

"What in heaven's name is behind it all?" he asked himself.

For he knew beyond doubt that the girl who lay in the hospital was the same that he had seen one night at Oxford, was the girl whose photoghaph he had found in Antony Ferrara's rooms!

He formed a sudden resolution. A taxicab was passing at that moment, and he hailed it, giving Sir Michael Ferrara's address. He could scarcely trust himself to think, but frightful possibilities presented themselves to him, repel them how he might. London seemed to grow dark, overshadowed, as once he had seen a Thames backwater grow. He shuddered, as though from a physical chill.

The house of the famous Egyptian scholar, dull white behind its rampart of trees, presented no unusual appearances to his anxious scrutiny. What he feared he scarcely knew; what he suspected he could not have defined.

Sir Michael, said the servant, was unwell and could see no one. That did not surprise Cairn; Sir Michael had not enjoyed good health since malaria had laid him low in Syria. But Miss Duquesne was at home.

Cairn was shown into the long, low-ceiled room which contained so many priceless relics of a past civilization. Upon the bookcase stood the stately ranks of volumes which had carried the fame of Europe's foremost Egyptologist to every corner of the civilized world. This queerly furnished room held many memories for Robert Cairn, who had known it from childhood, but latterly it had always appeared to him in his daydreams as

the setting for a dainty figure. It was here that he had first met Myra Duquesne, Sir Michael's niece, when, fresh from a Norman convent, she had come to shed light and gladness upon the somewhat sombre household of the scholar. He often thought of that day; he could recall every detail of the meeting.

Myra Duquesne came in, pulling aside the heavy curtains that hung in the arched entrance. With a granite Osiris flanking her slim figure on one side and a gilded sarcophagus on the other, she burst upon the visitor, a radiant vision in white. The light gleamed through her soft, brown hair forming a halo for a face that Robert Cairn knew for the sweetest in the world.

"Why, Mr. Cairn," she said, and blushed entrancingly, "we thought you had forgotten us."

"That's not a little bit likely," he replied, taking her proffered hand. And there was that in his voice and in his look which made her lower her frank gray eyes. "I have only been in London a few days, and I find that press work is more exacting than I had anticipated!"

"Did you want to see my uncle very particularly?" asked Myra.

"In a way, yes. I suppose he could not manage to see me—"

Myra shook her head. Now that the flush of excitement had left her face, Cairn was concerned to see how pale she was and what dark shadows lurked beneath her eyes.

"Sir Michael is not seriously ill?" he asked quickly. "Only one of the usual attacks—"

"Yes—at least it began with one."

She hesitated; and Cairn saw to his consternation that her eyes became filled with tears. The real loneliness of her position, now that her guardian was ill, the absence of a friend in whom she could confide her fears, suddenly grew apparent to the man who sat watching her.

"You are tired out," he said gently. "You have been nursing him?"

She nodded and tried to smile.

"Who is attending?"

"Sir Elwin Groves, but—"

"Shall I wire for my father?"

"We wired for him yesterday!"

"What! to Paris?"

"Yes, at my uncle's wish."

"Then—he thinks he is seriously ill, himself?"

"I cannot say," answered the girl wearily. "His behaviour is—queer. He will allow no one in his room, and barely consents to see Sir Elwin. Then, twice recently, he has awakened in the night and made a singular request."

"What is that?"

"He has asked me to send for his solicitor in the morning, speaking harshly and almost as though—he hated me. . . ."

"I don't understand. Have you complied?"

"Yes, and on each occasion he has refused to see the solicitor when he arrived!"

"I gather that you have been acting as night-attendant?"

"I remain in an adjoining room; he is always worse at night. Perhaps it is telling on my nerves, but last night—"

Again she hesitated, as though doubting the wisdom of further speech; but a brief scrutiny of Cairn's face, with deep anxiety to be read in his eyes, determined her to proceed.

"I had been asleep, and I had been dreaming, for I thought that a voice was chanting, quite near to me."

"Chanting?"

"Yes—it was horrible in some way. Then a sensation of intense coldness came: it was as though some icily cold creature framed me with its wings! I cannot describe it, but it was numbing; I think I must have felt as those poor travellers do who succumb to the temptation to sleep in the snow."

Cairn surveyed her anxiously, for in its essentials this might be a symptom of a dread ailment.

"I aroused myself, however, dressing-gown-candle," she continued, "but experienced an unaccountable dread of entering my uncle's room. I could hear him muttering strangely, and—I forced myself to enter! I saw—oh, how can I tell you! You will think me mad!"

She raised her hands to her face; she was trembling. Robert Cairn took them in his own, forcing her to look up.

"Tell me," he said quietly.

"The curtains were drawn back; I distinctly remembered having closed them, but they were drawn back; and the moonlight was shining on to the bed."

"Bad; he was dreaming?"

"But was *I* dreaming? Mr. Cairn, two hands were stretched out over my uncle, two hands that swayed slowly up and down in the moonlight!"

Cairn leaped to his feet, passing his hand over his forehead.

"Go on," he said.

"I—I cried out, but not loudly—I think I was very near to swooning. The hands were withdrawn into the shadow, and my uncle awoke and sat up. He asked, in a low voice, if I was there, and I ran to him."

"Yes."

"He ordered me, very coldly, to 'phone for his solicitor at nine o'clock this morning, and then fell back and was asleep again almost immediately. The solicitor came and was with him for nearly an hour. He sent for one of his clerks and they both went away at half-past ten. Uncle has been in a sort of dazed condition ever since; in fact he has only once aroused himself, to ask for Dr. Cairn. I had a telegram sent immediately."

"The governor will be here tonight," said Cairn confidently. "Tell me, the hands which you thought you saw: was there anything peculiar about them?"

"In the moonlight they seemed to be of a dull white colour. There was a ring on one finger—a green ring. Oh!" she shuddered—"I can see it now."

"You would know it again?"

"Anywhere!"

"Actually, there was no one in the room of course?"

"No one. It was some awful illusion; but I can never forget it."

III.

Half Moon Street was very still; midnight had sounded nearly half-an-hour; but still Robert Cairn paced up and down his father's library. He was very pale, and many times he glanced at a book which lay open upon the table. Finally he paused before it and read once again certain passages.

"In the year 1571, " it recorded, the notorious Trois Echelles was executed in the Place de Greve. He confessed before the king, Charles IX. .....that he performed marvels..... Admiral de Coligny, who was also present, recollected.....the death of two gentlemen..... He added that they were found black and swollen."

He turned over the page, with a hand none too steady.

"The famous Maréchal d'Ancre, concini concini," he read, " was killed by a pistol shot on the drawbridge of the Louvre of Vitry, Captain of the Bodyguard, on the 24th of April, 1617..... It was proved that the Maréchal and his wife made use of wax images, which were kept in coffins....."

Cairn shut the book hastily and began to pace the room again.

"Oh, it is utterly, fantastically incredible!" he groaned. "Yet with my eyes I saw—"

He stepped to a bookshelf and began to look for a book which, so far as his slight knowledge of the subject bore him, would possibly throw light upon the darkness. But he failed to find it. Despite the heat of the weather, the library seemed to have grown chilly. He pressed the bell.

"Marston, he said to the man who presently came, "you must be very

tired, but Dr. Cairn will be here within an hour. Tell him I have gone to Sir Michael Ferrara's."

"But it's after twelve o'clock, sir!"

"I know it is; nevertheless I am going."

"Very good, sir. You will wait there for the Doctor?"

"Exactly, Marston. Good-night!"

"Good-night, sir."

Robert Cairn went out into the Half Moon Street. The night was perfect and the cloudless sky lavishly gemmed with stars. He walked on heedlessly, scarce noting in which direction. An awful conviction was with him, growing stronger each moment, that some mysterious menace, some danger unclassifiable, threatened Myra Duquesne. What did he suspect? He could give it no name. How should he act? He had no idea.

Sir Elwin Groves, whom he had seen that evening, had hinted broadly at mental trouble as the solution of Sir Michael Ferrara's peculiar symptoms. Although Sir Michael had had certain transactions with his solicitor during the early morning, he had apparently forgotten all about the matter, according to the celebrated physician.

"Between ourselves, Cairn," Sir Elwin had confided. I believe he altered his will."

The inquiry of a taxi driver interrupted Cairn's meditations. He entered the vehicle, giving Sir Michael Ferrara's address.

His thoughts persistently turned to Myra Duquesne, who at that moment would be lying listening for the slightest sound from the sick-room; who would be fighting down fear that she might do her duty to her guardian—fear of the waving phantom hands. The cab sped through the almost empty streets, and at last, rounding a corner, rolled up the tree-lined avenue past three or four houses lighted only by the glitter of the moon and came to a stop before that of Sir Michael Ferrara's.

Lights shone from many windows. The front door was open, and light streamed out into the porch.

"My God!" cried Cairn, leaping from the cab—My God! what has happened!"

A thousand fears, a thousand reproaches, flooded his brain with frenzy. He went racing up to the steps and almost threw himself upon the man who stood half-dressed in the doorway.

"Felton, Felton!" he whispered hoarsely—"What has happened? Who—"

"Sir Michael, sir," answered the man. "I thought—" his voice broke—"you were the doctor, sir"

"Miss Myra—"

"She has fainted away, sir. Mrs. Hume is with her in the library, now."

Cairn thrust past the servant and ran into the library. The housekeeper and a trembling maid were bending over Myra Duquesne, who lay fully dressed, white and still, upon a Chesterfield. Cairn unceremoniously grasped her wrist, dropped upon his knees and placed his ear to the still breast.

"Thank God!" he said. "It is only a swoon. Look after her, Mrs. Hume."

The housekeeper, with set face, lowered her head, but did not trust herself to speak. Cairn went into the hall and tapped Felton on the shoulder. The man turned with a great start.

"What happened?" he demanded. "Is Sir Michael—?"

Felton nodded.

"Five minutes before you came, sir." His voice was hoarse with emotion. Miss Myra came out of her room. She thought someone called her. She rapped on Mrs. Hume's door, and Mrs. Hume, who was just retiring, opened it. She also thought she had heard someone calling Miss Myra out on the stairhead."

"Well?"

"There was no one there, sir. Everyone was in bed; I was just un-

dressing myself. But there was a sort of faint perfume—something like a church, only disgusting, sir—''

''How—disgusting? Did *you* smell it?''

''No, sir, never. Mrs. Hume and Miss Myra have noticed it in the house on other nights, and one of the maids, too. It was very strong, I'm told, last night. Well, sir, as they stood by the door they heard a horrid kind of choking scream. They both rushed to Sir Michael's room, and—''

''Yes, yes?''

''He was lying half out of bed, sir—''

''Dead?''

''Seemed like he'd been strangled, they told me, and—''

''Who is with him, now?''

The man grew even paler.

''No one, Mr. Cairn, sir. Miss Myra screamed out that there were two hands just unfastening from his throat as she and Mrs. Hume got to the door, and there was no living soul in the room, sir. I might as well out with it! We're all afraid to go in!''

Cairn turned and ran up the stairs. The upper landing was in darkness and the door of the room which he knew to be Sir Michael's stood widely open. As he entered, a faint scent came to his nostrils. It brought him up short at the threshold, with a chill of supernatural dread.

The bed was placed between the windows, and one curtain had been pulled aside, admitting a flood of moonlight. Cairn remembered that Myra had mentioned this circumstance of the previous night.

''Who, in God's name, opens that curtain!'' he muttered.

Fully in the cold white light lay Sir Michael Ferrara, his silver hair gleaming and his strong, angular face upturned to the intruding rays. His glazed eyes were starting from their sockets; his face was nearly black; and his fingers were clutching the sheets in a death grip. Cairn had need of all his courage to touch him.

He was quite dead.

Someone was running upstairs, Cairn turned, half dazed, anticipating the entrance of a local medical man. Into the room ran his father, switching on the light as he did so. A grayish tinge showed through his ruddy complexion. He scarcely noticed his son.

''Ferrara!'' he cried, coming up to the bed—''Ferrara!''

He dropped on his knees beside the dead man.

''Ferrara, old fellow—''

His cry ended in something like a sob. Robert Cairn turned, choking, and went down stairs.

In the hall stood Felton and some other servants.

''Miss Duquesne?''

''She has recovered, sir. Mrs. Hume has taken her to another bedroom.''

Cairn hesitated, then walked into the deserted library, where a light was burning. He began to pace up and down, clenching and unclenching his fists. Presently Felton knocked and entered. Clearly the man was glad of the chance to talk to some one.

''Mr. Antony has been 'phoned at Oxford, sir. I thought you might like to know. He is motoring down, sir, and will be here at four o'clock.''

''Thank you,'' said Cairn shortly.

Ten minutes later his father joined him. He was a slim, well-preserved man, alert-eyed and active, yet he had aged five years in his son's eyes. His face was unusually pale, but he exhibited no other signs of emotion.

''Well, Rob,'' he said, tersely. ''I can see you have something to tell me. I am listening.''

Robert Cairn leant back against a bookshelf.

''I *have* something to tell you, sir, and something to ask you.''

''Tell your story, first; then ask your question.''

''My story begins in a Thames backwater—''

Dr. Cairn stared, squaring his jaw, but his son proceeded to relate, with some detail, the circumstances attend-

ant upon the death of the King-swan. He went on to recount what took place in Antony Ferrara's rooms, and at the point where something had been taken from the table and thrown in the fire—

"Stop!" said Dr. Cairn, "What did he throw in the fire?"

The doctor's nostrils quivered, and his eyes were ablaze with some hardly repressed emotion.

"I cannot swear to it, sir—"

"Never mind. What do you *think* he threw in the fire?"

"A little image, of wax or something similar — an image of — a swan."

At that, despite his self-control, Dr. Cairn became so pale that his son leapt forward, but—

"All right, Rob," his father waved him away, and turning, walked slowly down the room.

"Go on," he said rather huskily.

Robert Cairn continued his story up to the time that he visited the hospital where the dead girl lay.

"You can swear that she was the original of the photograph in Antony's rooms and the same who was waiting at the foot of the stairs?"

"I can, sir."

"Go on."

Again the younger man resumed his story, relating what he had learnt from Myra Duquesne; what she had told him about the phantom hands; what Felton had told him about the strange perfume perceptible in the house.

"The ring," interrupted Dr. Cairn —"she would recognise it again?"

"She says so."

"Anything else?"

"Only that if some of your books are to be believed, sir, Trois Echelle, D'Ancre and others have gone to the stake for such things in a less enlightened age!"

"Less enlightened, boy!" Dr. Cairn turned his blazing eyes upon him. "*More* enlightened where the powers of hell were concerned!"

"Then you think—"

"*Think!* Have I spent half my life in such studies in vain? Did I labour with poor Michael Ferrara in Egypt and learn *nothing?* Just God! what an end to his labour! What a reward for mine!"

He buried his face in quivering hands.

"I cannot tell exactly what you mean by that, sir," said Robert Cairn; but it brings me to my question."

Dr. Cairn did not speak, did not move.

"*Who is Antony Ferrara?*"

The doctor looked up at that; and it was a haggard face he raised from his hands.

"You have tried to ask me that before."

"I ask you now, sir, with better prospect of receiving an answer."

"Yet I can give you none, Rob."

"Why, sir? Are you bound to secrecy?"

"In a degree, yes. But the real reason is this—I don't know!"

"You don't know!"

"I have said so."

"Good God, sir, you amaze! I have always felt certain that he was really no Ferrara, but an adopted son; yet it had never entered my mind that you were ignorant of his origin."

"You have not studied the subjects which I have studied; nor do I wish that you should; therefore it is impossible, at any rate now, to pursue that matter further. But I may perhaps supplement your researches into the history of Trois Echelles and concini concini. I believe you told me that you were looking in my library for some work which you failed to find?"

"I was looking for M. Chabas's translation of *Papyrus Harris.*

"What do you know of it?",

"I once saw a copy in Antony Ferrara's rooms."

Dr. Cairn started slightly.

"Indeed. It happens that my copy is here; I lent it quite recently

to—Sir Michael. It is probably somewhere on the shelves.

He turned on more lights and began to scan the rows of books. Presently—

"Here it is," he said, and took down and opened the book on the table "This passage may interest you." He laid his finger upon it.

His son bent over the book and read the following:—

"Hai, the evil man, was a shepherd. He said: 'O, that I might have a book of spells that would give me resistless power! He obtained a book of the Formulas.....By the divine powers of these he enchanted men. He obtained a deep vault furnished with implements. He made waxen images of men, and love-charms. And then he perpetrated all the horrors that his heart conceived."

"Flinders Petrie," said Dr. Cairn, "mentions the Book of Thoth as another magical work conferring similar powers."

"But surely, sir—after all, it's the twentieth century—this is mere superstition!"

"I thought so—*once!*" replied Dr. Cairn—"But I have lived to know that Egyptian magic was a real and potent force. A great part of it was no more than a kind of hypnotism, but there were other branches. Our most learned modern works are as children's nursery rhymes beside such a writing as the Egyptian "Ritual of the Dead!" God forgive me! What have I done!"

"You cannot reproach yourself in any way, sir!"

"Can I not?" said Dr. Cairn hoarsely. "Ah, Rob, you don't know!"

There came a rap on the door, and a local practitioner entered.

"This is a singular case, Dr. Cairn," he began diffidently. "A post mortem—"

"Nonsense!" cried Dr. Cairn. "Sir Elwin Groves had foreseen it—so had I!"

"But there are distinct marks of pressure on either side of the windpipe—"

"Certainly. These marks are not uncommon in such cases. Sir Michael had resided in the East and had contracted a form of plague. Virtually he died from it. The thing is highly contagious and it is almost impossible to rid the system of it. A girl died in one of the hospitals this week, having the identical marks on the throat." He turned to his son. "You saw her, Rob?"

Robert nodded, and finally the local man withdrew, highly mystified, but unable to contradict so celebrated a physician as Dr. Bruce Cairn.

The latter seated himself in an armchair, and rested his chin in the palm of his left hand. Robert Cairn paced restlessly about the library. Both were waiting expectantly. At half past two Felton brought in a tray of refreshments, but neither of the men attempted to avail themselves of the hospitality.

"Miss Duquesne?" asked the younger.

"She has just gone to sleep, sir."

"Good," muttered Dr. Cairn. "Blessed is youth."

Silence fell again, upon the man's departure, to be broken rarely, despite the tumultuous thoughts of those two minds, until, at a quarter to three, the faint sound of a throbbing motor brought Dr. Cairn sharply to his feet. He looked towards the window. Dawn was breaking. The car came roaring along the avenue and stopped outside the house.

Dr. Cairn and his son glanced at each other. A brief tumult and hurried exchange of words sounded in the hall; footsteps were heard ascending the stairs, then came silence. The two stood side by side in front of the empty hearth, a haggard pair, fitly set in that desolate room, with the yellowing rays of the lamps shrinking before the first spears of dawn.

Then, without warning, the door opened, and Antony Ferrara came in.

His face was expressionless, ivory: his red lips were firm, and he drooped his head. But the long black eyes glinted and gleamed as if they reflected the glow from a furnace. He wore a motor coat lined with leopard skin and he was pulling off his gloves.

"It is good of you to have waited, Doctor," he said in his husky musical voice—"you too, Cairn."

He advanced a few steps into the room. Cairn was conscious of a kind of fear, but uppermost came a desire to pick up some heavy implement and crush this evilly effeminate thing with the serpent eyes. Then he found himself speaking; the words seemed to be forced from his throat.

"Antony Ferrara," he said, "have you read the *Harris Papyrus?*"

Ferrara dropped his glove, stooped and recovered it, and smiled faintly.

"No," he replied. "Have you?" His eyes were nearly closed, mere luminous slits. "But surely," he continued, "there is no time, Cairn, to discuss books? As my poor father's heir, and therefore your host, I beg you to partake—"

A faint sound made him turn. Just within the door, where the light from the reddening library windows touched her as if with sanctity, stood Myra Duquesne, in her night robe, her hair unbound and her little bare feet gleaming whitely upon the red carpet. Her eyes were wide open, vacant of expression, but set upon Antony Ferrara's ungloved left hand.

Ferrara turned slowly to face her, until his back was towards the two men in the library. She began to speak, in a toneless, unemotional voice, raising her finger and pointing at a ring which Ferrara wore.

"I know you know," she said; "I know you, son of an evil woman; for you wear her ring, the sacred ring of Thoth. You have stained that ring with blood as she stained it—with the blood of those who loved and trusted you. I could name you, but my lips are sealed—I could name you, brood of a witch, murderer, for I know you now."

Dispassionately, mechanically, she delivered her strange indictiment. Over her shoulder appeared the anxious face of Mrs. Hume, finger to lip.

"My God!" muttered Cairn—"My God! What—"

"Ssh!" his father grasped his arm. "She is fast asleep!"

Myra Duquesne turned and quitted the room, Mrs. Hume hovering anxiously about her. Antony Ferrara faced around; his mouth was oddly twisted.

"She is troubled with strange dreams," he said very huskily.

"Clairvoyant dreams!" Dr. Cairn addressed him for the first time. "Do not glare at me that way, for it may be that I know you, too! Come, Rob."

"But Myra—"

Dr. Cairn laid his hand on his son's shoulder, fixing his eyes upon him steadily.

"Nothing in this house can injure Myra," he replied quietly; "for Good is higher that Evil. For the present we can only go."

Antony Ferrara stood aside, as the two walked out of the library.

In the July Number will appear the next story in this remarkable series by Sax Rohmer. It is entitled "The Curse of the House of Dhoon" and introduces further mysteries involving Antony Ferrara.

JUST ON TIME

BY A. A. THOMSON

ONCE upon a time—there I started it almost unconsciously, so very old a thing is time. Yet what a strange thing time is if you take it in its many different phases. It is getting old now as a word, and with it we ourselves get ever older. Nevertheless, we must confess that, like a woman, it always has the last word. In fact, to use the pithy parlance of the sporting world, we get, in the long run, "knocked out of time."

Time came to the world in the natural course of events, and man, being a resourceful animal, has used it ever since as an excuse. It would surprise us if we found the number of things we have said we had not time to do during the span of years we reckon a lifetime.

There are men who are so harassed and busy that I have always wondered whether they will find time in their lives to allow for the interval they will require in which to draw their last breath. At least, that is the opinion they would convey to you —only you will find that they usually spend their afternoons in soothing seclusion and inactivity.

Once, long ago, when I was at school, and innocent, they pointed out to me what a beautiful gem of the poetic art were the two little lines:

> "And departing leave behind us
> Footprints on the sands of time."

In these days I was, as I am now, an eminently practical person. I looked at it from a natural point of view, coming to the conclusion that it would not matter much whether I left the sizes of my small nines (wide fitting) on these darksome shores or not. I felt that there was always the off-chance of a breeze of wind rising and obliterating the imprint. Again, I was always somewhat dubious about these heavy-footed wanderers who thundered through the world in those bygone days. To me their pawing on the sands savoured somewhat of advertisement.

If we look at the matter calmly and dispassionately we must see that a great many persons have come along the sands for a bit, and left good clear footprints, but the other fellows behind have carefully covered them up or stamped them out of shape with their elephantine tread, incidentally taking all the glory of that particular line of progression. Of course, we all have had trouble with time, more or less. Watches get blamed very often for this—only a watch is a good thing to blame, since it is a silent sort of witness who can stand a thorough cross-examination and yet give no decided opinion on the matter.

There is one type of individual you meet with daily who is always making up time. It don't matter when or how he starts, he is always a lap behind, and he never is properly finished when time overtakes him and applies the closure to his innings. He is like the man who looks for leaks in a cask, after he has taken the plug

out of the bung-hole at the bottom—rather foolish on the whole.

The infinite variety of ways in which a man can kill time I do not desire to enumerate, because we all have our ways of wasting that precious commodity—and some of them we are rather reticent about. It all goes in with your conception of life, and in such things we all ought to show some originality.

It is strange, on the whole, to observe the speed of time at different stages of our lives. The best days always seem to be yesterday, and oh! how few of us see a good sunrise in the to-morrows. At the world-wise age of eighteen I used to wait cheerfully, in damp boots, under an umbrella, for the probable appearance of my best girl. Nowadays the best girls only smile at me through the gloaming when I am in a musing mood! and I listen cheerfully to the rain dashing against the windows as I toast my elderly toes at the fire after a comfortable supper.

Pretty girls! The days passed so sweetly then; the picnics and the junketings; the merry laughter under the trees, and the glimpses of white summer dresses and sunhats among the shady copses. I can see them sometimes, even now, and to me it seems so long ago and so much happier than the dreary drudgery of to-day.

Of course, we were foolish, any man will tell you that, and will deplore the time he wasted. With the years he has gathered wisdom and his old gods lie forgotten amid the weed-covered ruins of the days that were. Distrust walks by him, and the faith of youth has fallen from him for ever. He may say that he has learned much—ah! how much has he lost of belief and the real-tasting happiness of the old-time foolishness?

With all the knowledge begot of many years, we sleep less easily as we grow older; our dreams are not so happy as they used to be, and the grim old world looks more combative.

We cannot enjoy our picnics nowadays, and the laughter of women we analyze and find unreal; also we think that a book, a pipe, and the glow of a cosy fire are far more comfortable, if less poetic, than seeing the moon swim up from behind the tree-tops, as we waited for her coming beside the old bridge beyond the village.

Time has given us such diverse gifts; yet 'tis a tender physician, as it draws together the old wounds in our hearts, soothing our regret with its gentle hands of forgetfulness.

It was not all unblended—there were the sad days we love to wander back to, even now. Yet they were all sweet, in a way, even the most sorrowful of them; for have we not lived them, do we not have the knowledge of them, against which the hidden paths of the future are bleak and uncongenial to our thoughts?

The memory of little pattering feet is all we have now, and the sorrow that followed their silence has become sweet to our souls, for we have cherished its pain and held it to our hearts, until out of the throbbing anguish we have wrought a mournful beauty of remembrance.

Lads and lasses, we see you now, living the lives we used to live—laughing joyously as we sometimes hear the echo of our own laughter from long ago.

We have breasted the hill, and passed over the summit; nowadays, as we descend, we envy you on the uphill slopes, away behind us, your happy voices coming to us, far away and indistinct, as you follow the road our feet have trod . . . brave voices which give comfort to us as we hasten on towards the evening shadows, where kindly Chronos awaits us leaning on his scythe and looming large on the road of our destinies.

Oftentimes o'nights we think of you, and we would only ask that you do not seek sadness in thoughts of

us whom time sweeps so quickly from your ken. Ours is the memory, yours the actuality. There at the summit we wave our weary hands to you in a last farewell; for, below, the mists of the Unknown Land await us, and ere you have topped the rise we shall be enveloped in the great darkness and have gone from your sight for ever.

THE BROOK (A Spring Song)

By EWYN BRUCE MACKINNON

I COME, I come, I come!
I melt the sunshine into laughter,
Boys and birds come singing after
In one harmonious hum.
With sweetest spring my course is dressed,
Fresh hope I bring to the bare gray breast,
I come, I come, I come.

I come, I come, I come,
Pure from the pregnant cloud,
Glowing with gladness and joy—
For sorrow is never allowed
To harden the heart of the boy,
As the birds sing best ere they build their nest,
Nor the riddle of love hath yet been guessed.

I bubble o'er pebbles of pearly delight,
I come, I come, I come,
Laden with dewdrops out of the night,
I come, I come, I come,
Trappings of crystal, sparklets of joy,
I sing and I laugh with the heart of a boy.
I glance o'er the meadow,
Where the green glade
Shelters the sunshine;
I gleam in the shadow,
Loving the shade
Of the sweet-scented pine,
As I glide down the glen,
Past the homes of men,
I laugh and I listen and laugh again,
I mirror the roses
Trimming my side,
Perk pretty posies,
So pert in their pride.
My lute of laughter
Pipes the last lay
To him that comes after,
For I am alway:
Man from the morrow may borrow his sorrow—
I live for to-day.

The Painting by Florence Carlyle. Exhibited by the Ontario Society of Artists

THE SON AND HEIR

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

WILLIAM LYON MACKENZIE IN TORONTO

BY E. J. HATHAWAY

TORONTO has already begun to measure as a city with a history. A few weeks ago one hundred years were counted since its capture by American forces, when its fort was evacuated by the British troops and the Provincial Parliament buildings destroyed. In 1837 the city was again invaded. In this case, however, the attacking party was not an alien army, but a body of disaffected Canadian citizens.

Whether the rebels of 1837 were "cranks or crooks," as the Minister of Militia has called them, or whether they were single-minded patriots, is not now important. It is the penalty of the unsuccessful to be misunderstood and misjudged; but the grievances under which the patriots of that day suffered have long since been remedied and the rights for which they struggled are to-day recognized principles of government in all self-governing countries.

The history of a city is found in its epochal events, and as the men taking part in them are remembered in its records, so also should the places associated with these events be treasured as historical landmarks.

William Lyon Mackenzie was the soul of the rebellion in Upper Canada. This "peppery little Scotchman" had taken up journalism as the most potent means of exposing the abuses of the Family Compact. He had founded *The Colonial Advocate* at Queenston in 1824, but soon transferred it to York, continuing at closer range his tirade of criticism and exposure.

A modest little frame house at the northwest corner of Front and Federick Streets was his first newspaper office in York. This house had been the early home of Dr. W. W. Baldwin, who had come to York in 1802, and here in 1804 was born his son, Robert Baldwin, afterwards Attorney-General for Upper Canada, and one of the most conspicious Liberal leaders. At a later date it was the home and place of business of John Cawthra, and here were laid, in part, the foundations of that family's fortune.

Smarting under the sting of Mackenzie's invective, a mob of young men, related to members of the Government, entered *The Colonial Advocate* office on the evening of June 8th, 1826, during the absence of the editor, and proceeded to wreck the plant of the paper. Several pages were standing in type on the stone, and these were broken up and the type thrown into the bay. The furniture of the office was smashed, the type defaced and the printing press broken. Mackenzie immediately entered action for damages against his assailants and was awarded £625, most of which was raised by subscription among the friends of the Government.

"Elmsley House," Toronto, the official residence of Sir Francis Bond Head

From the John Ross Robertson Historical Collection

Mackenzie now determined to direct his attacks at closer range, and during the next few years the old Parliament buildings on Front Street between Simcoe and John Streets, and the Government House which preceded that recently torn down on the adjoining block at the cornor of King and Simcoe Streets, became the chief centre of interest of the Reform movement.

In 1829 Mackenzie was elected to the Legislature for York. Now that he was inside the Legislature he was if anything more bitter and waspish in his criticism of the Government and its Family Compact constitution and methods than ever. The members had put up with his attacks at long range, but to have him on the floor of the House was intolerable. They stood him for a session or two, but finally in 1831 they succeeded in passing a resolution to the effect that an article in *The Colonial Advocate* of a year or two before was a gross libel on the Legislature, and that the author of it was unfit to occupy a seat in the Assembly. His seat was therefore declared vacant and a new election ordered.

The new election took place on January 2nd, 1832, at the *Red Lion* hotel on Yonge Street, immediately north of Bloor Street, where the North Apartments now stand. This was a noted hostelry in old Yorkville days, and a popular resort for sleighing parties and dances, and as it was largely used by farmers going to and from the city it was also used at election times as one of the polling-places for the Home District.

This election gave the Reformers an excuse for a demonstration. The polls usually remained open for a week, and as open voting then prevailed the scenes around the polls were at times animated and exciting. A cavalcade of forty sleighs came down into the city to escort Mackenzie to the polling-place, and upward of 2,000 persons were present to show their sympathy with his cause.

King Street, Toronto, in 1836, showing Gaol, Court-House and St. James's Cathedral

From the John Ross Robertson Historical Collection

After the polls had been open for an hour and a half, and the returns showed a vote of 119 for Mackenzie and but one for his opponent, Mr. Street, the latter, threw up the contest. The Reform candidate was then presented by his constituents with a gold medal in appreciation of his course, and a triumphal procession followed into the city, past Government House and on to the Parliament buildings, where the Legislature was in session.

The Government, however, refused to recognize the election, and another resolution of expulsion was passed. A third election took place on January 30th, and Mackenzie was again elected.

Smashing the printing plant seems to have been the recognized Tory way of getting even with the newspaper critic. Early in 1830 another attack was made on his office and residence. He lived at that time at the northwest corner of Church and Richmond Streets. A mob of Tory sympathizers entered his office, broke the windows, destroyed some of the type, and burnt Mackenzie in effigy in the streets; and but for the courage that prompted a young apprentice to load a gun with type and fire it at the crowd, much more damage might have been done. At midnight the mob again assembled, led by the son of one of the Executive Council of the Province, and only the threat of the authorities to call out the troops prevented further damage. The house was under guard for three weeks and Mackenzie was forced to remain outside the city.

After his second expulsion from the House, Mackenzie was returned by acclamation, but again he was refused admission. At a fourth election he was again returned. The electors now decided to escort their member to the House, which was then in session, and demand his admission. They crowded the lobbies and galleries and overflowed into the chamber. A petition was presented protesting against

their practical disfranchisement for more than three years. When Mr. Alan McNab opposed the reception of the petition, he was hissed from the gallery. This led to the clearing of the House, and Mackenzie as a "stranger" was forcibly ejected. Some time later he quietly entered and took the oath, but on attempting to take his seat he was dragged from his place by the Sergeant-at-arms and threatened with arrest and punishment.

Ontario Parliament Buildings in Toronto, as they appeared in 1837

From the John Ross Robertson Historical Collection

The Family Compact now had things pretty much its own way and popular feeling ran high. In 1836 Sir Francis Bond Head was appointed Lieutenant-Governor, and for a time the Reformers looked for sympathy and assistance from one who had been hailed on his appointment as a "Tried Reformer."

The disreputable looking old building which still occupies the northwest corner of Adelaide and Bay streets was an important rendezvous for those engaged in the Reform movement. It was at that time the residence of John Doel, and a large building in the rear of the house was used as a brewery.

The *Sun* tavern, kept by Thomas Elliott, a relation of Mackenzie, at the northwest corner of Yonge and Queen Streets, was also a resort for the Radical leaders. From a window of this hotel Mackenzie had addressed the people after one of his expulsions. Resolutions were passed sustaining the course he had taken and complaining of the reply to the petition of his constituents as insulting, and the propriety of petitioning the Sovereign for a civil rather than a military Governor was discussed. It was at the *Sun* also that Mackenzie's declaration of the independence of Upper Canada was submitted to a committee for approval, before its adoption at a large meeting held at Doel's brewery on July 31, 1837, when a permanent committe was appointed and a plan of campaign initiated similar to that of Lower Canada.

The places in Toronto associated directly with Mackenzie are numerous, and as the crisis of his career draws near they become more interesting. Early in 1836 he moved into a modest two-story brick residence on the west side of York Street, close to Queen Street, and although *The Constitution,* which succeeded

William Lyon Mackenzie's residence in York Street, Toronto, in 1837

From the John Ross Robertson Historical Collection

The Colonial Advocate on July 4th, 1836, was printed at his printing plant on Yonge Street, next door to the Jesse Ketchum tannery, which stood at the northwest corner of Yonge and Adelaide Streets, most of those inflammatory editorials calling upon loyal Canadians to declare their independence and if necessary shoulder their muskets were written at his home.

As soon as definite news of the outbreak of the Rebellion, on December 4th, 1837, reached the authorities, both residence and store were put under guard. The house was searched by soldiers over and over again, from cellar to garret, the drawers, bookcases, and closets examined, and even beds ransacked. These unwelcome attentions continued during the entire week, to the annoyance and discomfort of the women and children of the household, who at the same time were nearly distracted with apprehension as to the safety of the head of the house.

Curiously enough, Mackenzie's private papers hanging in files from the ceiling of his bedroom and library escaped the attention of the officers. On the Sunday following the outbreak the soldiers for the first time relaxed their attentions, and seizing the opportunity, Mrs. Mackenzie and her mother-in-law hurriedly lighted the fires and burned every letter and document in the house.

Mackenzie at the time of the Rebellion had a very fine store, known as the *Constitution Book Store*, containing some thousands of books and what is said to have been the largest

and best equipped printing and bookbinding plant in Upper Canada, the stock and plant having a value of upwards of $10,000. Immediately on the collapse of the Rebellion a mob broke into the premises and for a third time vented its vengeance upon his property, seriously damaging the type, stock and presses. A creditor, John Eastwood, to whom Mackenzie was indebted for paper, issued a writ against the property, but in the meantime it had been seized by the authorities, ostensibly for protection against further damage, and removed to the City Hall. Later such of the assets as still remained marketable were sold by the sheriff, realizing some £520, and after the payment of the debts a balance of £121 13s. 3d. was turned over to the Government.

In Lower Canada several thousand men had armed themselves to fight against the coercive measures of the Government. Mackenzie and his associates felt that the time was now ripe to do likewise. At a meeting at Doel's on October 10th, 1837, he outlined his project. He had learned that the city was absolutely defenceless, owing to the removal of the troops from Toronto. A consignment of arms and ammunition had arrived from Kingston and was stored at the City Hall, and his plan was to strike a decisive blow by seizing Sir Francis at Government House, capture the arms at the City Hall and proclaim a provisional government.

This plan, received at first as preposterous and foolhardy, soon began to find acceptance as a reasonable proposition, and one that might be carried out without the necessity for firing a shot or sacrificing a life.

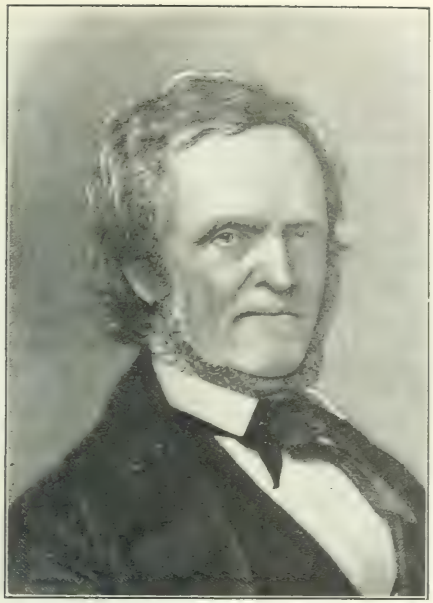
II.

With the annexation of the town of North Toronto, the city now contains within its limits every important historical point associated with the Rebellion. Montgomery's tavern, on Yonge Street, about four miles north of the city, was selected as the most convenient rallying point for the Reformers preparatory to their march on Toronto. Samuel Lount, who lived near Holland Landing, was in command of the patriots from the north; Peter Matthews, of Pickering, was expected to bring detachments from the east; and John Montgomery, the proprietor, though not at the time the landlord of the hotel, was in active sympathy with the cause.

The tavern was a plain, two-storey structure, a typical country hotel of the period, and stood between Montgomery Avenue and Roselawn Avenue, on the spot occupied by Oulcott's Hotel until the passing of the local option law a few years ago forced it to close its doors. The building is now used as the North Toronto post-office.

Mackenzie confidently expected that from four to five thousand men would respond to the call to arms and meet at Montgomery's on Monday, December 4th. Only about seven to eight hundred actually reported. Some of these were armed with pikes, a few with muskets, but many were without arms of any kind.

An emergency meeting of loyalists was hurriedly called by Colonel Moodie at Richmond Hill because of the numerous groups of men, some of whom were armed, seen passing on their way toward the city, and the Colonel with several neighbours determined to ride into the city in person to warn the Lieutenant-Governor of danger. Mackenzie meanwhile had placed several lines of guards across Yonge Street above and below the tavern, to prevent communication with the city, and Colonel Moodie in trying to force his way through the lines discharged his pistol at the guard. Several musket shots immediately rang out, and he fell from his horse dangerously wounded. This was the first blood shed in the Rebellion.



William Lyon Mackenzie

Sir Francis Bond Head, Bar't

From engravings in "The Life and Times of William Lyon Mackenzie," by Charles Lindsey

The crest of the hill on Yonge Street between Woodlawn and Farnham Avenues, known since early in the century as Gallows Hill, was an important outlook point over the city. Mackenzie with a scouting party had taken two horsemen as prisoners at this point, and sent them back to headquarters under guard. They had not proceeded far when one of them turned on Captain Anderson, one of his captors, and shot him in the back, killing his instantly, and then made off toward the city to report the situation.

During all this time the Lieutenant-Governor, though warned repeatedly, refused to believe in the possibility of an uprising. When the seriousness of the situation was now finally brought home to him, he consented, in order to gain time, to send an emissary to the rebel camp with a flag of truce. Doctor Rolph and Robert Baldwin, because of their acceptability to the Reformers, were selected. In the meantime the rebel army numbering less than one thousand men had started for the city. The force was divided into two bodies, one of which under Lount was to enter by Yonge Street, and the other under Mackenzie by way of the present Avenue Road and College Avenue. Upon reaching the city the two forces were to unite at Osgoode Hall.

Just before reaching Gallows Hill they halted and entering the house of J. S. Howard, on the west side of the road. Mackenzie ordered Mrs. Howard to prepare dinner for fifty men. The embassy with the flag of truce met the insurgents at the foot of the hill. Doctor Rolph informed Captain Lount that the Lieutenant-Governor was anxious to avoid trouble, in any reasonable way, and offered amnesty to the rebels if they would disperse. Lount, however, declared that no reliance could be placed on the word of Sir Francis Bond Head, and any proposition from him must be in writing. The truce bearers then retired and the rebels moved on as far as the toll-gate at the corner of Bloor and Yonge Streets. A few hours later Doctor Rolph and

Mr. Baldwin returned with the message that the Lieutenant-Governor would have no further communication with the rebels.

On his return to the city Doctor Rolph called a meeting at Doel's for the purpose of organizing the Reformers to assist Mackenzie and his party, who might be expected at any moment. Mackenzie, however, was in no hurry. On Yonge Street almost opposite Davenport Road and Scollard Street was the residence of Doctor R. C. Horne, assistant cashier of the Bank of Upper Canada. He was an ardent Tory and had gained the enmity of the rebel leader some time before by refusing him accommodation at the bank. Mackenzie entered the house and set fire to it with his own hand, and even started out with the idea of serving the same punishment to Sheriff Jarvis at his house, across the Rosedale ravine.

By this time the troops had become restive. No rations had been served, and for the moment they were more concerned about getting their dinner than capturing the city. The force was therefore removed back to Mrs. Howard's on Gallows Hill for the meal that had been ordered some time before.

Finally about six o'clock the rebel army moved forward against the city. Sheriff Jarvis had located a detachment of Loyalists in Jonathan Scott's house on Yonge Street at the corner of McGill Street. An outpost of sixteen men was also placed behind a fence on the east side of the street, just above Maitland Street, and another among the trees on the west side. The moment that Lount's party reached this spot the sheriff gave the order to fire. His entire force responded on the moment, but almost before the sound of the report had ceased the firing party became seized with panic and taking to their heels the men made off toward the city as fast as their legs could carry them.

But the insurgents were quite as terror-stricken at the sound of firing as their assailants; and as they were without adequate leadership they broke away after a futile fire from the front ranks and turning tail made off up Yonge Street as fast as their opponents were travelling in the opposite direction. In this encounter one of the rebels was killed and two others died later from injuries.

The discomfitted rebel army returned and spent the night at Montgomery's. In the morning Mackenzie detailed Peter Matthews with a party of sixty men to prevent the arrival of reinforcements from the east, to intercept the mail, and to burn the bridge over the Don at Queen Street; while he and Lount took a small detachment out to Peacock's Hotel, at the corner of Dundas and Bloor Streets, where they seized the stage and mail from the west.

Meanwhile reinforcements began to arrive in the city. Alan McNab from Hamilton had been appointed in command over the head of Colonel Fitzgibbon. Doctor Rolph and Doctor Morrison had found it prudent, owing to the fiasco of the previous evening, to leave the city, and Mackenzie's home on York Street and printing-office and store on Yonge Street had been placed under guard and diligently searched.

The Loyalist forces gathered at the Parliament Buildings. There were about seven hundred men, all armed, and, accompanied by two six-pound guns and a military band, they marched toward Montgomery's. The main body went by way of Yonge Street, one of the wings by College Avenue, and another to Bloor Street by one of the streets east of Yonge, either Jarvis or Sherbourne Street.

The rebels had located about a hundred and fifty men in the woods on the west side of Yonge Street about a mile south of Montgomery's, and another detachment in the open fields on the east side of the road. On the arrival of the main force of

the militia the two guns were mounted on the rise of ground on the west side of Yonge Street just north of the old Belt Line Railway, and fire was quickly opened upon the enemy somewhere in the woods. The insurgents attempted to return the fire, but the prompt arrival of the westerly wing of the Loyalist forces threw them into confusion and they retreated in disorder.

The whole fight lasted but a few minutes—certainly less than half an hour. The insurgents lost one man and the Government forces none, but four rebels and five of the Government troops who were injured died afterwards as the result of their wounds. The Loyalist troops seeing the disorder among the rebels hurried on to Montgomery's, while others under Colonel Fitzgibbon pursued the fleeing patriots far into the country.

The victors captured a number of prisoners at the rebel headquarters and on searching the hotel they discovered a bag belonging to Mackenzie containing his personal papers, including a list of the names and addresses of almost every insurgent in the Province.

The Lieutenant-Governor arrived at Montgomery's soon after the flight of the rebel forces, and as though in retaliation for the burning of Doctor Horne's house, he immediately ordered the hotel building to be set on fire. In a few moments "the flames," as Sir Francis puts it in his book, "The Emigrant," published afterwards in England, "formed a lurid telegraph which intimated to many an anxious and aching heart at Toronto the joyful intelligence that the yeomen and farmers of Upper Canada had triumphed over their perfidious enemy, Responsible Government."

Mackenzie made good his escape and after a difficult and dangerous trip around the head of the lake he finally, on the following Monday, succeeded in crossing the Niagara River into the United States. Lount and Matthews, the other active military leaders, and a number of others, were soon captured, and within a month or two the gaols in Toronto, London, Hamilton—indeed, most of those in the Province—were filled with rebel prisoners.

House still standing at 82 Bond Street, Toronto. It was presented by friends in 1858 to William Lyon Mackenzie, and occupied by him until his death in 1861

By the aid of the list of insurgents and other documents seized at the capture of Montgomery's Tavern, the Government arrested and prosecuted scores of persons throughout the Province. Little attention was paid to legal forms or technicalities, and men were arrested in the fields and workshops or in their homes and marched off to gaol without warrant or authority of any kind. In many instances arrests were made of men who though sympathetic with the movement had no connection whatever with the rebellion.

The gaol and court-house in Toronto now became the centre of attention. These buildings occupied

the block bounded by King, Toronto, Adelaide and Church Streets. The original court-house building, where the trials took place, is still standing at the corner of Church and Court Streets, and the gaol building has been built over and incorporated in the York Chambers, on the south corner of Toronto and Court Streets.

The Toronto prisoners and those taking part in the engagement at Montgomery's were tried before Chief Justice Sir John Beverley Robinson, and the trials continued for more than a month. Many were sentenced to death, and others to long or short periods of imprisonment. Lount and Matthews, however, alone were executed. The executions took place in the gaol yard on April 12th, 1838, in the presence of a large crowd, the scaffolds having been erected about where the present police station on Court Street now stands. The bodies were buried in the potter's field at the northwest corner of Bloor and Yonge Streets, but five years later some sympathetic friends had them removed to the Necropolis.

Others of the condemned prisoners, some of whom had witnessed the executions of their associates from the gaol windows, had their sentences commuted to transportation to Van Dieman's Land. They were taken to Fort Henry at Kingston for safekeeping until they could be forwarded, but soon managed to effect their escape from captivity and make their way to the United States.

It might reasonably be expected that Toronto had seen the last of Mackenzie and the ill-fated Rebellion. The leader and many of his adherents had left the country, while others had by special permission of the Legislature been suffered to return; Sir Francis Bond Head had been superceded by another; Lord Durham had made his investigations and presented his historic report; and many of the reforms demanded by the Radicals had already been acknowledged and granted. But the ghost of the rebellion had yet to be reckoned with. When, in 1849, eleven years afterwards, Lord Elgin signed the Rebellion Losses Bill, passed unanimously by Parliament, by which complete amnesty was granted to all concerned in the rebellion, the Loyalists in Montreal celebrated the occasion by burning the Parliament Buildings, and those in Toronto decided to give Mackenzie a warm welcome when it was learned that he was returning to Canada.

Mackenzie's arrival in Toronto on March 22nd was the signal for a Tory demonstration. Shortly after dark a mob of several hundred men and boys started on a tour of the city, past the market-place and police station, to the homes of Attorney-General Baldwin and Solicitor-General Blake, the officials responsible for the amnesty, where they halted and burned the offending ministers in effigy, and then proceeded to the residence of John McIntosh, where Mackenzie was staying. John McIntosh was Mackenzie's father-in-law, and lived on the east side of Yonge Street, a short distance north of Queen Street, his property extending through to Victoria Street.

The crowd, now swollen to many hundreds, swarmed up Yonge Street singing and shouting, with blazing torches and firearms. Several tar barrels were set on fire in the middle of the road, and with shouts of "Death to Mackenzie" they attacked the house with stones and bricks. A similar attack was made from the garden in the rear. Every window in the house was broken, but fortunately no one was hurt. By four o'clock in the morning the mob, having expended its energies here, moved on to the residence of the Honourable George Brown, where they made another demonstration and smashed the windows and blinds. No attempt was made by the police to interfere with the rioters, and even the chief himself stood by watching the proceedings. On the two follow-

The only building still standing in Toronto that had any association with the rebellion of 1837. The Doel house, where the insurgents used to meet, as it looks now, at the crossing of Bay and Adelaide Streets.

ing evenings crowds gathered in the streets again, but by this time the authorities had been brought to realize the seriousness of the situation, the Mayor had sworn in special constables, and a squad of soldiers was on hand for the purpose of preventing a disturbance.

Mackenzie brought his family to Toronto a year later. He was again elected to the Legislature in 1851, defeating in Haldimand no less notable a leader than the Honourable George Brown. He remained in Parliament until 1858, during which time he published a weekly newspaper, *Mackenzie's Message*.

By reason of increasing years and rather straitened circumstances, some friends of the old leader opened a fund for the purchase of a residence for Mackenzie as a personal tribute of appreciation, and the house at No. 82 Bond Street, marked a few years ago with a historical tablet by the Canadian Club of Toronto, was presented to him, and here he lived with his family until his death in 1861.

Of the many places thus associated with Mackenzie and his great contest for Responsible Government in Upper Canada, this house and the old rendezvous, Doel's, at the crossing of Bay and Adelaide Streets, alone remain; but it is well to recall from time to time the events that took place during that struggle and the men who led the movement, for out of it was born the free and liberal system of government under which we in Canada now live.

WAITING FOR A DRAMATIST

BY FRED JACOB

SELF-EXPRESSION must be the outstanding sign of national consciousness just as it is the indication of growing consciousness in the individual. Canada is finding expression in the prose writers of the country, and the day has now arrived when they can secure a hearing in their own land without going abroad and sending their work back with the stamp of foreign approval upon it. Our poets have been singing sweetly for many years. Their voices are chiefly lyric, but perhaps they reach the heart more surely for that very reason. We even possess our own composers, and they receive due appreciation. Indeed, when Dr. A. S. Vogt is compiling a programme for his great Mendelssohn Choir, he can place one of his own compositions side by side with those of the musicians of other lands and be sure that it will win more applause than would have been considered proper to accord an artistic citizen of our own country a few years ago. But Canada still lacks a dramatist, and it will not be possible for us to claim that our self-expression is complete until some aspect of the life of the nation has been placed behind the foot-lights.

It must not be thought that a maker of plays is a Canadian dramatist because he happens to have been born some place in the vast territories that make up the Dominion. There are several native sons of Canada writing for the stage to-day, but all of them have been adopted by other countries, to the life of which they give expression. James Forbes may have been born in Salem, Ontario, and he may have received his education in Galt, but he does not belong to us. "The Chorus Lady" and "The Travelling Salesman," his most successful comedies, tell us that he has become in spirit an American dramatist, and so far as Canada is concerned, he might as well have been born in Harlem. When anything with which the name of Edgar Selwyn is connected comes to a town inside our borders, we hear that he also claims to be a native of Ontario, but his theatrical fame has centered in New York. He has earned prominence among the producers who have made the stage a great commercial enterprise, but the man who is to be counted as Canada's first dramatist must achieve more than that.

It is true that Mr. Selwyn came back to the land of his birth to find material for a play when he made a dramatized version of Sir Gilbert Parker's novel, "Pierre of the Plains," but this drama served to show only how completely out of touch he was with all things Canadian. He catered to the popular notion, now happily dying out, of the civilization to be found in the northern half of the continent. For stage purposes, Canada has been regarded as a land of melodrama; a land where men wear buckskins and ride prancing horses; a land where the pagan white is thrown into conflict with the savage redskin; a land where disputes are settled by hiding in the bush,

leaping upon your enemy and fighting to the death. It is a bleak land, existing merely for adventurers who love barren wastes.

No man will accept a picture as a portrait of himself because some one choses to place his name neatly on the frame. If all the plays with our name on the frame were gathered together for one repertoire, they would leave a very strange impression upon the minds of those who might seek to make our acquaintance through them. It is true that a land called "Canada" has been made the scene of a few dramas in the past, but in every case the name only served the purpose of telling the audience in advance that they were to be entertained by lawlessness and thrills.

Now, as a matter of fact, Canadians have grown to think themselves fairly advanced in the process of civilization, and most of them even believe that the nation has a personality of its own at least partially developed. The majority of Canadians will acknowledge that they only know the typical Jack Canuck through the medium of the cartoon or the stage. The country contains a great many more people in whose hands a six-shooter would be chiefly dangerous to themselves than "bad-men" capable of being a terror to anybody. Knowledge of the wilds is secured by a holiday in Muskoka or by taking a canoe trip sometimes as far as six days' journey from a good restaurant. Is it any wonder then that some of the play-goers would like to see Canada pictured a little more accurately on the stage than it has been shown in dramas like "Pierre of the Plains" and "The Wolf," which have now become faint memories?

If no serious attempt has yet been made to express Canada through the medium of the drama, it might seem to some persons that the subject is hardly worth discussing. There are so many achievements to be considered in the world of literature that possibilities can not be given a great deal of attention. That is a truth which no one will attempt to deny, but at the same time it cannot be a waste of time to point out that we are still a country without a drama. Much more important is the consideration that we do not need to pass through all the kindergarten stages in the development of this side of our literary life. The first Canadian playwright will not have to evolve for himself any technical standard or form; he will not be forced to experiment with the conventions of the stage so as to find how naturalism is produced; he will, in short, be the heir of all the dramatic ages.

The fashions of the stage change more rapidly than the fashions of the novel, and that may account for the many alterations which have come about during the last quarter of a century in the technique of the theatre. There has been a rapid movement towards every means that serves to make a story more natural in its telling. For that reason plays which were regarded as realistic enough fifteen years ago frequently appear creaky and limping when revived, and the most obvious melodrama, such as "The Whip," which has enjoyed very wide success, shows that the modern dramatic laws are being obeyed by even the playwrights who are looked upon as hack workers. All the artificialities have been wiped out—or rather it seems to us that none can be left. Plays are no longer filled with irrelevant detail, but move straight on towards their goal; conversation has ceased to be rhetoric, and though it may be more witty than ordinary persons can manage to produce without the aid of second-hand jokes, it strikes the ear as human; and rounded periods are not considered necessary in order to give a literary quality to a play. Of course, asides, soliloquies, and similar verbiage passed into disrepute long since.

It is hardly necessary to mention that some modernists have committed

excesses in the name of technical skill. Simplification is a great thing, and it is well to have a play compact, but a drama is not great simply because the story has been told with one setting and five characters if the piece has nothing beyond ingenuity to recommend it. The best dialogue is that which suggests actual conversation, but it is to be hoped that no realist will ever be so accurate in depicting the way ordinary people talk that his play will become as hap-hazard and as hazy as the ordinary chat that we hear about us all the time. Dramas are now to be found in our library shelves that show a tendency to both these excesses, but when the Canadian dramatist comes suddenly before us, he can inherit all the wisdom of the modernists without classing himself with the "ultras."

It might be urged that all such considerations place too much importance upon the technical side of stage literature. Some people will tell you that the average play-goer does not care very much about the construction of a drama so long as it furnishes him with an evening's entertainment. The average play-goer would probably make this assertion himself without realizing that he has been slowly trained to recognize by instinct when a drama is well made. He has grown accustomed to modern standards, and while he may not take the trouble to define them, he resents anything from which they are conspicuously absent. Furthermore, the average play-goer, though very important, is not the only person to be considered. Our national drama, when it comes, will have to meet the criticism of the discriminating, and form can be considered secondary only to ideas in anything that is to prove permanent.

The playwrights who are working to-day have found a fortunate age in which the air is comparatively clear of controversy, and there is a wider understanding of such much misused terms as the "problem play" and the "drama of ideas." Not so very long ago, a dramatist had only to raise aloft a flag bearing the words "Problem Play," and immediately his effort became the centre of abusive attack and equally abusive defence. Then by some mischance—the most ardent defenders of the problem play undoubtedly deserve a very large share of the blame—theatre-goers found themselves confusing the problem play and the drama of ideas. Anything that was sordid, anything that dealt with the unlovely side of life went under these headings, which were accepted as almost synonymous.

The clarified vision of our day has caused the two classes to be pulled asunder. Among the dramas that contain ideas there are many that cannot be described as handling problems, just as there are many problem plays, and popular ones, too, that could not be said to offer any genuine ideas. The problem play is almost sure to fall more and more into the past, while the drama of ideas is certain to be the dominant force of the future.

It has been found by a long series of experiments that the stage does not lend itself to the satisfactory handling of a complete problem. Scope cannot be found for the full demonstration of every side of a question, and the more a playwright seeks to prove, the more likely he is to find himself warring with men of straw set up to suit his strength and valiantly knocked down. He must face the fact that no problem under the sun can be completely stated in a single concrete case. It is easy enough to build up a story that will prove one view, but it is equally easy to unfold another story to prove something exactly opposite, and that is why the stage has been found so inadequate as a medium for handling problems in the large. The old kind of problem play which asked very big questions, and then gave very weak little answers couched in highly emotional language cannot stand before the drama that contains one real

idea that is worth thinking about.

The man who has the belief that the drama of ideas always deals with something that makes big demands upon his mentality is labouring under an unfortunate delusion. The experiences and observation of every individual lead to the formation of opinions—or perhaps in some cases they would be better described as prejudices. The dramatist who works with ideas has merely learned that he can entertain and at the same time contribute something valuable, a comment on a certain side of life, a message regarding an ethical consideration or at least one well formed and expressed thought that will linger in the mind of even the most careless. In such popular successes as "Milestones," "What Every Woman Knows," "Man and Superman," and "The Poor Little Rich Girl," ideas stand out so prominently that they cannot be overlooked. In fact, the majority of plays that are worthy of any consideration at all contain ideas as their backbones.

When our national dramatist arrives, he will have to possess something worth saying about life as he finds it. In the United States many playwrights had come forward with stories of the Wild West that interested but said nothing to arrest lingering attention. Then came Professor Vaughan Moody with his slightly over-estimated drama "The Great Divide," but he had something definite to say. He dealt with the conflict of two types of human nature, one curbed and formed by the Puritanism of the Eastern States, and the other uncontrolled and wild with the unlicensed freedom of the West. This play has been accepted as a classic. Is it not probable that some idea may be found in Canada as typical of our life as "The Great Divide" was of the United States, and also just as wide in its appeal to humanity even in lands where conditions are different?

It is possible also that a drama may be typical of a certain country even when its central idea is not so purely national and when its criticism of life is greatly broadened. Indeed, one may venture to foretell that the first important contribution of Canada to the stage will be more in the nature of a genre picture, perhaps even doing for the Dominion what "Bunty Pulls the Strings" did for Scotland or "The Playboy of the Western World" did for Ireland.

One more quick glance at the American drama, and we shall notice that the most successful playwrights have been those who excelled at expressing some phase of the strangely varied national life. The late Clyde Fitch made plays that would merely have been trivial stories if he had not possessed such keen observation. He caught the manners and the social customs of the leisure classes in the great commercial centres of his native land, and limned them sharply into his stage pictures. The same keen appreciation of the personality of his countrymen has made George M. Cohan a force on the stage. In many respects, his comedies may be only smart and vulgar, but he has portrayed better than any other writer of the day the superficial thinking, the love of laughter, and bright lights, and the breathless pace that characterizes Broadway. Even dramatists like Edward Sheldon and Eugene Walter may be studied with advantage in order to learn what it means to catch the spirit of one's own country. It must be admitted that both of them are theatrical—that they will sacrifice truth to a situation and substitute platitudes for thought—but they handle first of all character types and subject matter peculiar to their own land.

Surely the first Canadian playwright has been afforded plenty of guidance by the dramatists of other lands. It is not too much to hope that we shall soon find in our midst a man who can paint a stage picture of this country which could be recognized even though he placed no name

upon the frame. He must do his work so that it can stand the critisism of the people who know the subject intimately, but he will have to treat it so as to interest a larger public as well. The material lies ready to hand, and all the necessary hints regarding the use of it have been given by the writers who have worked in this field. There are no signs as yet upon the literary horizon of the arrival of our dramatist, but we are waiting expectantly, for we feel that he should soon come now.

TO THE MEADOW LARK

By MARY CORNELL

BIRD from whose dulcet strings
The early winds shake sweetest melody,
When tremulous summer sings
Her faint adieux to spring from grove and lea,
Thou'rt heard, and still thy wings
Buoy the rare rapture of thy voice over the autumn dree.

The nightingale has here forgot her fame;
The skylark, like a ghost from fairy lore,
Weaveth a magic round her whispered name;
Imagination conjures fruitful store
Of burning rose leaves, choice
And peerless peach-plush, summer's charméd lispings,
And hears that far still voice.
When burgeoning spring forgets
To sound thy prelude, may her streaming veins
Congeal, her violets
Fail in blanched langour from their purple stains,
Faint for the dewy jets
That ceased to glimmer when were spent thy mellowing refrains.

Now for a breath the choristers are still—
Thou sing'st thy cavatina to the sky;
Sweet-throated winds, sonorous o'er the hill,
Or fluting through the silvery poplars nigh,
Playing on reed and wood,
Are the orchestral chords harmonious, subdued to thy rapt mood.
Thou art our visioned priest,
In tabernacle of the air dost dwell,
From celestial fanes released;
With heart-throbs we implore thy oracle,
For it from heaven's feast,
Melodious optimist, has stolen the bliss thy notes do tell.

From the Painting by
Roybet. Owned by
Mrs. W. D. Warren

THE
INSULT

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

FIFTY-FOUR FORTY OR FIGHT

BY HAROLD SANDS

TWICE during the one hundred years of peace Canada and Great Britain came close to being embroiled with the United States because of disputes over the boundary line separating British and United States Territory west of the Rocky Mountains. If the jingoes of Washington had had their way in the forties land engagements would have been fought along the banks of the Columbia River and naval battles in the waters of Puget Sound and the Strait of Juan de Fuca. An element in the United States was as eager to go to war with Great Britain, in 1844-5, over what is known as the Oregon question as another element was anxious, ten years later, to settle the San Juan boundary dispute at the sword's point.

Although both these disputes took place prior to Confederation and mainly affected what is now the Province of British Columbia, all Canada was as vitally interested as Great Britain, and undoubtedly if there had been a conflict troops would have been sent to the Pacific from Toronto, Montreal and other mustering places in the East.

Already the story of the San Juan trouble has been told in *The Canadian Magazine*, and it has been shown how perilously near to war the nations were. They were even closer to it when "Fifty-Four Forty or Fight" was made the slogan of the Presidential campaign in 1844. That cry, in fact, was styled by Americans as the "Marseillaise of '44," the year in which James K. Polk, the man from Tennessee, became a national figure by being nominated as the Presidential candidate of the Democratic party. He rode into office on that warlike slogan and cheerfully claimed the whole Pacific coast from California to Alaska.

The reason for the great interest taken in the forties in what was loosely called Oregon is found in the fact that the country then first attracted settlers from the Eastern States who were astonished to find, on arriving on the Pacific coast, that the Hudson's Bay Company was in possession. That great company did not encourage settlement in what it looked upon as a portion of its game preserve; nevertheless, it gave the early American settlers much valuable assistance, and its hospitality became proverbial on the coast. Testimony to the "kind and gentlemanly treatment" of Americans by the officers of the company is on record in the Archives at Washington in the shape of reports from United States path-finders, among whom were men who vigorously pressed for the military occupation of the country at a time when such occupation could hardly have failed to result in war.

Conditions were ripe for an outbreak in the early forties. The Oregon country was then the goal of ardent spirits from the Atlantic States, keen for any adventure. "Fierce-eyed, fearless men," one American writer describes them. They set out in caravans for the country

west of the Missouri River, and historians who wrote for American audiences spoke of them as a "warlike people," resolved "to hold that land and increase it." Part of the famous Oregon trail over which those "fierce-eyed, fearless" settlers passed still exists and the route over which they travelled is spoken of as "the trail over which our people outran their leaders." Those leaders were playing politics back in Washington, and happily the play resulted in preventing a war which the "fierce-eyed" were willing to bring about.

Truth to tell, "Fifty-four Forty or Fight" was first a monumental American bluff. It was then taken up as a campaign cry and so appealed to the American people that the Democratic leaders were bound to make another bluff at carrying out their first bluff. Documents prove that official Washington never intended seriously to claim any British land north of parallel forty-nine, but political exigencies drove them to assert a right to territory as far north as Cariboo and Prince Rupert.

So vast is the territory at that time known as the Oregon country that today it is composed of a portion of the State of Oregon, all the State of Washington, and most of British Columbia. As far back as 1804 negotiations began between Great Britain and the United States for the delimitation of the Oregon boundary. In that year the United States was satisfied to claim the forty-ninth parallel as the boundary. Great Britain, somewhat modestly, many British Columbia people believe, argued that the line should be the forty-ninth parallel as far west as the north-eastern branch of the Columbia River, and the middle of that river from that point to the Pacific. Failure to agree on the subject led to the agreement of 1818 for the joint occupation of the country. This was followed in 1827 by a convention whereby the whole country in dispute was left open to citizens of both countries.

For sixteen years there were no further negotiations, but in 1843 the boundary between Maine and Canada was settled by the Ashburton treaty. That troublesome matter disposed of, attention was once more drawn to the disputed territory on the Pacific Coast.

First serious mention of "Fifty-four Forty or Fight" was made in 1844 when Senator Lewis F. Linn of Missouri, who declared to have done "more than any other man to save Oregon to the United States," introduced a bill in the United States Senate for the occupation of the Oregon country. He asserted, without justification, that Great Britain was systematically preparing for war with the United States. "Sooner or later the war will come," he declared, "for Great Britain is determined upon it, and we should roll back the thunder upon her own shores." He made what time has proved to be the ludicrous observation that "the man is alive, and with a beard on his face (though it may not be I), who will see an American army in Ireland and an American general in the streets of London."

Naturally the fifty-four forty claim was the theme of "dress debates" in the British Houses of Parliament and of wondrous "patriotic" harangues in Congress. Across the water Sir Robert Peel, Lord John Russell, Lord Palmerston and other British heavyweights made the oriel windows of St. Stephen's rattle with their oratory. United States senators and representatives, eager to make themselves solid with their constituents, shook the dome of the Capitol with their vigorous assertions that the "clear and unquestionable" rights of the Republic were to all the territory on the Pacific Coast from the Mexican border to Alaska. Pamphlets upholding this claim were turned out by the bushel in the United States. The language in some was so fiery that it is a wonder the paper did not catch fire.

The frenzy across the border reached its highest at the Democratic convention at Baltimore which nominated Mr. Polk for the Presidency and chose its battle-cry for the campaign "Fifty-four Forty or Fight." The reoccupation of Oregon was declared to be one of the great American measures which the convention recommended to the cordial support of the democracy of the Union.

Polk won his way to the White House, and Clinton A. Snowden, author of a "History of Washington," says the expectation of the majority who gave Mr. Polk their votes was that he would stand for fifty-four forty as the boundary line "and make war for it if necessary." This expectation was strengthened by the declaration made by President Polk in his inaugural address on March 4, 1845, that it would be his duty to maintain the title of the United States to the territory beyond the Rocky Mountains.

President Polk, however, had already found that when in office one's views are often not quite so radical as when in the cool shades of opposition, and he modified his campaign utterances by engaging sacredly to respect all obligations imposed by treaties. In other words, on his first day in office Polk "hedged."

His language was sufficiently forcible, nevertheless, to enable the Tory party in Great Britain to make a savage attack on the Peel ministry in the British Parliament for the manner in which the Government had dealt with the boundary questions. Lord Clarendon, in a speech in the house of Peers, asserted that Polk, in his inaugural address had evinced a studied neglect of that courtesy and deferential language usually observed by governments in treating on international affairs, and he hoped the ministry would not shrink from vindicating the honour of the British nation. Lord Palmerston, in an equally severe arraignment, expressed his apprehension that another "Ashburton capitulation" was about to be concluded with regard to the Oregon boundary. Peel took the starch out of the opposition by quietly remarking that his government intended to maintain the rights of Great Britain in Oregon, which, he said, adopting American style, were "clear and unquestionable."

As proof that Peel had not been "asleep at the switch" of empire, and as showing how serious the affair had become, it may be mentioned that a fleet of British warships had been quietly assembled in North Pacific waters. H. M. S. *Fisgard* was in Puget Sound near the Hudson's Bay post of Fort Nisqually. The sloop-of-war *Modest,* carrying twenty guns, was anchored in the Columbia River near Fort Vancouver. At other points were the armed steamer *Cormorant* and the warships *Constant* and *Inconstant.* H. M. S. *America* also was on the coast. Lieutenant Peel, son of the Prime Minister, was aboard this vessel, and he took a letter to the Hudson's Bay authorities at Fort Vancouver, from Captain Gordon, saying that they had been sent by Admiral Seymour to assure Her Majesty's subjects in the country of firm protection.

This "sudden abundance of British protection" was regarded "almost as a menance" by the Americans in Oregon, who were much disturbed by the presence of the warships. However, those ships were not required to clear for action. While they were on the spot ready to defend the honour of the British nation, negotiations for a settlement were proceeding at Washington between Sir Richard Pakenham, the portly representative of Great Britian, and James Buchanan, United States Secretary of State. President Polk sincerely anxious "to promote peace and harmony between the two nations."

Still the ground was uncertain under the feet of both nations, and there is no knowing what might have happened if the point of cost had not

been brought into the discussion. In boundary questions as in most others money talks. After Britishers and Americans had exhausted their extensive vocabularies, after a proposal of arbitration had been made by Sir Richard Pakenham and rejected by Mr. Buchanan, after Lord Aberdeen, Colonial Secretary, had significantly directed the attention of the American minister in London to the large additions Great Britian was making to her armaments and the Americans had retorted by introducing in Congress a proposal to increase their military and naval forces, a sudden and remarkable change came over the character of the correspondence on the subject of the Oregon boundary. This was due to the fact that measures were introduced at Westminster and Washington which would effect the pockets of the traders of both nations and would have an influence on the cost of living. Peel introduced in the British House of Commons his celebrated corn laws, and the Democrats at Washington were ready with their tariff reductions. The removal of the duties on corn imported into Great Britian meant money for Americans. The reduction in the United States tariff on goods of foreign manufacture meant more business for the British. Men on both sides of the Atlantic who had excited themselves over the Oregon question suddenly became of the opinion that it would be foolish to resort to extreme measures over a slice of territory in the wild West. They found it eminently desirable to lessen their heat over Oregon in order that there might be an enlargement of commercial activities between Great Britain and the United States.

Differences over Oregon were quickly healed, and the plenipotentiaries indulged in the blessed act of compromise. The United States receded a long way from fifty-four forty, and Great Britian gave up her claim to land beyond the Rockies south of parallel 49. On June 15, 1846, the Oregon treaty was signed at Washington by Sir Richard Packenham and Secretary Buchanan, and thus was removed a bone of contention which but for trade considerations might have prevented the celebration of the peace centenary. Trade has its victories as well as war.

IN JOYOUS GARDE

By ANNE HIGGINSON SPICER

YOU have come back from all your wandering
To find me as you left me, still at work,
Grubbing among my bulbs (an earth-bound soul!),
While you with wingèd feet like Ariel
Have girdled all the world since last we met.
Thrice welcome you, and should you not be glad
That there are those who simply stay at home
A-weaving welcomes for you wanderers?
You come with your enthusiams fresh;
I'll share them with you gladly, if you like,
But do not try to make me envious.

Your happy eyes have seen the Parthenon
Since last you stood beneath our prairie sky,
And you have heard the Adriatic's call,

Fed with your very hand sweet Hilda's doves,
And plucked the asphodel in Sicily!
Well! I have heard our blue lake's friendly swish
Upon the shore. The song-birds are my friends
Who come with joyous twittering at my call.
Then late in March I found hepaticas—
But here's no Parthenon, I grant you that!

You say no sound can ever greet your ear
Like that bewildering old temple-bell
There in an ancient grove near Tokio
That boomed a melody you'll ne'er forget.
You tell me how in the great Abbey's nave
You heard a lad carolling high and higher
Some old Te Deum, till your heart began
To swell with rapture rev'rent, till it seemed
As if you scarce could be alive, so sweet
The sound, so great the scene. Ah! Yes, I know!
Sometimes at early dawn I steal from bed,
Open a door, and o'er the threshold step
Into a world where everything's dew-washed.
The air is silvery, pearl-like, luminous,
So pure, so morning-pure, one is afraid
To sully it with deed, or word, or thought.
One lonely star, perhaps, is lingering.
It seems the very morning of the world
And I the first to greet it—hush; what's that?
A note—a cadence—quivering through the air
Rising crescendo in an ecstasy
Of thanks to God and greeting to the day.
A song-sparrow, his wee, brown chorister!

You vow we have no artists here at home
Who rank with the great masters or can vie
With unassuming Orient artisans
Whose daily tasks are truly miracles?
Now tell me, was there ever Nippon bronze
Or Eastern tapestry which can compare
With yonder tracery of green and gold,
Sunlight and shadow, on the velvet ground?
And only look where, there against the sky,
The cornel lifts its shapely pointed spires
Of opening leaves, like tiny flames of green
Raising Spring's incense to the God of Light!
I cannot think those distant mystic shrines
Of which you speak with wonder in your voice
Could make my heart swell with more ecstasy
Than does this smell of rain-washed earth in May.

I am a painter, too. My canvas spreads
Only this little acre, in the sun,
But with this earth-stained trowel that you see
And bags of bulbs, queer roots, and tiny seeds
I paint my growing picture, year by year.

A "Spring-time" did your Botticelli paint,
I know it well, and think of it each time
I loose the earth about my primroses—
See where they smile, a very flash of gold!
All last October, when the early frost
Had turned the sassafras from gentle green
To a mosaic, flaming red and gold,
I plodded on my hands and knees for hours,
Digging and changing, humming as I worked,
A little tune of very olden times.
You know it, "Violets, like Juno's eyes"!
Now it is Spring, and blossoming in the shade
Here is the song, writ out in purple notes—
Puvis would call that colour good, I think,
Which I—helped out, 'tis true, by rain and sun—
Fashioned just here, a violet madrigal.

There where the pyrethrums are raising pink
And cheerful faces to the sun, it seemed
A bit too pink a spot, so t'other day
I took my trowel and dug up that root
Of pale forget-me not, and planted it
In front of all the pink. That night a shower
Fell, and next morning you could never guess
But Nature's brush those colours had combined
So right they looked, so reasonably they grew;
One helps the miracle where'er one can—
But there are miracles one cannot touch!
Not long ago, out in the April sun,
I swear I saw Mertensia change the tint
Of her pink buds into that wondrous blue
She jangles bell-like in the frosty breeze.
One might go round the world a hundred times
And never catch that trick of hers again.

I have not seen the marbles of the Greeks
Except as we do get them, second best,
But still I dare, with shears and pruning-knife,
Attempt a certain sculpture of my own!
I clip the shrubs to make a better bloom,
To curb them shapely, and let in the light
On humble blossoms growing at their feet.
But, oh, I'm careful! And I watch to see
How Nature does it, and I follow her
So you would never think them touched, but say,
"With what luxuriance, when let alone,
These wild things grow, and spread. I like them so!"

Perhaps some day I too shall travel far,
Hearing and seeing all that man has done,
Meanwhile I dig my garden, hum my song.
Who will may come to see my garden grow,
Smell the earth's incense, listen to the birds,
Breathe the soft breath of peace which here exhales,
And there's no man can make me envious.

A SONG OF THIS LAND

BY MRS. ARTHUR MURPHY

(JANEY CANUCK)

"OUT of the North comes tumult," say they who are poets, "and clangorous challenge to battle."

True, O poets! And out of the north come men of robust mood who will keep our nations honour, for this is a country where courage and truth are inborn, a land which sways the souls of its citizens unto high endeavour. From this country, where, of old, dwelt the bow-bearers who were eaters of strong meat, will come high-hearted men of loyal temper; for this is the world's House of Youth. This shall be its nurse of heroes.

"Money-flingers and careless, are these Northmen," says another, "and wasters of wealth."

True, O Sir Time Lock, but when the gods would be thrifty they give their money away. The gods are master-spenders and have learned the wide wisdom of being foolish. Do you follow me aright?

And this is the wisdom of our Northmen who have well tamed Dame Fortune and have set their sure brand upon her.

But, if money sticks not in their purses, and if they haggle not over coins, yet are these men businessful, with a purpose for large enterprise. In these latitudes, we have deep-councilled companies of traders who, while they love the sweet power of money, have ever bartered fairly and know the "mine" and "thine" are different words which rhyme well in all reckonings. I have sure grounds for knowing this and am minded to say, "Hail and all hail!"

"The North is a numbed and haggard land of arid snow," say many voices. "In its vast voids lives a dark spirit which lures men on and tricks them so that they come, in time, to love that which punishes them. And if by some fair hap they are led into any other and softer climes, then do they fret and fever for the wolf-lands of the Yukon or the Mackenzie as though some secret and unforbidden magic had entered their blood forever."

I will not speak contrawise to these men, for it is meet that I should speak fairly. The love of the North, like the fiery kiss of genius is a sorrowful gift and none can say whether it is greater in joy or pain. She is an exacting mistress, this white bodied, rude-muscled North, and of times she breaks and hurts a man till he drags his brokenness away to die. Yet, is she beautiful and passionately human; full of vigour and drunken with life, and her house stretches from the dawn to dayfall.

And why should men complain of the stabbing cold and of the unrestricted range of the young winds? Why do they wish to regulate God's snow and rain? What could be more hateful to men than unfaltering sunshine and ever-flowing fields?

In the winter of the fortressed North animals turn white, as do the birds and the very earth itself. All

were pallid and colourless but for the yellow belt of the setting sun and the black-green tree shadows that fall toward the pole. Rivers cease their singing; the birds are silent; and all is still to the bounds of the world, save only the sonorous wind which is the breath of Claeg, the Round One, who is the earth. Here the north-east wind is Lord Paramount, and the Crees and Chipewyans have long known that Death comes from his direction.

Listen! I made an error to say that all is stilled, for of occasion there is the mewl of the lynx, the yap of the timber wolf as he gives tongue in pursuit of *ah-pe-shee moos-oos*, the jumping deer; the howling infamy of the huskies seeking their meat from God; and the raucous roar of the hulking moose blind with rage of love.

Listen! I made an error to speak of an all-whiteness, for where the Aurora pins her colours to the sky it is like unto an angry opal. This is Beauty Absolute. Her swinging swords of flame none have measured: who shall tell the measure of this land?

But listen! It is not beyond our understanding that men should feel the urge of this Northland and its strange enticements. Some there are who speak of it as the lure of the North, the fret of spring, or the call of the red gods. Surely we may understand aright if we do but watch the birds flock hither of spring time, and how the fish fight up against the streams though it be to suffer and to die. These cannot resist the drag of the magnetic pole, any more than you or I who have souls and are feeling folk?

But it is not always frigid here, for we have spring-tide and the season of seven sweet suns.

"Good morrow!" shouts the tired Winter in the time of melting snows.

"Good morrow!" shouts back the nimble Spring as he throws a mist of green over the aspens.

"Come fly with me and touch the sun," pleads the eagle to his sweetheart.

"Come with me and be my love," woos Kiya, boatmen of the Athabaska; "already the young birds are in their nests and will soon fly away. Soon will the time of mating be past."

Aye! But the summer winds are honey-mouthed.

Aye! But the skies are star-enchanted, and there are fair stories I might tell about yellow grain fields and of red lilies like blown flame, but none save those who are prairie rangers would understand aright.

Besides, there are woolly mouthed men and chattering daws who say secretly that we of the North are boasters and that we tell ill tales.

But though we are impeached, yet will we say that our song is tinged with no lie. We are young men, and sowers of grain, and it is pleasant to glorify the largess of our harvest.

We are boasters, they tell, and full-mouthed; but why should we keep hidden and unshared the all-golden treasures of our fields? We will not hide this thing in our hearts, but with fair speech will sing it in a million-voiced canticle of praise. There is no need that we sing restrainedly of our goodly dower, or in measured words, for we are no servile race of hirelings but free men, and proclaimers of this land. Because we are witnessess that the talent of our country is folded in the fecund earth, we will speak aloud to our neighbouring Saxons of friendly mind, and to the brotherhood of the soil throughout the universe. We will speak with them concerning our gold and vineyards and fine flour, of our forests and fisheries and apple orchards, till their veins stir as with the tang of old wine. These folk have need to know that in the North prosperity groweth widely; that here the unbelievable is achieved. This is the true fairy land where swineherds, and barbers, and much labouring men are raised to riches and power. Here is a dining-hall whose

friendly feast is spread for all. Here every man may come and eat of our cakes and melons, of our honey and fat things.

The North has no need of an interperter: it has need of heralds. Then, ho! for our fierce and beautiful country, our strong and fertile country.

We will send these tidings Europeward and the far-delivered message shall not fall to the ground. It is a blithe young tune we shall sing, with a resonant chorus of "Canada, O Canada."

Fitting is it that we should sing to the Isles of Britain, for from them, is the birth of this breed and theirs is the royal stamp we bear upon our fighting arm. We are the wide-ruling seed of the Saxons and ever shall we answer to the rally of the race. All hands around! We will pledge the homeland of Britain.

And who will sing this song of the North? Sit you here till we talk of this thing. I pray you prompt my pen as its forgets.

They have come hither to sing it from Ottawa, which is the Place of Councils, and the soverign city in this fair house of Canada.

Hither have they come from the tobacco plantations of Essex; the yellow corn-fields of Lambton; the luscious peach groves of Kent, and the vineyards of Welland. These are lusty fellows and of fine fibre.

Here are men of consideration from the thick-leaved apple orchards of Nova Scotia and from the dairy steadings of Oxford. Have you never heard concerning the round towers of Oxford which are stacks of grain, and of the herds of black bulls which feed fatly on her meadowlands? Then it is the small knowledge you have of this Dominion and the bright fortunes of this people.

Others have joined our chorus who are from mailed Quebec, which is the eye of Canada; from Montreal whose traffickers are among the honourable of the earth, and from Niagara where, with subtle cunning men have bridled Neptune, the Lord of Waters, and made his trident into one of fire.

These courtly and free-handed fellows have hailed from Toronto! Beautiful Toronto! the city of work and play. I like well its stately homes and its women with honey-throated voices.

And, here where I write at Edmonton under the aurora, these men of the Southern Provinces have assembled with our lads of the North and West who are leather-fleshed and hard-sinewed but, withal, comely. This Edmonton on the Saskatchewan which the bow-bearers call by another name meaning "the great river of thronged city of the north; the city of the plains." This is the stranger that has merited a cheer. It is here our glorious Lady of Alberta has placed her throne whereunto all her sons come up that they may pay her tribute of honour.

To this place come the farmer-folk from the wheatlands of the queenly Peace, and the priests and trappers from the Athabasca which the bow-bearers call by another name meaning "the great River of the Woods." And hither come the traders and road builders from the pass between the cleft mountains where of old, dwelt Jaune of the yellow head; these, and the horse-taming men from young Calgary. We who love games and the glory of them stand at salute.

These are the men from Winnipeg, the Mother City of the North. Honour upon honour be to her!

Right pleasant is it to present the likely-looking lads of Regina and of the deep soiled plains of Saskatchewan. On the plains, the straight-blowing wind is scented from the grassed headlands dappled with flowers. On the plains, dwell strong, glad men in the joy of their youth. On the plains, there lives some common mother of the commonweal who is the ancestress of our kings to be.

These others whom I have held

back until now, that your attention might not faulter, are the dauntless, high-adventuring men who crossed the mountains to where the land lieth soft to the sea. These are the men of the new appointed City of Prince Rupert, the men of the fortunate, far-built city of Victoria, and those of sure seated Vancouver. May they build strongly and well. It is seemly that the forefront of our royal house of Canada should be of far-shining splendour.

We have high delights in this Province of British Columbia; in its unshorn hills that are furrowed with rifts of roses, in its fair-watered fruit-lands, and in the rice and silk ships that come reeling down its bays. This is a new-peopled land of fostered folk and, of times, men's hearts fail them lest these stranger-guests march not in step with the genius of the race. We who are your sister provinces, O Columbia by the Sea, stretch forth our hands to you and pray you as sentinels to keep our portals straightly but, notwithstanding, that you be wise in love to all things living..... And, now, to the hither side of the mountains have come these Western men of erect spirit to sing with us the song of the North and of Canada.

I wish my pen might tell you of our song, but this were a hard task, for while our voices are tuned to one chord our themes are manifold. Whatsoever things a man may desire, these may he find in his Mother Canada. Some men sing of her ample skies and the incorruptible glory of them; of her changing climes, limitless fields, and law loving spirit. Others have pleasant cause of song in the rivers that give water to the people; in far-strung wires and clear highways to the sea; and in her great institutions of beneficence which conserve the moral energies of the citizens.

Some, in voice which sounds like supplication, sing that a sense of safety may be preserved in our homes, and that sweet tranquillity may be the lot of our aged folk.

Others would have it that our ballot-strips fall from clean hands, and that no man think only of his own Province but of the well-being and good health of all.

"May our children, O Canada, have strong bodies and souls above the lusts of gain," urges one, "and let the women of our Dominion be skilled in mother-craft, but with their house windows open to the intellectual breezes of the world."

And I, of myself, am stirred to do tribute of praise, I am thy child O Canada, dear Mother! How shall I have wisdom to order my words aright? O my lips sing this song! Sweet, my pen, tell this tale, for the fulness of my heart has made heavy my hand.

I will make a crown of maple leaves for you and will twist them with flowers of the lily. See! I bring you native flowers; mint and roses, and clover blooms. I bring you goldenrod and marigolds and berries that are red. Take these from my hands. Good Mother! My heart is awed and I cannot speak aright.

Listen! All of us who sing to you have joined hands—Northmen and Southerners and men of the Coast-line. It is our wish to tell your glory aloud that all may hear. It is wiser still to leave a part untold, that the world may the better know it.

Hail to thee, O Canada, and hail to the flag! We who are thy children salute thee!

ALL-OF-A-SUDDEN SILVER

BY LOUISE MORRIS

MRS. JOHNSON was unhappy. Mrs. Johnson was in despair. She had just been looking at herself in the glass, and that contemplation had been most distressing. She was forty-five, and her figure was plenteous and rotund. How she wished she were twenty, and in appearance like a sylph!

Now the principal cause of Mrs. Johnson's sorrow and sadness was the remembrance that last night she and Jim had been entertained at dinner, and Jim had sat beside a long, *narrow, green, satin snake*—yes, snake, who had looked at Jim with lingering glances. Mrs. Jim had seen it all; oh, yes, indeed, but never a word did she say. Oh, no! She was too wise for that, but nevertheless the next day it worried her.

She sat in her beautiful Louis Quinze drawing-room and sighed for the days of her red plush parlour and tidies, the days before Jim struck Cobalt and didn't have green satin snakes to take in to dinner. But Jim was ambitious, and now the fruits of his ambition were here in concrete form: a period house—Georgian dining-room, Louis Quinze drawing-room, Adams study, Marie Antoinette bed-room, a limousine, a touring-car, everything and anything that this world puts before the unlimited grasp of a plutocrat. Money had piled in on Jim so quickly that Mrs. Jim had hardly time to breathe before she found herself the unwilling mistress of a palace and a horde of servants that made her tremble.

Jim seemed to delight in heaping the grandeur round her. Poor Mrs. Jim! Her diamonds worried her, her satins and furs and laces distressed her, the grand course dinners gave her bilious attacks. She sighed for the old "kimona" mornings, "blouse" afternoons and corn-beef dinners that she used to cook herself and that Jim enjoyed. A year of all this magnificence and grandeur found her sighing for "all the comforts of a *home*"; to tell Jim, who revelled in it all, so proud and happy to think he could buy these wonderful things, would be too cruel. So she dressed and drove and dined, and tried to enjoy everything. And she was just beginning to feel that perhaps the hankering for the old life would go when that dreadful thing happened last night.

So here she was, surrounded by all her artistic possessions, miserably jealous.

"Oh," she sighed and sobbed to herself, "never did I think my Jim could look at another woman but me. Yes, I've heard how in society the women go about robbing other women of their husbands. But she won't get him, no, not that sliver! These things never came into my head in the old days when Jim and me had our little home up west. I was too busy. He was too busy. Yes, I've heard when men made their money quickly, they sometimes cast off the old wife and get a young one to show off their wealth, but, my Jim's not one, I'm sure. But that snake!"

Her eyes were red and her hair all a jumble when Jim came in.

"Hello, Susie! Sitting in the dark! What's up?"

He switched on all the lights in the gorgeous apartment. You could not say "room"; it was too grand for that. When the lights came on, and he saw his wife's miserable face, he was in great distress.

"Why, Susie, for heaven's sake what's the matter, old girl?"

"Oh, nothing, Jim, I had a headache, but I'm better now."

"Well, I should hope so. We'll go to the show to-night. Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair asked us to go in their box. I met him down town to-day; so hustle up, get into your glad rags, and that'll do you good."

When her husband first came in, showing concern about her headache, she began to feel soothed and ashamed of her wicked, suspicious thoughts. But now! Mrs. Sinclair! The name of last night's green snake! *She* was going; that's why Jim wanted to go. Oh, never mind *her* headache, never mind how *she* felt. Oh, no, it was not for *her* sake that the theatre party was planned. No, Jim wanted to see his charmer again. All these thoughts ran riot in her tortured brain. Very well, she would be *game,* would see how the land lay.

So with no sign on her face that showed how her mind ran, she turned to her husband with a sort of sickly smile and said:

"Very well, Jim, I'll be on deck."

"All right, old girl, fix yourself spruce and let 'em see my old Dutch knows how, as well as the best of 'em."

Mrs. Johnson went upstairs to her "Marie Antoinette" bed-room and threw herself on her *petit trianon* lounge. Oh, of what use was all that expensive Frenchified fixings when her Jim had let his eyes play truant to gaze on seductive, satin slimness!

She finished her interrupted weep and then got herself ready for the fray, but the battle seemed uneven.

"Now," she mused despondently, "what use is it for me to go against her. I, with *my* shape, or, rather, my want of it; and she with her fashion plate figure."

When Mrs. Johnson was arrayed in all her finery she really looked comely. Certainly, she was sumptuous in proportion, but nevertheless she was good to look on, and so thought Jim Johnson when he came up to dress.

"Say, Susie, you certainly look good to me," he exclaimed on coming into her room.

Now, her mind was so poisoned by her jealous thoughts that everything he said was distorted and twisted to suit her own fancy.

"Oh, yes," she thought to herself, "just a bit of taffy to put me off the track."

Several things had been the cause of her feelings: Her digestion during the whole year since they had become wealthy had been put to a sore test. She loved sweets, but in the pre-Cobalt days could not afford them, and now she had revelled for twelve months in a sustained enjoyment of saccarine dainties. Naturally, she suffered much from dyspepsia. Then, in the old days she had been a very energetic woman, and now she lolled and drove and sat in the lap of luxury, with nothing to do. Besides, she had been reading the "six best sellers", and these combinations, with the fact that her glances last night had been—well, if not for the scarlet woman then for her first cousin, the green lady, with the result that now she seemed to be looking through the wrong end of the opera glasses.

As soon as Jim was ready for the evening, he came into his wife's dressing-room looking happy and contented.

"Well, Susie, ready?" he asked.

"Yes!"

She spoke in a very apathetic tone.

"Say, look here, Susie, what is the matter with you? If you are not well we won't go. You don't seem

like yourself. Tell your old man, won't you?"

He looked at his partner of twenty-five years' standing with eyes of quiet affection and consideration. But did Susie see those eyes? Or if she did, she mis-read their expression.

"Oh, I'm all right—sure we'll go," she said, while thinking to herself, "Yes, a good excuse to leave me at home."

During the dinner in their dining-room of beautiful colour schemes and expensive decorations, which the decorator had told them was quite the proper thing for a Cobalt King, Susie was quite bright. It would not do for their imported English butler to see any signs of the tempest raging within her. But this man was like unto the heathen gods; eyes had he, but saw not; ears had he, but heard not; neither had he utterance with his tongue; that is, up stairs, but—below! Ah, well, he was neither deaf, dumb nor blind there. Susie and Jim acquired him with the rest of their golden glory. Neither of them had wanted to branch out so glitteringly, but Cousin Jane said they owed it at least to society.

Cousin Jane was a lady of meagre dimensions, clear brain, uncertain age, large aspirations and a slender purse; but she knew what was in the social swim, and had helped them to launch their palatial yacht on the troubled waters.

When Jim came into his heritage of all-of-a-sudden silver, a troop of poor relations came tumbling out of the background and got right into the centre of the picture. Jim sorted them out, then put them back in their places with a little sum each to do in percentage to see how much was coming to them every year from the amount that their rich relation settled on them. But Jane was retained, for she promised to be a valuable asset in the business of spending the money. It is as hard sometimes for some people to spend money in the right way as it is for others to acquire it. So Jane made her home with her cousins and was now their social pilot. She steered them safely over the rocks of over-ostentation and kept their vessel away from the reefs of under estimation of themselves and their belongings. To Jim she was a boon, for he liked to spend money freely. But he easily acquired the gift of "know how", although to Susie it was a hard task after so many years of saving and scrimping. It gave her pain at first to spend on one dress more than she used to have for her yearly outfit. But under Jane's able tutelage she was improving and could squander a ten-dollar bill now without feeling she was doing herself out of next year's hat.

As to Jane herself, she was a born spender—without the money. But after Cousin Jim gave her the position (unofficially) of Keeper of the Keys of his treasury, she was in her glory, and revelled in her position. Just now she was away, travelling in Europe (of course at Cousin Jim's expense) and Susie missed her breezy personality, which always put her on the right track. Susie felt sure that if Jane had been home the situation would have worn a different aspect. Jane would have shown her how to rout the enemy. But as it stood, here was Mrs. Johnson, wife of a Cobalt millionaire, a being envied by many, a woman who should have been the happiest in the land—here she was, her body over-fed by too many and too much of the flesh pots of Egypt, and her mind tortured by a consuming jealousy, with no palliative in the shape of Jane's sound common-sense and matter-of-fact manner to make her see things in the proper light. Of course, to tell Jim was out of the question. So she, like the Spartan boy, let the fox of doubt and suspicion gnaw at the vitals of her brain and heart.

During dinner Jim kept watching Susie, very worried about his "old girl". However, since she declared

she was all right, off they went to the theatre. Mrs. Jim hardly took her eyes off *the snake*. This time she looked more like a boa constrictor, with a scaly glistening effect all over her. Susie felt the difference in their appearance most acutely, and Mrs. Sinclair was quite aware of the trend of her thoughts. What woman is there who weighs 135 lbs. and is five feet, ten inches high, with a beautiful face and form, who does not know how another woman, who tips the scale at 175, measures five feet, nothing, and is merely pretty, feels towards her? How those women know one another!

Well, this sort of thing kept up for some weeks. Each time that Susie met Mrs. Sinclair looking more ravishing than ever, her feelings would go down to zero. Jim was at a loss to understand what was the matter. He attributed it to Jane's absence, and suggested that Susie visit her sister for a change; and Susie put it down to his desire for her to leave him.

Now it happened that one afternoon she had just finished reading "Old Wives for New" and pictured herself as *Sophie*. She sat over the fire in the Italian fireplace and wished herself back in the little cosy sitting-room up west before the days of silver and sorrow, for she seemed to see stretching before her a future Jimless and joyless. Her imagination was running riot in a chaotic luxury of unmitigated gloom. She walked up and down the length of the library surrounded by priceless treasures that to her meant no more than the contents of the five-and-ten-cent store. Pearls before swine was no comparison as to the value that all these artistic possessions meant in Susie's eyes. In her perambulations up and down the room, she saw the morning paper lying on the table. She sat down and listlessly at first she turned the pages. Then all of a sudden she sat up in her chair, her eyes sparkling, her cheeks glowing, for she saw an advertisement that seemed written in letters of fire to her—words that looked as if she were seeing her salvation in the printed lines. This is what Susie read:

Are you losing your husband's love?
Come to us and lose your superfluous flesh and gain more than you lose
In Admiration
and
Love
from the other sex.
Are you forty and wish to look twenty?
Ten years of neglect cured in ten weeks.
COME TO US!
We will
Multiply your charms.
Subtract your blemishes.
Add to your beauty,
And you will not have to
Divide your husband's affection
with any one.
Mme. NATHALIE & CO.,
102 Spruce St.
Consultation private.

Of course, to-day was too late to do anything, but the thought of what she was going to do cheered her up so much that that night at dinner Jim thought she was getting normal again.

Next morning, as early as possible, she went to her interview with Mme. Nathalie, and afterward there was a period of hard work on Susie's part. For a month she kept up the treatment. Getting thinner? Yes, but losing her comeliness also. Where her flesh was firm and plump, it now began to hang in festoons round her bones. Her couple of chins were dissolving themselves into scrawny bags. Of course she did not eat much, and each day the desire for the good things of life increased more and more.

Now after this drastic treatment had continued for more than a month, and Jim saw his wife looking ill and with no appetite apparently, he became alarmed and urged her to see a doctor. But she objected, and as her flesh decreased, her jealousy increas-

ed, and her good spirits departed. She was slowly making of herself a mental and physical wreck. Jim was very much worried, but Susie put down the anxious, distressed looks in his face to his pining for the unattainable.

Matters were in this most uncomfortable state when the climax arrived one afternoon. Susie had had her morning's treatment and felt completely worn out. She felt she must indulge again in her beloved afternoon siesta. So she fixed herself snugly on the lounge in her *boudoir* and was soon sound asleep.

About four o'clock Jim thought he would go home. He felt worried about his wife and made up his mind he would make her see a doctor. When he went into Susie's little room off her bedroom and saw her lying on the lounge asleep with all the muscles of her face relaxed and looking as she did, he got a shock. He had not realized actually how bad she did look. His mind was immediately made up.

"By heavens she *will* see the Doctor," he muttered to himself, "now's the time."

He gently tip-toed through the room beyond, which was the "den", shut the door, sat at his desk, took up the receiver of the telephone and spoke to the doctor.

"Say, Doc, when you have finished off your afternoon patients, could you come right over to me? You could come at once? Good, will explain later."

Then he gave instructions to his man to have Dr. Williams come up at once to his "den". He tip-toed back once more to see whether Susie was still sleeping.

About twenty minutes later, she woke up with a start, to see her husband and Dr. Williams standing before her.

"What's the matter," she exclaimed?" "Oh, Jim, are you ill?"

"No, siree, not *me;* but you're the one. Now, see here, Susie: I've had enough of this tomfoolery. You've *got* to let the doctor see you. I'm not going to be monkeyed with like this here any more. I'm worried and anxious about you this month past, with you not eating and getting flabby and haggard looking, losing all your health and good looks too. No, siree! Dr. Williams is going to put you right or my name's not Jim Johnson."

Susie looked up at her husband, and, seeing the stern determination and consternation on his face, began to ask herself had she been a fool? Was she all wrong? She started to say something, but the sudden shock to her nerves at seeing the two men suddenly, combined with her condition of semi-starvation and Mme. Nathalie's "treatment" and the bitter feelings she had entertained towards her faithful Jim, was too much and she burst into a fit of hysterical sobbing.

"Leave her to me," said the doctor, and Jim, thinking all manner of horrible things, waited an hour in his study for the diagnosis.

When Dr. Williams recalled him into the room, Jim realized a transformation. Susie looked brighter and happier than she had looked in months. Dr. Williams had got all the facts of the case from her, told her in polite terms what a complete fool she had been, advised her to tell her husband *everything,* and denounced Mme. Nathalie as a *quackess* with her drugs and nostrums. He advised her to drop it all, and go back to her sane and normal life, and one of the best tonics he could give her was when he told her how poor Jim was nearly broken hearted at the thought that she was so ill and that perhaps he might loose her.

"Nothing the matter at all," said Dr. Williams, "a good square meal and a cry on your shoulder will fix her up O.K."

Jim looked dazed and astonished at the doctor's diagnosis and prescription. Dr. Williams patted his

patient on her still plumpish back, shook Jim's hand and was off, leaving the shame-stricken woman to make a clean breast of it to her husband.

Then she told him all her jealous fears, about her visits to Mme. Nathalie, and when Jim heard all the story he laughed a good deal and told her how very foolish she had been.

"Why, my dear," said he, "sure I admired Mrs. Sinclair's good looks. A man don't get cataract of the eye because he's married! Don't you like to look at pretty pictures and things? But, Susie, old girl, you and your health are more to me than all the money, good looks or anything else in this gol-darned old world. Don't you go playing any more monkey tricks with yourself. Don't you know how your old man loves you? There never has been and never will be any other woman in this world for me. You and I ought to know that by now. So dry your eyes and be your own bright jolly *fat* self again. You're *all* right, with the accent on the all. And I'm going to take you away for a trip. We'll join Jane and forget all our troubles."

And then Mrs. Jim sighed a large sigh of utter content and said,

"Oh, Jim, I'm *so* happy, and *so* hungry."

APPLE BLOSSOMS

By ARTHUR L. PHELPS

SHY, amorous,
The brown-haired dryads of the apple trees
I saw this day.
Shy were they in among the blowing blossoms;
Their white knees,
Hidden by blossom tapestries
The wind had woven, weaving cunningly.

Yet their arms and faces,
And shoulders bloomy pink, by swaying spray
I saw; and their long glances,
In the sunny garden places
Where the sunlight dances,
Held me in sweet trances;

While they begged me come to play,
Bathe with them in blossoms,
On a white spring day!

From the Painting by Charles Furse in the National Art Gallery of Canada

THE LILAC GOWN

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

"The last word in summer playgrounds"

LAKE TIMAGAMI

A NORTHERN ONTARIO PLAYGROUND

BY MATTHEW PARKINSON

THREE hundred miles north of Toronto, nestling in the midst of the everlasting green of the Timagami Forest Reserve, lies Lake Timagami—the last word in summer playgrounds. Hundreds of miles of crystal clear water, air so laden with balsamic odours that one cannot inflate one's lungs sufficiently, an arch of empyrean blue often unflecked by even a fleecy cloud, and green, evergreen, receding hillsides ranged rank over rank in "gay theatric pride" make Timagami an ideal resting-place during the "dog-days" of July and August. Here the brain-fagged, nerve-racked, denizens of our great cities may find rest, real rest, from the clash and clang, the hurry and the worry of the ten months' grind in the treadmill of business life.

Timagami! Pronounced, *ti-mog-a-me*, with a full, open, deep chested tone. How the very sound carries one off into the northern woods! From it you catch the odours of the balsam and the pine; in it you hear the sounds of roaring cascades and lapping waters; and with it settles down into your heart's heart the mystery, the witchery and the peace of the wildwood. *Timagami!*

Nor is Timagami without its romance. Those young men and maidens chatting in that soft wilderness tongue under the pine trees there are the lineal descendants of Hiawatha and Laughing Water. For did not schoolcraft learn the Indian legends from the Objibway chieftains of these Northern Ontario lake lands, which he afterwards cited to Longfellow who embalmed them in those singing verses which all English speaking people have learned to love so well? These islands bore, two hundred years ago, the mystic symbol, *H. B. C.*, which the Hudson's Bay Company of "Gentlemen Adventurers" used as their sign of ownership and domain. These portages have born the print of the feet of

"Roaring cascades and lapping waters"

frowsy Indians, black-robed priests, picturesque *coureurs de bois* for hundreds of years. And the soil and the rock now trodden by the unthinking trapper and traveller, lumberman, fire-ranger, and tourist have been made sacred by the footsteps of many fired with light hopes for the spiritual emancipation of the native race and these clear waters have often given back the image of the tonsured head of Oblat, or Recollet, or Jesuit.

But, you will properly ask, how do we reach this modern "Land of Promise"? What hardships must we endure before we may enjoy this pristine wilderness? Absolutely none! Standard Pullman Coaches, and solid vestibule trains, the *Cobalt Special* will drop you off at Timagami station on the Lake; and, then a string of comfortable hotels, boarding-houses and camps linked up by a fleet of commodious steamers make your comfort a foregone conclusion. Although in the heart of a wilderness of 5,900 square miles of pine and fir from which no stick has ever been cut you are entertained in a hotel which would put many pretentious city hostelries to shame. Although in the morning you may dispute passage with a sleepy brown bear which has taken possession of the portage before

you, or stalk a lordly moose feeding among the lily pads in a neighbouring lakelet, you have passed the night on a comfortable mattress in a well ventilated bed-room and eaten breakfast from a table supplied not only with well-cooked food, but with the supposedly necessary accompaniments also of bright silver and spotless linen. Timagami combines the comfort of

Timagami is reached from Toronto by the *Cobalt Special* running over the Grand Trunk, and Temiskaming and Northern Ontario lines. It leaves Toronto at 8.30 P.M., Buffalo at 12.50 P.M. over the Lehigh Valley), and puts you off at Timagami at 8.46 next morning just in time for breakfast, which is waiting for you at the *Hotel Ronnoco,* the first of a pair of

"In five minutes you have passed from civilization into the 'forest primeval'"

home with the freedom of the absolute wilderness. Of course, many, the majority in fact, prefer the tent to the hotel, the spruce boughs to the mattress; and therefore, immediately on arrival they secure a canoe and outfit, purchase supplies for a week or a month and betake themselves to the forest from which they emerge at the end of their stay, browned and unshaven but healthy and happy singing:

Crystal Timagami, Wasaesinagami!
Low waves that beat on thy shadowy shore.
We will come back and sing for encore;
Back to the wilds again, show me the way.
Make me a child again, just for a day.

hotels owned by the Timagami Steamboat and Hotel Company.

The clear, dry, northern air has already begotten in you a Timagami appetite, and as you sit and devour a luscious *red* steak cut, not from a Canadian steer, but from a twenty-pound, pink, Timagami lake trout; and as you feel the breath of the wildwood breeze sighing through the open lattice fresh from whimpering wavelets which lie crisping in the sunlight just outside the window, laden with the pungent odours of pine and balsam, you have time to realize you are at last in the wildwood with all the worry and bustle of the big city left far behnid you for at least a few glad

days. Your nerves relax, your cares roll away, and the great, glad, unconventionalized heart within you free from the trammels of modern social life, you are ready to doff the christie and the four-button sack for the cap, the sweater, and the moccasins, and resign yourself to the wilderness.

But the toot, toot, of the *Belle of Timagami* lying at her wharf, a stone's throw from where you are sitting, dispels your day-dream and warns you that time is up and you must be off to enjoy the marvels which this entrancing lake-land has in store for you. At last you are seated well forward in the bow on the upper deck, around you are a few tourists; one or two fire-rangers on their way into these interminable forest mazes watching for incipient fires, the result of careless campers; the inevitable Objibway, possibly with his frowsy squaw, looking for engagement as a guide to some timorous or lazy tourist.

The engines throb; the ropes are thrown off the snubbing posts; the *Belle* makes headway from the wharf; her nose points to a tiny passage-way between two islands; a sharp bend in her course; and, behold, an intervening island shuts out the view of the wharf, hotel, and railway station and in five minutes you have passed from civilization into the "forest primeval," from the land of "fire horse" and the "boiled" shirt to the land of the canoe and the sweater. Ahead is a tortuous channel, winding between islands clothed in green. On either side receding hillsides covered with pine and fir as far as the eye can reach.

"There nestling among the pine trees rests the Timagami Inn"

For fifteen delightful miles this northeast arm bends and twists, each succeeding turn disclosing new vistas of surpassing beauty. At last Metagama Point is reached, a swing to the right, a sweep to the left, and you round the angle of Timagami Island; and, there, nestling among the pine trees rests the Timagami Inn, the

second of the pair of hotels owned and operated by the Timagami Steamboat and Hotel Company. Here you may rest for a day, a week, or a month, there is good fishing all about you; and interesting canoe trips may be taken from the Inn up and down Timagami's myriad waterways.

But the lure of the wilderness is in your blood and the early morning sees you off again. As you leave the Inn the good ship *Belle* breasts out into the open lake. Here Timagami spreads out into an expanse some two or three miles wide, broken by islets, and flanked by the towering green hills of the mainland. The scene beggars descripton. Before you lies a kaleidoscopic view of open water, island and pine covered mountain, which is unrivalled in the world. Almost immediately you are in full view of Bear Island, just two miles away. Veering to the right, the Indian village lies spread out before you. Then, on that jutting promontory stands the Fire Rangers' Hall. Here the wardens of this great Timagami forest preserve congregate, from here they are sent out two and two on those lonely journeys over portage, lake, and stream, ever watchng for the signs of devastating forest fire. There, on the receding hillside stands the Catholic Church; its spire a heavenward pointing finger; bell tolling out in the far away wilderness the story of the fidelity and heroism wrapped up in the lives of the Jesuit Fathers who first carried the story of the Cross to the Indian tribes in the forest fastnesses of Canada.

"Wabi-Kon Camp, showing as splashes of white on its background of green"

Timagami has often been compared to a gigantic octopus. Bear island is the heart of the octopus. From there stretch out north and south, east and west, the countless legs and arms and feelers of which this immense, watery, cuttle-fish is composed. Each is more sinuous, and enticing than the other; and each is swallowed up in the interminable pine forest with which the whole country is covered. Bear Island is a great outfitting point. Many have out-

fitted at Timagami Station, many prefer to outfit at the Inn, but many come to Bear Island.

Now the trouble comes to outline your itinerary. Six miles north lies Keewaydin Camp, five miles east Wabi-Kon Camp stands with its canvas houses showing as splashes of white on its background of green; and six miles south there is a busy hive of young lads along with many of their grownup admiring friends.

But you are not for any permanent camp. Yours is the canoe, the springy balsam bed, the portage, the spinning reel, the tugging trout, the glinting moonlight on the shimmering waters, the life in the wildwoods.

Timagami has all of this in store for you. The North Arm stretches its tortuous coils up twenty-three miles to Sharp Rock Portage leading on through Diamond Lake to Lady Evelyn, with her marvellous waterfall lying embowered in its fairy glen. Ko-Ko-Ko Bay with its winding channel beckons you up its eght miles of lily decked waters. Has the Obabika Inlet, with its mazy waterways now lost only to be found again behind some sheltering island or jutting point, stretching some twelve miles into the luring west, no voice to bid travel its way? But why enumerate the South Arm, the South West Arm, Portage Bay, or Shimmering Wood Bay, they are all alike alluring, all alike marvellously beautiful. The sadness is that one short summer is not enough to explore any even small part of Timagami's wonders. If we tarried forty days each year, and visited four of her beautiful islands each day, it would take us ten succeeding years to visit once her sixteen hundred isles and islets. If we explored her three thousand miles of shore line we should have a canoe trip from Halifax to Vancouver and some two hundred miles out into the Pacific ocean. And this is Ontario's heritage. This lake which ten years ago was scarcely marked on a Government map, and absolutely unknown except to the Indian, trapper, and Hudson's Bay trader.

"Does no voice bid you travel this way?"

THE GREAT LAKES

A SONNET SEQUENCE

By HOWARD M. JONES

SUPERIOR

MOTHER of mighty mysteries am I,
Of cold dead dawns and sudden even-close,
And strange weird fogs that swirl with seething snows;
The mournful winds that shriek their symphony
Across my barren breast, and with shrill cry
From nameless graves in formless, phantom rows
Call up lost fleets, hurled deathward with fierce throes—
These are my children and they cannot die.

Man plants his watch towers on my lonely shores,
And digs his harbours with Titanic pain,
And in frail ships presumptuously explores
My icy waves, but at his feeble reign
Down untamed blasts ironic laughter roars,
Clanging like shaken swords in battle-pain.

HURON

BENEATH the summer sky a beach of sand,
Ribbed like the bones of dead men and as pale;
The rippling wash of water as the frail
Fleets of white foam ride slowly to the land;
Swift gulls that dip and flutter o'er the strand,
Then skim across the lake, where one bright sail,
Poised on the far horizon's golden rail,
Faints like the first touch of a lover's hand.

These are my playthings—cloudless, sunsoaked sky
And shimmering lake and distant, white-winged ship,
Careening like a summer butterfly;
With them I laugh and change and dance and skip
Till night comes on with wave-washed lullaby
And into moods of murmuring dream I slip.

MICHIGAN

ALL day the shifting steamers swiftly ply
Their paths across my waters, and by night
They seem, with mast and porthole dipped in light,
Great constellations fallen from the sky;
Like threaded jewels woven skilfully
Into the web of trade, with sleepless might
Upon the lake's dark loom in patterns bright,
The vessels follow as the shuttles fly.

They weave my bonds, these ever-changing ships,
Hither and thither moving through the deep,
And so sometimes I raise an arm that drips
With liquid water-gems, and seize and keep
The lordly merchant craft, and with wet lips
Sometimes I kiss them and they fall asleep.

ERIE

THE glare of furnaces is on my coast,
And gaunt black wharves and writhing snake-like cars
Filled with red ore, from which man forges bars
Of steel and iron to bind me; but when most
Of his supreme dominion he would boast,
Then I unleash the winds to wage their wars,
And their wild laughter blows away the stars;
My shallow waves become a seething host

Of frightened storm-whipped billows; with a roar
As though a hundred years were to assemble
Their mingled thunders, wrathfully I pour
My hell-brew over ledges that resemble
The walls that bound in Hades, till the hoar
And adamantine gorges shrink and tremble!

ONTARIO

THE Northern Lakes are sisters and they hold
Their sunlit bowls upraised to catch the snows
When all the dumb, dead northward overflows
With melting, madcap music, and the old
Hemlocks and larches shake their load of cold,
Shivering with springtime as the water goes
Down the long inland seaway to its close,
Where I, least of the lakes, stand last enrolled.

Wistful and sad I watch my sister queens
In royal blue and golden sunshine glowing,
Till in the distance die their flashing sheens;
Then, with a sob, my isolation knowing,
I turn—and lo! entangled in the greens
Of the Thousand Isles seaward a stream is flowing.

From the Painting by John Lavery.
Exhibited by the Canadian National
Exhibition

THE
EQUESTRIENNE

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

THE
ADVENTURES OF ANIWAR ALI

BY MADGE MACBETH

AUTHOR'S NOTE.—The crimes of the Thugs (A Thug is a deceiver, from the Hindi verb "thugna," to deceive. It is pronounced T-u-g, slightly aspirated) in India were not seriously taken into account by the British Government until about 1820. Before that time reports that reached authorities were treated as enormous exaggerations, it being almost impossible to believe that such a system as Thuggee could exist. By its very audacity did it flourish! Its strength lay in the fact that its members found in it not only a source of luxurious living, as a result of their depradations, but a religious significance—it being countenanced by the goddess Bhowanee, the Destroyer. Thugs lived double lives in the literal sense; they were often married to charming and virtuous women, had families who loved them well, and were models of respectability in the cities. Most of them were merchants. They never, with one or two exceptions, attacked Europeans, by which clever far-sightedness Europeans were kept in ignorance of their practices. The constant broils between petty princes and their dependents induced foreigners to consider Thuggee, as far as they knew of it, as the ordinary native dispute. This series of stories is taken mainly from facts gathered by Colonel Meadows Taylor.

I.—HIS DEEDS IN BLOOD AND GLORY

JOHN BRADLEY, Commissioner of the Munshi Nugger District, Bundelkund, stood at his office window looking out upon the sun-baked street. A crowd of naked children stopped a moment in their play to listen to a native professional singer, who for some reason best known to himself, chose this unprofitable spot and hour in which to lift his voice in song; a holy mendicant droned his prayers under the shade of a stunted tree, the while he mechanically plucked vermin from his sacred person; a sweets-seller created a diversion by placing with great show and bustle a tray of fresh sweet-meats on view. The children darted over to the stall with a hungry whoop and stood with bulging eyes and watering mouths in a dark semi-circle round it.

But Bradley's gaze included none of these accustomed sights. He was watching a cloud of dust which presently resolved itself into a cart containing a young man and a native driver, and which drew up before the Commissioner's door.

As Frank Chisholm stood on the threshold waiting for his eyes to grow accustomed to the semi-darkened room, Bradley took stock of him with a rapidity and accuracy born of long experience in judging men. To himself he said, with a sigh of relief:

"Thank heaven, he'll do!"

Chisholm advanced with outstretched hand.

"You are the Commissioner, I suppose?"

"Yes, and you are Chisholm. I am glad you felt that a change would be acceptable, for I've got work to

do which will put a good man to the test. Did you understand that I don't want a tin-pot assistant?"

"Yes, and I am glad of it—thanks for the trust."

They sat down after Bradley had closed and locked the office door.

"Coming to the point at once, then," he said, "you know what Thuggee is, I suppose?"

"Oh—er—in a vague sort of way. It is a kind of brigandage or the like, isn't it? You see, sir, I have been in Keepur so long, that I am quite out of touch with the world. For that reason, if no other, I was glad to get your call to a field of action."

Bradley smiled a little grimly.

"You should have plenty of action and a good deal of risk, my boy," he said. "In India, it seems that we can't have one without the other. The situation is this: Wandering marauders have banded themselves under a strong and well-organized system called Thuggee. The members are Thugs whose patroness is the goddess Bhowanee."

"Oh, yes, I know," interrupted Chisholm. "She is the old girl who demands human sacrifices."

"Exactly! And their duty to her requires that they strangle the victims they plunder in a peculiar way known only to a comparative few. Men are especially trained for this work, which is carried on in such a wholesale manner that entire caravans disappear—men, women, children, servants and escort, without a trace to tell of their fate or their murderers. Reports which have hitherto reached us have been for the most part discredited because they seemed too monstrous for belief; evidence has come in latterly, though, to prove that it not only exists and that no report however monstrous is too exaggerated to be true, but that many hereditary and chief officers of villages have had connection with Thugs for generations, affording them facilities for murdering travellers upon their lands and allowing such atrocities to pass with impunity—to say nothing of sheltering the murderers in times of danger. In return for these privileges they receive either a stipulated sum or a proportion of the plunder, and immunity from attack against themselves, their families and their dependents."

Chisholm whistled softly.

"Is it as bad as that?"

"Worse, if possible," answered Bradley. "For the chances of tracking the actual criminals are slim—it is not to a Rajah's advantage to kill the hen that lays the golden egg, you see. Who is there to inform or to give a clue? Why, just listen to this report!"

He opened a drawer, from which he took an official communication, and read:

May 5th, 182—

To the Commissioner of Munshi Nugger, Bundelkund.

Sir,—In compliance with the instructions contained in your letter of January 9th, I have ascertained the following facts:

1. On the eve of February 7th, fifteen people arrived in the village of Tuhka. They were Ram Das, a trader from Hyderabad, on his way to Poona, two daughters, a female servant, a grown son, two assistants, three male servants, and five armed men as escort. They carried considerable treasure—gold cloth, jewels, and so forth. No trace of them can be found after that evening, but a bullock cart and four bullocks, said to belong to Ram Das were sold in the bazaar at Azmar on February 11th, together with a quantity of gold brocade and some jewels. No clue is to be found of the men who made these sales.

2. On the 16th of March, the Rajah of Zurapure sent three soldiers with valuable jewels to a place of safety in Orissa. He feared that, owing to the lawlessness of wandering bands—consequent upon the war between Holkar and Sindia—his domain might be raided and his palace plundered. These three men entered Chatara on the 19th, and the jemadar remembers recommending them a safe lodging for the night. The native town magistrate, who is known as the "kotwali," distinctly recollects seeing them leave town on the following morning in the company of a considerable number of armed men whose acquaintance they must have made during the night, and whose party they

probably had joined for safety. The Rajah's men were never heard of again—I cannot gather the smallest clue as to their fate, but two magnificent emeralds belonging to the Rajah were sold in Delhi on April 14th, and other jewels identified as being his, have been sold between that date and now in various towns of the Dekhan.

3. On March 20th, Gooda Singh, a sub-collector of Genespoor, was sent with private papers to the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab. Gooda Singh and the seven men who formed his escort have been traced only a short distance; then nothing more can be learned of their movements. Neither the men nor the despatches reached their destination.

In addition to these individual and authenticated cases, reports have reached me of the disappearance of several other parties and the loss of considerable treasure between the dates of February 15th and the end of April. There is no doubt, Sir, in my opinion, that Thuggee is responsible for these mysterious disappearances, and I would suggest that an immediate and concerted effort be made to check this infamous traffic. Of the disappearance of unfortunate travellers we know, but of the horrible manner of their undoubted death we have yet to learn, positively. I hesitate to set down, herewith, rumours which have reached me concerning the practice of strangling victims at the same time their necks are being broken by a deft manipulation of the knuckles, fearing that you will find them impossible to credit.

I have the honour, my dear sir, to be
Your most obedient servant,
ARTHUR HENDERSON.

"You are still anxious to undertake the work?" asked the Commissioner, after a pause.

"How much, per head, do I get for the devils as I round them up?" questioned Chisholm, in return.

Bradley smiled as he held out his hand.

"I wish I could go with you," he said in parting. "I suggest that Baum is a good starting-point for your operations, and, further, that you and the two Eurasians who will accompany you masquerade as superintendent and assistants of a survey party. This subterfuge will furnish an excellent excuse for wandering about the country, unsuspected. Good-bye, and good luck!"

The bazaar at Baum offered Chisholm many advantages as a starting-point. Here Mussulmans, Pathans, Sikhs, Rajputs, Maharattas, Pindaris,, Brahmins, and Hindus met on common ground; here came merchants and traders to exchange everything from a jewel to a wife.

Chisholm and his party arrived in the morning; he sent his men, instruments and bags to the Dak bungalow—a residence always reserved for European travellers—and lost no time in mixing with the people. Wandering aimlessly about the bazaar, he found no special feature to attract his attention at first. Then a harsh voice fell upon his ear.

"By the beard of the Prophet! You clumsy dog!" shouted a lean, thin-lipped merchant, as his driver dropped a bale of cloth in the dust. "I will break every bone in your body if you throw my precious cloth of gold in the dirt as a prayer-mat for any greasy son of a pariah to walk upon!"

The driver grovelled with apologies, but his master was not appeased. His angry voice and torrent of abuse soon gathered quite a crowd of onlookers to the spot, amongst whom Chisholm noted two stalwart Mohammedans. He fancied that a look passed between them as they stepped forward to assist the furious merchant.

"Perhaps the bales are too heavy for the back of a jackal," suggested Hossein, the shorter of the two, with great politeness. "Allow us!"

Peer Khan accepted their services greedily, advising them how to lift his goods out of the road into a place of safety.

"*Mashalla!*" he exclaimed, when the work was finished. "But for your honoured help, I would have been forced to see my precious cloth and damask lie like rugs in the road to be worn to threads by the feet of ten million of the Faithful!"

"He is a worthless reptile, that driver!" said Aniwar Ali, speaking for the first time. "I should have

beaten him on the mouth with a slipper!" Which pleasing suggestion met with the boisterous approval of the merchant.

"It is hot, here, in the sun," said he. "Shall we not have some sherbert and a *hookah* together?"

The invitation was immediately accepted, and Chisholm watched the three walk off. He then made his way to the Dak bungalow and his mid-day meal.

The *jemedar,* or steward, met him effusively.

"Your honour's presence is comforting to me," he said. "It brings peace and protection here, where danger lurks like a panther."

"Is it as bad as that?" asked Chisholm, laughing.

The steward looked furtively round before replying.

"No one is safe, nowadays," he whispered seriously.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Thugs are infesting the district, Excellency."

"But what do *you* know of Thugs?"

"Alas, sahib, I know too much of them! My brother has undoubtedly met his death at their hands."

Chisholm looked up quickly.

"Tell me the circumstances," said he.

Glad of an audience the *jemadar* began:

"Bullala Sen was a poor man; he often used to carry valuables to various places for rich men who chose him for this work because they thought that his poor appearance would not attract attention. Last month he was hired to carry bills of exchange to Kothanpore over the road upon which so many caravans have disappeared. Imagine, then, how lucky he considered himself when soldiers invited him to join their party which was marching to fight for Sindia."

"And was the protection not sufficient?" interrupted Chisholm.

"Protection, sahib!" cried the steward. "Bullala Sen gave himself unwittingly into the very hands which were to murder him! Neither he nor the bills ever reached their destination, and I have come to the conclusion that the men who approached my poor brother were not Sindia's soldiers at all, but were *sothaees.*"

"And what are *sothaees?*"

"A *sotha,*" answered the other, "is a Thug of pleasing appearance and ingratiating manner, who is trained to inveigle travellers to join his party for protection against the dangers of the road. He assumes many disguises and plays many rôles; and I am certain that Bullala Sen fell a victim to his wiles."

The scene at the bazaar reappeared to Chisholm—Peer Khan with his precious bales of damask and his two volunteer assistants. He lit a cigarette thoughtfully.

"I wonder!" he said to himself. "I wonder!"

In the meantime, Peer Khan and his two friends repaired to the *caravanserai.* They made themselves mutually agreeable—the merchant providing refreshment and the two adventurers supplying the entertainment. They well knew the road upon which Peer Khan had to travel, they declared; indeed, they were going that way themselves.

"Why should we not go together, then?" asked the merchant. "I find your company most agreeable."

The two men accepted the compliment modestly.

"You are most kind," answered Aniwar Ali. "But the fact is, we are members of an escort journeying north to bring back the Begum (wife of a rajah) of Pultanabad, so unless you honour us by joining *our* forces, I fear our ways must separate."

Peer Khan's eyes brightened.

"The very escort for me!" he exclaimed. "Where is the rest of your party?"

Hossein pointed to a grove of mangoes.

"The other six are there," said he, "and we leave at sunrise."

Chisholm never determined whether it was coincidence or fate which took him past the refreshment shop at the precise moment that the merchant and his new friends were leaving it for the mango grove. Which ever it was, the circumstance had most far-reaching results, for in following the move of Peer Khan he put himself in touch with one of the greatest criminals India has ever known. As soon as he learned the merchant's destination he turned back to his bungalow to develop a course of action.

At nightfall, he sent two trustworthy men whom the steward had recommended to watch the camp where Peer Khan and his servants had elected to sleep. These spies were to report to Chisholm at sunrise unless any suspicious move on the part of the escort occasioned an earlier message. They stationed themselves behind some trees and waited.

Shortly before the camp settled itself for the night, the leader, who was no other than Aniwar Ali, the boldest Thug in all the system, held serious parley with two of his men. Presently these two departed, passing quite close to Chisholm's spies—so close, indeed, that they were discovered without realizing it. They had no suspicion that when the two returned to their chief shortly after leaving his presence, it was of themselves they spoke. Had they heard the words of command Aniwar Ali gave, they would have quitted their post basely and fled back to the bungalow and the protection of the British arm. For the great Thug spoke in this fashion:

"Trusted Ones, there is work for you to-night! Go north two miles until you find a glade between two cliffs. Follow the bed of a dried-up stream and presently you will come upon a row of seven poplars. Beneath the first of these there is a large, round stone. Roll away that stone and prepare graves for four people."

"We obey, sahib," replied the men salaaming.

But when they returned with the information that the camp was watched, Aniwar Ali undisturbed, amended his order in this manner:

"Proceed as directed, my faithful ones, only remember that you prepare graves for *six* persons, instead of four. Peace go with you!"

A professional strangler of enviable reputation was Budrinath. He had strangled more victims than any living Thug, and no man was too strong for him to attack single-handed. Aniwar Ali conferred with him a moment and saw him depart in the opposite direction to that in which the spies were concealed. He knew that when everyone slept Budrinath and his companion would circle in upon their unsuspecting victims and that their lifeless bodies would be brought into camp and wrapped in the tent cloth which was to have sheltered the grave-diggers, now many furlongs away. He passed a dreamless night and awoke long before sunrise serene and untroubled. In less than an hour the whole camp was moving northward, and Peer Khan, with his precious bales, was not the least merry of the party!

They halted for the mid-day meal in a beautiful glade between two wooded cliffs—not on the beaten track, but a few paces to the right, in the bed of a stream, long since gone dry. And a little farther on, beyond a gently-rising knoll, waved the heads of seven poplars.

The meal finished, the party settled down for a smoke and a siesta. Hossein related with great animation one of his adventures in which a dancing girl of rare beauty figured with such alluring fascination that Peer Khan grew impatient at the delay which kept him from the delights of the city. He urged moving forward and failed to note the circumstance that a man gradually and without seem-

ing intent, moved close behind him and his servants until they were each shadowed, as it were.

"*Please pass the tobacco!*" murmured Ali quietly.

It was a signal. Instantly four handkerchiefs whipped through the air over the victims' heads. In another second four men were writhing on the ground, face downwards, while four pairs of knuckles bore cruelly into their necks. Presently, after a greater convulsion than the last, Peer Khan lay very still, his face turned slightly to one side, his eyes bulging quite out of their sockets. Even Aniwar Ali was sickened at the horrible sight.

"Come quickly," he said, addressing the buriers, "and make an end of this business! We must away before our clever European appears!"

Where the grave-diggers began, the buriers finished. The merchant and his three dependents were speedily stripped and laid in the cavern which yawned beneath the foot of the first poplar tree. Then Hossein ordered that two tents be unwrapped, and from their folds were taken the bodies of Chisholm's spies. They were buried with the merchant, and the earth spread quickly back into place. Thorns were strewn on the top to prevent jackals from unearthing that which their human brothers could not scent. A thin layer of leaves, grass, and dirt was added—and the party moved away.

At sunset they halted in a small village where Hossein enacted his little adventure with the charming dancing-girl to the letter, and no qualms disturbed his night's enjoyment.

At sunset, too, Frank Chisholm halted in his journey. He had awakened much later than he had intended, depending upon the two spies to come and report. When he called the steward and learned that they had not returned at all, he dressed hastily and went in search of them. The camp beneath the mango trees was deserted, his men were gone and no one had seen a sign of them, but the party who had spent the night in this spot, he learned, had long since journeyed northward.

He followed. But owing to his late start, as well as the fact that he was obliged several times to stop and consult his instruments for the benefit of travellers who looked with too much curiosity at him and his companions, he found no trace of those he sought. At sunset, then, he reached a glade between two wooded cliffs; he wandered to the right where a stream once had purled its way to the river, but which now was dry. And he came to a spot where seven tall poplars swayed gently in the evening breeze. At the foot of the first one was a large, round stone. Chisholm took out his tobacco pouch and filled his pipe, contemplatively. Then he sat down upon the stone.

"I wonder," he said, as he puffed the smoke, "where they could have got to. I wonder how they spirited my men away. And I wonder what the deuce old Peer Khan is doing now!"

The second story of this series is entitled "The Human Note." It further introduces the reader into the deviltries of Thuggee and displays the great dangers that Chisholm must confront in his attempt to apprehend Aniwar Ali.

REDISTRIBUTION IN THE COMMONS

BY ARNUTT J. MAGURN

THE special committee of the House of Commons of Canada have already drafted recommendations for the redistribution of the seats in that chamber.

By section 37 of the British North America Act of 1867, it is provided:

> The House of Commons shall, subject to the provisions of this Act, consist of 181 members, of whom eighty-two shall be elected for Ontario, sixty-five for Quebec, nineteen for Nova Scotia, and fifteen for New Brunswick.

That fixes the representation up to the year 1871, and from that date the representation is to be determined in accordance with section 51 of the same Act, as follows:

> On the completion of the census of 1871, and on each subsequent decennial census, the representation of the four Provinces shall be readjusted by such authority, in such a manner, and from such time as the Parliament of Canada from time to time provides, subject and according to the following rules:
>
> (1). Quebec shall have the fixed number of sixty-five members.
>
> (2). There shall be assigned to each of the other Provinces such a number of members as will bear the same proportion to the number of its population (ascertained at each census) as the number sixty-five bears to the number of the population of Quebec (so ascertained).
>
> (3). In the computation of the number of members for a Province a fractional part not exceeding one-half of the whole number requisite for entitling the Province to a member shall be disregarded; but a fractional part exceeding one-half of that number shall be equivalent to the whole number.
>
> (4). On any such readjustment the number of members for a Province shall not be reduced unless the proportion which the number of the population of the Province bore to the number of the aggregate population of Canada at the then last preceding readjustment of the number of members for the Province is ascertained at the then latest census to be diminished by one-twentieth part or upwards.
>
> (5). Such readjustment shall not take effect until the termination of the then existing Parliament.

This is not so complicated as it sounds, and the fact that it has worked with little friction for a period of forty-five years reveals a mechanism of government with more resiliency than the average piece of legislation. In fact, the whole of this marvellous Act of Confederation, notwithstanding many criticisms, stands to-day intact as a great legislative instrument.

Under the redistribution of 1872 Ontario was allotted eighty-eight members, Nova Scotia twenty-one, New Brunswnck sixteen, Manitoba four, and British Columbia six.

By the redistribution of 1882 (under Sir John Macdonald) Ontario received ninety-two members, Nova Scotia twenty-one, New Brunswick sixteen, Manitoba five, British Columbia six. Prince Edward Island six.

In 1892 the numbers were: Ontario ninety-two, Nova Scotia twenty, New Brunswick fourteen, Manitoba seven, British Columbia six, Prince Edward Island five. Northwest Territories four. At that time Sir John Abbott was Prime Minister.

In 1903, which is the last preceding redistribution, the allotted numbers were as follows: Ontario eighty-six, Nova Scotia eighteen, New Brunswick thirteen, Manitoba ten, British Columbia seven, Prince Edward Island four, Northwest Territories ten, and the Yukon one. At that time Sir Wilfrid Laurier was Prime Minister.

The new Provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta were subsequently, in 1907, given a statutory representation of ten and seven, respectively. This was done under power conferred by the British North America Act amendment of 1871, which declares that Parliament may establish new Provinces and make provision for their representation in the House of Commons. It will be noted that all the vast area of British North America (except the Island of Newfoundland) is thus brought under the control and sovereignty of the Parliament at Ottawa.

All this time the representation of the Province of Quebec remained and still remains at the fixed number of sixty-five. The total number of members of the House of Commons at Confederation, and upon each subsequent redistribution was as follows: 1867, 181; 1872, 200; 1882, 211; 1892, 213; 1903, 214; and the addition of the two Prairie Provinces, adding seven, brought the membership up to 221, at which it stands at the present time.

In dealing with the unit of representation as ascertained by the census of 1911, and how it works out, it will be useful to give the population of the several Provinces, as found in 1911, as follows:

Alberta	374,663
British Columbia	392,480
Nova Scotia	492,338
New Brunswick	351,889
Prince Edward Is.	93,728
Saskatchewan	492,432
Ontario	2,523,274
Quebec	2,003,232
Manitoba	455,614
Yukon	8,512

Taking the population of Quebec and dividing it by sixty-five, we obtain the unit of 30,819. Applying this unit to the population of the several Provinces the representation in the next Parliament will be as follows:

Alberta	12
British Columbia	13
Manitoba	15
New Brunswick	11
Nova Scotia	16
Ontario	82
Prince Edward Island	3
Quebec	65
Saskatchewan	16
Yukon	1

This will give the new House a total membership of 234, an increase of thirteen. But the Government have reserved the case of Prince Edward Island, because, if their representation is reduced from four to three, that Province will present the anomaly of having more members in the Senate than in the House of Commons. When the first Confederation conference was held at Charlottetown in 1864 the delegates from Prince Edward Island refused to enter Confederation with only five members. They contended that such number would give the island no position at Ottawa. In a memorandum drawn up last autumn at Ottawa the Prince Edward Island Government submit that the fixing of the number at five was an oversight or mistake at the Quebec conference. It is also declared that the decline in the Island's population is due in some degree to the failure of Canada to carry out its contract to place the Island in continuous communication with the railway system of the Dominion. So it would seem that the present representation of the Island (four) may not be disturbed which would bring the total membership of the Commons to 235.

Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island as well submit a joint claim to the right to have their original representation restored.

But the legal right of New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island to retain their original representation was referred to the Supreme Court of Canada in 1903 and denied, and the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in England held this decision to be correct. In view of this they now urge other grounds, chiefly that they have given their sons and daughters to the West, and are part owners of the lands given to the Western Provinces. In other words, they have helped to build up the West and the new Provinces there should not profit in representation at the expense of the Maritime Provinces. There is, however, small chance of these considerations overtopping the legal barriers, and why the Government have reserved the case of Prince Edward Island in the present bill is known only to themselves. The case must be disclosed when the committee makes its report.

The following table will show the changes in a nutshell:

Present House of Commons	221
Next House of Commons	234
Present members of five Eastern Provinces	186
Present members of four Western Provinces	35
New number from the East	177
New number from the West	57
Decrease from the East	9
Increase from the West	22

The changes in detail incident to the census results and the new unit of representation are what the Committee of the House are now working out. Before the year 1903 these changes were always brought down as a schedule to the bill, having been fixed arbitrarily by the party in power. In that year, however, the practice in vogue in the United Kingdom was adopted, the practice of referring the arrangement of the schedules to a committee chosen from both sides of the House, the Government side having a majority of one on the committee. That course has been adopted on the present occasion. In 1903 it worked out quite smoothly, almost without any friction at all. The Committee sat then in the Railway Committee-room, which was open to the press and to anyone interested. This time the Committee is sitting in camera. Why the changed procedure has been adopted is not known to the writer.

In Ontario a number of ridings will be wiped out, and in one or two cases whole electoral divisions, while some ridings will be amalgamated and the urban representation increased. Toronto will have three additional members. Ottawa may be divided into East and West, instead of, as at present, returning two members for the one electoral division. Toronto and the County of York together will have ten members. The unit is not applied to the large cities, otherwise Toronto would have a dozen members. There are good reasons for this, which are not in dispute. It is expected that East Huron, East Grey, West Northumberland, North Lanark, North Middlesex, Brockville, and Russell will disappear and be incorporated in adjacent ridings or counties. Municipal boundaries are to be preserved as far as possible. Upon that point both leaders and parties are in agreement, and it helps them to get together. In Russell part of the electoral division is in the County of Carleton, and part in the municipality of Ottawa. It is proposed to restore these and add the rest of the division to the County of Prescott, with which the County of Russell is united municipally and in which the seat of government for the county is situated.

In Quebec six seats will be amalgamated or divided. Montreal will have twelve or thirteen seats for the whole island. In Nova Scotia it is intended to merge the counties of Digby and Yarmouth, Antigonish and Guysboro, Richmond and Cape Breton South, the latter, however, returning two members. In New Brunswick an amalgamation of four of the counties

into two pairs will effect the required reduction and no difficulty is anticipated. In the West there are no county boundaries and the mapping out of the new districts ought to be comparatively simple, regard being had to population, the unit being the guide. Of the five new members for Manitoba two will go to Winnipeg. In British Columbia Vancouver City will have three members instead of one as at present.

The inevitable result of redistribution will be dissolution, as it would be impossible to continue legislating with the West undermanned by twenty-two, and the East overmanned by nine. There is no law, however, to prevent the holding of another session. That, many believe, would be an obvious mistake for the Government, so the coming autumn will probably see the two parties again in the field *a outrance*.

HOPE

By PERCY H. PUNSHON

WHEN you the kiss of wanton fortune miss,
And all the joys of life seem placed in pawn
When dark clouds overhang, remember this:
The darkest hour is herald of the dawn.

When in the mists of doubt you blindly grope,
And all the paths of life are dull and gray,
Remember there is such a thing as hope:
The day will break, the shadows flee away.

The dawn will break, yea, break it surely will,
And love will then redeem your joys from pawn;
So in your darkest hour, remember still:
This hour is but the herald of the dawn.

THE WINNING NUMBER

BY PERCEVAL GIBBON

FROM his chair in the shade Martin watched the day's trade close with the vehemence of a hard bargain. The store stood at the edge of the kafir country of Manicaland, a circle of domed, brown huts grouped on the crown of a little hill, whence one looked forth over a world crumpled into mountains which thrust up from the sweating level of the bush. Walker, with his hat jammed low over his eyes and all his body strung in earnestness, was fighting the last stages of a commercial battle with a skinny black family which had three quills of river-gold for sale and a high notion of their value. Martin smiled as the shrill kafir voices failed before the assurance of the fluent Walker.

He was a tall man; his pose, as he sprawled at large on the canvas deck chair, accentuated his loose gauntness, and the monocle he wore in his right eye stood oddly out of his general effect of slackness. He wore only a shirt and trousers, belted about him with a strap, and a pair of those soft shoes of undressed leather which are called *veld-schoen*. Something vague and gentle in his manner and regard was his foremost characteristic, a delicacy that touched all he did.

The day slanted toward its close through all its slow degrees of heat, and presently the kafir family, outmanœuvred and still protesting, took its departure, straggling down the hill in single file. Walker, his face red and wet with sweat, came to where Martin sat.

"They wanted the earth," he explained wearily.

Martin smiled again. "I heard," he answered.

"Three quills," said Walker; "and half sand at that. I never saw such a set o' sharks."

He stared down along the valley below, where the bush, crimson and yellow and raw green, lay level between the abrupt hills like a strange sea. "'Bout time Hancock was back," he suggested.

Martin nodded absently. Hancock, the third partner in the store, had gone that morning to Macequece over the hills, to bring back the English mail. There was always a letter for Walker, whose parents kept a public house at Wandsworth; commonly he would read it aloud at supper. And two or three times in the year there would be letters for Hancock or Martain as well, and these the recipient would read in a grim privacy, whence he would emerge moody and thoughtful.

In Manicaland, that scrap-heap of humanity, each man's past is his own. Nothing touches the grave of his dead days save the English mail, those scanty letters which are welcomed so eagerly and read and re-read so often. A sentiment has grown up about the matter; and it never occurred to Walker, with his ingenuous memories of Wandsworth and his regular letters, to wonder why his partners never spoke of home.

"There he is," he said suddenly, and pointed.

They could see from their hilltop a spot at which the bush thinned and let a patch of stony ground show; and there appeared, tiny in the distance, a figure that made no pause to wave to them, but plunged forward and was lost to sight forthwith.

"He's making haste, all right," said Walker. "P'raps he's got a bag full o' letters for us this time, Martin."

"Perhaps," said Martin.

"Well," said Walker. "A letter's something in this country. If I can't have a stroll down the Wandsworth Road and over by the Common, and a glass of beer with a pal, I'd as soon have a letter from there as anything. It'll be a change from hagglin' with those niggers, anyhow."

"Yes," agreed Martin. He turned his head languidly and looked at Walker where he squatted on the ground beside the chair with some manner of mild curiosity.

"You'd like to get back there, eh?" he asked.

Walker laughed. "Oh, I'd like it right enough," he answered. "For about a week, say. Long enough to get the taste of it again. But—well, a week 'ud be enough." He yawned, casting back his arms and making the most of it.

"Only a week?" asked Martin.

"Just a week," said Walker. "After all, you know, this gets hold of you." He waved a hand to the mighty panorama of hill and tree-choked valley, mellow under the westering sun that stood over the horizon like a disk of glowing bronze. "It's living," he said. "It's not what you'd call comfortable, crowded with bugs and niggers like it is, but it's living. In Wandsworth a chap wasn't what I call alive."

Martin nodded, smiling. "I understand," he said. "You're lucky."

Walker put his hat on and made to rise. "It might be different if a chap had plenty of money," he admitted. "But I never had none to speak of."

He went off to superintend the cook boy, and the noise of his activity came forth to the calm of evening. Martin remained where he was, waiting for Hancock. The sun drooped across the sharp horizon and a little wind came up with a rustle and a touch of chill. The hour that atones for the day in Manicaland was at hand; already in the eastern sky a powdering of pale stars stood white and told against a background of deep velvet; from the valley there came the noises of a world that woke for the night—the sequel of some small beast, the brush of leaves—and with them the faint, clean smell of earth reviving from the day-long oppression of heat. Martin knew it all, as one knows a familiar feature on one's daily life; it was a tick of the clock which marked for him the slow passage of time. It had no power to rouse him from his langour of patience. Even when the sound of shod feet upon the stones at the foot of the little hill made him aware that Hancock was at hand he did not stir from his attitude of ease.

Hancock came up the hill at a stumbling run.

"That you, Martin?" he called as he arrived.

"Yes," said Martin. "Any letters?"

Hancock had not stopped. "Hang the letters," he panted, as he made for the huts. "Come on in, man!"

He made for the big hut which served them for a living-room and sank on a seat. In the light of the lamp which stood on the table among their supper things he showed a face drawn with fatigue and streaked with dust and sweat. Martin came at his heels with Walker.

"Where's those tickets?" gasped Hancock, struggling with his breath.

"What tickets?" demanded Walker.

Martin put his hand on the man's shoulder, "You didn't tell me what letters there were," he said.

For some moments Hancock could

not speak, but he pitched a packet of three letters on the table. Martin took it; there was one for each of them. He picked up his own and glanced at the handwriting on the envelope, and his monocle fell from his eye. He replaced it.

"Now," he said, "what's the matter? What have you been running like this for?"

Hancock was bowed in his seat, with his hands to his sides. He looked up.

"Get the tickets," he repeated, and as they stared at him he laughed breathlessly. "The Sweep tickets," he cried. "I do believe—"

Walker uttered an exclamation of understanding and excitement. Like most other men in Africa at that day, it was their custom to buy tickets periodically in Phillips's Sweep, the great racing lottery of Johannesburg, which sucked up gold all over the continent like some huge sponge, to discharge it again in a single stream upon some lucky speculator.

"How much have we won?" cried Walker.

"Get the tickets," cried Hancock. "I'm not sure of our numbers, but I think—where did you put them?"

"I'll get 'em," said Walker, and he ran out of the hut.

Martin smiled as Hancock brought out a soiled slip of paper from his pocket and unrolled it.

"You're pretty keen, aren't you?" he said. "You seem to have travelled rather fast."

"Keen," said Hancock, and he stared at him. "Keen." He laughed shortly. Despite his weariness his eyes were bright and restless. "Man, it's the big prize."

"Yes?" said Martin.

"Anything from ten to fifteen thousand pounds," said Hancock. "It means—it means—if it's my ticket—if only it's my ticket, I can get out of this, get back to everything. It's not too late; with that money I could do it."

The fever that burned in him could not let him sit still. He sprang up, and his shadow fled grotesquely over the whitewashed wall of the hut as he walked uneasily here and there. He was younger than either Martin or Walker, slender and quick in gesture, ardent, and nervous. Though neither had spoken ever of the days before they came to the tolerant obscurity of Manicaland, Martin and Hancock knew that they were of the same world. It was like a link they acknowledged only in a certain informality in their dealings with one another. But now Hancock seemed to have cast off his long reserve.

"Ten thousand," he repeated, while Martin watched him. "It would put everything right — and leave enough over to go on with."

"Would it?" said Martin.

Hancock swung toward him, with a staccato laugh. "You don't know what I'm talking about," he said. "You can't understand. But—but it was a money matter—of a certain kind—that brought me to Manica."

Martin nodded. "I see," he answered slowly, and at that moment Walker entered. He had the three blue tickets in his hand.

"Thought for a bit they were lost," he said cheerfully.

Hancock's slip of paper was scrawled with the winning number he had seen posted up in the store at Macequece; and the three men bent eagerly over the tickets as Walker laid them out on the table. Hancock uttered an oath; Walker whistled; Martin fingered the tickets into a nest line where they lay. The middle one —it was crumpled through being carried in a pocket loose—bore the winning number. For a moment they stared at one another, almost aghast at this intrusion of fortune into their lives.

"Whose ticket is it?" asked Martin.

The question, demanding their attention, brought them out of their stupour. Walker turned the tickets over and pushed them nearer the

lamp. He laughed a little harshly.

"Well?" cried Hancock, in a voice that broke in the middle of the syllable.

Walker turned. "We forgot to mark 'em," he said. "There's no names on 'em. We'll have to divide."

"Divide!" said Hancock. "What's the good of dividing? What's the good of a third?"

"Well," suggested Walker, "we can toss for it then."

"Of course," said Hancock, in a voice of utter relief. "All or nothing, eh? The winner takes the lot. You're game, Martin?"

Martin hesitated, looking from one to the other of them, and again his monocle fell. He screwed it back in his eye with deliberation.

"As you like," he said; "but after supper, please."

"Why not now?" demanded Hancock.

"Well," said Martin slowly, "there's no hurry. You see, if we played now, and I won, I'm not quite certain what I should want to do. By the time we've finished supper I shall know."

"But think," said Hancock impatiently. "It's ten thousand at the least—"

Martin interrupted. "We'll leave it for the present," he said slowly, and tore open the flap of his letter. Upon the inclosure the handwriting sprawled untidily, a woman's unthrifty script.

The meal was something of an ordeal. Walker placed the winning ticket in the middle of the table, under the eyes of the three of them, and upon it the dice box which is part of the furniture in every establishment in that country. The gawky, unclad kafir boy put the food on the table and withdrew, leaving them to the company of that piece of paper, mighty with possibilities. Hancock, who sat directly in front of it, pushed his plate away with an exclamation of impatience and helped himself to whisky. Behind him, framed in the door of the hut, there stood a slice of blue-black sky, spangled with great, still stars, white and magnificent. He screwed round on his chair, with the iron mug in his hand, and looked at it.

"My God," he said, in a low voice. "And to think that London's still there."

Walker looked up from his food, only half understanding.

"That's so," he agreed. "And for ten thousand pounds you could buy everything in sight."

"Suppose you won it, Walker," suggested Martin. Hancock turned with a start at the words. "What would you do with it?"

Walker grinned, consciously. "Spend it," he answered promptly. "All of it. I might mean to be different. I'd make up my mind to save an' invest an' all that; but I know what would happen. It 'ud all go." He sighed thoughtfully. "It'd be a lark while it lasted," he added. "There's not many fellows can get more fun out of throwing money about than I can."

Hancock laughed unsteadily, not looking at either of them.

"Somebody'd murder you for it," he said.

Walker nodded indifferently. "They might," he admitted. "I shouldn't wonder."

"You'd put it to a different use, eh?" asked Martin.

"Me?" said Hancock, "Yes." He drank from his mug and set it down before him. "With that money—and it's never less than ten thousand now—I could go back again."

"You think so?" Martin's voice held a doubt.

"Why not?" cried Hancock. "I could—pay up," he stammered. "You don't know the facts, Martin. I tell you, it's just a matter of a check. You've got some infernal notion in your head; but I tell you, it would be all right. It wants only money."

He was shrill, and now and again

he shivered as though with cold. His eyes shone out of the pallor of his face with the fever of his excitement. Martin did not answer.

"It wants only that money," repeated Hancock. "Why shouldn't I go back?"

Martin showed again that little manner of hesitancy.

"You should know," he said, uncomfortably. "Only, in my experience, a man who has *had* to go can never get back. That's all."

Hancock stared. "You mean *you* couldn't, if you wanted to?" he demanded.

"That is what I mean," answered Martin. They finished supper in silence and a shout from Walker brought the boy in.

"Now," said Martin, when the boy had left them; "what is the arrangement? Are we settled not to divide the money?" He had taken charge of the proceedings instinctively; and with the same instinct the other yielded him place.

"Play for the lot," said Hancock briefly, and Walker nodded.

"Very well," said Martin. "Since you're agreed, we'll play. Three throws with the three dice, and pick up what you please, eh? Is that satisfactory?" They nodded again. "All right. Hancock, you're youngest. Will you throw first?"

Hancock picked up the box in silence, emptied the three cubes into his hand, dropped them back into the box and rattled it. The game was familiar to all of them; Martin and Walker leaned forward on the table to watch the throw. Hancock looked from one to the other sharply, and on a sudden his face was shiny with beads of sweat. He cleared his throat and threw with a drawing action that spilled the cubes forth in a line.

"A six and two threes," observed Walker conversationally.

With two flicks of his forefinger, Hancock scooped the threes back into the box, leaving the six on the table. Martin drew it aside out of the way of the next threw. The shadow of the hand and the box leaped up the wall as Hancock rattled for the next throw.

"Six and three," reported Walker, as the cubes came forth again. Without speaking, Martin laid the second six beside the first. It needed only another six to give Hancock the highest score possible. The nerve of the gambler came to his rescue, and his hand was steady as he shot the third cube, the three, back into the box. He wore a little frown of intentness, and he gave the box a single shake and then gently, almost idly, rolled the die forth. It was a four.

"Two sixes and a four—sixteen," said Walker. "Not bad, Hancock. There's a chance for you to paint London red, yet." He reached for the box and swept the dice into it. Hancock laid both hands on the edge of the table and gripped it. Walker had none of the airs and graces of the game. He gave the box a single turn in his hand and strewed the cubes forth. Four was the highest. "Rotten," he exclaimed, and picked them all up. The second throw gave him a six.

"Now, Hancock, here's at you," he said, and made his third throw. He leaned over the dice where they lay and burst into laughter. "It's a tie," he shouted. "A pair o' fives."

Hancock said nothing, but the knuckles of his gripping hands whitened as he leaned over the table to observe Martin's luck. He gasped hoarsely as the first throw yielded a six. Martin looked up at him, his face milder and vaguer than ever in the lamp's crude light. He put the six aside and threw again—a four and a two.

"Rotten," commented Walker, and the elder man smiled as he picked the dice up.

"This settles it," he said. "I won't keep you in suspense."

He threw, and leaned back in his chair. The cubes rolled out on the

table to the foot of the lamp and lay there in its fullest light, in front of Hancock. He did not move. Walker craned across to look.

"Of all the luck," he cried. "A six and a five—seventeen. Shall I call y'r lardship's carriage?" he inquired.

Martin reached his hand for the ticket and looked at it curiously. At that moment Hancock dropped his head on the table, and his shoulders heaved with the violence of a sob.

"Here," cried Walker helplessly. "Here, Hancock."

"Sorry," said Hancock. "Couldn't help it—for a moment. Things seemed so—so easy, you know, and then—well, perhaps you were right, Martin. Perhaps one couldn't go back."

Martin frowned and his lips stuttered on his words. "I—I think I was right," he replied. "It's what I've observed, myself."

Hancock checked a sneer. "Well," he said, "there's no use talking, anyhow. But when I think—" he let his hands fall to his side with a gesture of despair. "London," he said, "London in the evening!"

Walker was eager to escape from under the loom of the bitter thing that had intruded on them. He laughed now rather fatuously. "And the Wandsworth Road," he cried. "And beer—real beer."

Martin looked at him in kindliness. "You can go there if you like," he said, putting the blue ticket back on the table. "Take some of this money—take a thousand pounds—and have a trip home, Walker."

Walker gasped. "D'you mean it?" he roared. Martin nodded. "I'll pack to-night," said Walker. "Martin—*Mister* Martin, I *should* say, you're a gent. You've got blood in you. Shake this 'ere hand of mine, and thank you." They shook, and Hancock watched the ceremony with tight lips.

"Now, Hancock," said Martin, when the prolonged and elaborate handshake was over, "a word with you. I told you you couldn't get back. No man who has to come to Manicaland ever can. It's been tried, man, again and again, and it doesn't work. But you don't believe me, do you?"

"No," said Hancock, over his shoulder. "What do you know about it? If I'd won that money, things could be put right."

Martin shook his head. "Things never can," he said. "But you can try, if you like."

"What do you mean?" demanded Hancock. Martin sighed, took his monocle and fell to polishing it with a scrap of paper.

"You can take the rest of that money, and see for yourself," he said. "You'll find I'm right, I'm afraid."

There was a while of silence. "Martin," cried Hancock brokenly. "I—I *can't* refuse," he said.

"Of course not," said Martin. "Why should you? But don't embarrass me with talk, please. We'll take the thanks as read."

"But what will you do?" asked Hancock, with belated compunction.

Martin laughed. "I'll keep the store going till you come back," he said.

From his canvas chair next morning he saw their departure down the hill, with the little train of kafirs who carried their belongings. Where the track entered the bush, they turned to wave to him; he waved back a friendly farewell. Then the undergrowth swallowed them. He stared for some moments at the spot where they had vanished and then drew his last night's letter from his pocket. It was folded in three, and as he looked at it he could read one broken paragraph: "—left me a week ago and has not written since, so I am alone. No one here will speak to me, and, after all, I am your wife, and if you had understood me better I should not have been driven—"

He did not unfold the letter to read further. It was all in that paragraph.

From the Painting by Edouard Frere. Owned by Mr. Chester D. Massey

THE CHILDREN'S LUNCH

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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THE CHILDREN'S LUNCH

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

STEPHEN HALES: PIONEER IN VENTILATION

BY PROFESSOR D. FRASER HARRIS

IT has happened again and again in the history of discovery that some of the most important advances in a particular science have been made by persons not engaged in the profession or pursuit of that subject. The truth of this is strikingly brought out in the life of a man of the name of Stephen Hales who, though a clergyman of the Church of England and a man who had never studied medicine nor taken a medical degree, was the first person in England to make any serious attempt to provide for the artificial supply of fresh air to places where it could not enter by natural means. The Reverend Stephen Hales, M.A., D.D., was *the* pioneer in hygiene of ventilation.

Parallel cases there have been in other sciences. The Marquis of Worcester, though not an engineer, invented the steam-pump; Leeuwenhoek, though not a member of the medical profession, made fundamental discoveries in physiology and microscopical anatomy; Captain Cook, though neither a physician nor a biologist, investigated from the practical side the cause of scurvy with such excellent results to the health of sailors that he was awarded the Copley medal of the Royal Society; Lady Mary Wortley Montague, the wife of the British Ambassador at Constantinople, was instrumental in introducing inoculation for smallpox into England; Helmholtz, though not an ophthalmologist, invented the ophthalmoscope; Pasteur, though not a doctor of medicine, introduced inoculation of attenuated virus for the cure of hydrophobia; and, in our own day, has not Metchnikoff, trained as a zoologist, exercised a far reaching influence on the doctrines of bacteriology as well as those of practical medicine?

Mankind apparently did not arrive by the aid of "the light of nature" alone at a knowledge of the supreme importance of ventilation. While it is true that to some results of vast practical importance purely natural instincts have guided men, yet as regards the quality of the air to be breathed and what constitutes pure air, the natural teachings are exceedingly ambiguous. Certain things have long ago been voted non-edible or poisonous, certain waters have been declared non-potable, but there is no general consensus of opinion as to air that is non-breathable. The natural man is all right as long as he remains under the open heaven, but as soon as he surrounds himself with four walls he seems not to know that he must keep constantly changing the invisible air around him. No doubt it is because it is out of sight that the air is also out of mind; certain it is that even at the present moment there are vast multitudes of people who never conceive of air as a real thing, as real as their meat and drink, and just as necessary to be

kept fresh. Cave-men had no trouble with ventilation nor had those in "the tents of Shem," but from the day that man began to sleep inside stone and lime, he had to face the problem, although he was not in the least conscious of it, how the foul air could be removed and the pure air be brought in without the production of a chilling draught.

All living things vitiate air on breathing it even once; all living things subsist by means of absorption of oxygen; this oxygen, being continually abstracted from the air breathed, must be renewed from outside sources. Plants as well as animals need oxygen, that is, fresh air; this was what Hales grasped, and he saw how very far many members of the community were from being in a position to command at all times a supply of this absolutely necessary, though invisible, material. Hales in England and Leeuwenhoek in Holland, neither of them medical men, were at the beginning of the eighteenth century probably the two men who saw more clearly than any one else in Europe the prime necessity for ventilation; that is, the constant change of air in the neighbourhood of living beings. Hales did a very great deal in science besides devising ventilators; he was a pioneer in the experimental method in both vegetable and animal physiology, a hundred years before physiology as an experimental science existed in England: as a benefactor of mankind, it is not too much to say he is conspicious in the first half of the eighteenth century. We know very little of his success as a pastor of men's souls, but it is certain that he had a great solicitude for the care of their bodies; his pamphlet against the evils of intemperance in the use of alcohol, "A Friendly Admonition to the Drinkers of Gin, Brandy and Other Spirituous Liquors" (1734) is probably the first of its kind in English.

Hales had grasped the very essence of the principle of ventilation; *that air must be changed,* whether air for plants or for animals, or the air over corn in granaries or over water stored for drinking purposes, or enclosed in hot-houses, in mines, in the holds of ships, in prisons, or over timber or around gunpowder; *air must be changed.* He knew that fresh air was against putrefaction, mouldiness and mustiness of every kind. He invented an apparatus for blowing air through water stored in ships for drinking purposes. On long voyages in the old "wooden walls" such water became putrid. Hales showed that it could be made "sweet again," if only enough air could be blown through it. We now know what was going on, namely, the oxidation of organic matter; but Hales died in 1761, thirteen years before oxygen was discovered. It is interesting to note that Hales had the most definite conceptions as regards the necessity for oxygen without, however, knowing what it was that sustained life, and without knowing, in anything like the fullness of its meaning, the importance of Black's discovery that animals breathe out carbon dioxide from their lungs. Black's discovery was published at Glasgow in 1754, only seven years indeed before Hales died; but it is certain that Hales was not indebted to Black; on the contrary, Black was profoundly indebted to Hales. Black wrote: "I was partly led to these experiments" (namely, on carbonic acid gas) "by some observations of Dr. Hales, in which he says that breathing through diaphragms of cloth dipped in alkaline solution, made the air last longer for the purposes of life. In the same year I found that "fixed air" (carbon dioxide) is the chief part of the elastic matter which is formed in liquids in the vinous fermentation."

Before we further examine the value of the contributions made by Hales to the science of ventilation, it will be as well to trace the order of discovery of the gases of the atmos-

phere without which ultimately, of course, no scientific basis for the solution of the problems of ventilation could have been arrived at. Carbon dioxide was discovered under the name of "gas sylvestre" by the Belgian chemist J. B. Van Helmont (1577-1644) about the year 1640. Having burned a known weight of wood, he noticed that only about one-sixtieth of the original weight remained in solid form, the other fifty-nine-sixtieths he regarded as something volatile to which he gave the name of "gas," a word he coined to designate this "spirit of wood" and other kindred spirits. Gas sylvestre, because it came from, or was produced by, the burning of wood, was the first name under which carbon dioxide became a chemical concept in the minds of men of science.

The next contribution to accurate notions about breathing, and, hence, the necessity for ventilation was made by Thomas Willis (1621-1675), who clearly laid down that three things were necessary for the act of respiration. These were: a free and continuous access of air, a constant supply of combustible material, and the necessity for the continuous removal of the products of the combustion, for Willis clearly identified the burning of a flame in air with respiration in a living animal; he saw that the two were chemically the same thing. It was in 1660 that the Honourable Robert Boyle, who did so much for the early study of the atmosphere and gases, performed the fundamental experiment as regards ventilation; namely, to exhaust the air round a living animal. He showed that long before the vacuum was perfect, a sparrow and a mouse both died, and the flame of a candle went out. Boyle also understood that there was something besides the vapour of water that rendered expired air unfit for being further breathed by animals.

The next step was taken by the Cornishman, Richard Lower, who before 1669 clearly perceived that the blood in the lungs was purified by absorbing something from the air breathed in, namely, what we now know to be oxygen. Lower was also quite certain that the air breathed out was noxious and ought to be removed. Were there no need for this removal, "we should breathe," he writes, "as well in the most filthy prisons as amongst the most delightful pastures." A further advance was taken by another Englishman and Oxford man of science, John Mayow. Working between 1668 and 1674, Mayow virtually discovered oxygen in a physiological sense. He gave it the unfortunate name of "nitro-aerial particles." Mayow died in 1679, and in England nothing was done in connection with respiration or ventilation until the time of Hales, who rediscovered a great deal that Lower and Mayow had known perfectly. Though not a physiological chemist, Hales was the discoverer of a method of enabling respiration to go on in the absolutely irrespirable atmosphere of coal-mines or burning houses. He suggested that the apparatus might be of service also to divers. He was the father of all such as descended into fire-damp, choke-damp, black-damp, and after-damp, provided with a supply of air for breathing in an apparatus capable of absorbing the exhaled carbon dioxide. He was the Jubal of all such as handle rescue-apparatus.

In point of time nitrogen was the next constituent of the atmosphere to be identified. This was achieved in 1772 by Daniel Rutherford, Professor of Botany in the University of Edinburgh. Rutherford was the maternal uncle of Sir Walter Scott. Within two years more oxygen had been separated, by Joseph Priestley, from mercuric oxide as "dephlogisticated air." By 1775 Priestley had found that this gas supported both combustion and respiration. Had it not been for the "phlogiston" theory, to which he clung with fatal tenacity,

Priestly would have been the undisputed discoverer of the gaseous basis of life, but, as is well known, Lavoisier was the man who understood what he had discovered, when, by the end of 1774, he had isolated oxygen and given it that name.

Hales's first paper on the importance of ventilation in mines, hospitals, prisons, and ships was read to the Royal Society in 1741; the title-page of the treatise in which Hales described his invention reads thus: "A description of ventilators whereby great quantities of fresh air may with ease be conveyed into mines, gaols, hospitals, workhouses and ships in exchange for their noxious air, and in preserving all sorts of grain dry, sweet, and free from being destroyed by weevils, both in granaries and ships."

In this paper Hales speaks of "the rancid vapours from human bodies," so that he knew that besides something poisonous from the lungs (carbon dioxide), there were other noxious vapours which had to be removed. Now, the very latest opinion as to the deleterious nature of breathed air is that it is not due to the carbon dioxide, but that the headache or distress is due to the moisture, heat, and volatile organic effluvia from the skins and lungs of the persons in the confined space. Those in authority were not slow to avail themselves of the benefits of Hales's ventilators, although their adoption in prisons, the ventilation of which was notoriously insufficient, was undoubtedly hastened by the deaths of the Lord Mayor of London, two judges and an alderman, all of whom became infected with gaol-fever caught at the Old Bailey Sessions. The Royal Society was called upon for advice, and a committee was appointed to look into the question of the ventilation of the prisons. "A ventilator invented by one of the Committee was erected in Newgate reducing at once the number of deaths from eight a week to about two a month. Of the eleven workmen employed to put up the ventilator, seven caught the fever and died," wrote Sir William Huggins. This, of course, alludes to Hales and his invention.

In 1749 Hales's ventilators were installed in the Savoy prison by order of Mr. Henry Fox, later the first Lord Holland. Between the years 1749 and 1752 four prisoners died of gaol-fever as compared with between fifty and a hundred per annum previously. In the year 1750 out of two hundred and forty prisoners, only four died; and of these two died of smallpox and one of alcoholism, so that the salutary effects of Hales's system were immediate and striking. In 1752 the ventilators, operated by a windmill—for the earlier ones had been worked by hand like the bellows of an organ—were introduced into Newgate Prison, each having ducts leading to twenty-four cells or wards. As the result of this, says Peter Collinson the friend of Hales, the ratio of deaths after the ventilation to those before it was as seven to sixteen; that is, the deaths were reduced to less than fifty per cent. Ships at this time were floating strongholds of death: between scurvy, poisoning by bad food, and ship-fever or poisoning by bad air, only the most robust men ever came through the ordeal. In 1755 Hales read a short but most interesting paper to the Royal Society entitled: "An account of the great benefits of ventilators in many instances in preserving the health and lives of people in slave and other transport ships." He speaks of "finding means to procure them fresh, salutary air, instead of the noxious, putrid, close-confined, pestilential air which has destroyed millions of mankind in ships." In this paper Hales published a letter dated London, 1749, from a Captain Thomson, of the frigate *Success,* which is interesting reading: "Our rule," he wrote, "for ventilating was a half an hour every four hours; but when the ventilating was sometimes neglected for eight

hours, then we could perceive, especially in hot weather, a very sensible difference by the short neglect of it. All agreed the ventilators were of great service, men did not need to be urged to work them. Two hundred men aboard for a year, pressed men from gaols with distemper, all landed well in Georgia. This is what I believe but few transports, or any other ships can brag of, nor did I ever meet the like good luck before, which, next to Providence, I impute to the benefit received by the ventilators. This certainly occasioned all kind of grain provisions to keep better and longer from weevils than otherwise they would have done, and other kinds of provisions received benefit from the coolness and freshness of the air of the ship which was caused by ventilation." Hales goes on to say that the Earl of Halifax told him of the great benefit derived from his ventilators installed in transport ships to Nova Scotia, the ratio of the deaths in the ventilated ships to those in the non-ventilated ships being as one to twelve. This Earl of Halifax is the nobleman after whom the capital of Nova Scotia is named.

Through soliciting the interest of the French man of science, Du Hamel du Monceau, Hales contrived to have his ventilators installed in certain prisons in France where English prisoners were confined. The reverend sanitarian closes his paper with these words: "They little consider that it is the high degree of putrefaction, that most subtle dissolvent in Nature, which a foul air acquires in long stagnating, which gives it that pestilential quality which causes what is called the gaol-distemper, and a very small quantity or even vapour of this highly attenuated venom, like the infection or inoculation for smallpox, soons spreads its deadly infection."

Now, this is a somewhat remarkable paragraph to have been written in 1775: it undoubtedly refers to typhus fever, known under all the following names, putrid fever, shipfever, emigrant fever, hospital fever, and gaol-fever. It was, for it is happily now rapidly disappearing, *the* fever of bad sanitation, the scourge of ill-fed, badly-housed, unwashed, neglected specimens of humanity. Even now its precise cause, whether a bacillus or other fungus, is not known. The very latest suggestion is that it is an ultra-microscopical virus, transmitted by an insect that infests unclean skins. But the very fact that, at the present time, we have not isolated the virus, is sufficient proof of its excessively elusive nature, a very attenuated poison, indeed, as Hales knew.

Hales's artificial respiration apparatus consisted of a bladder divided up into compartments by four partitions of flannel or linen soaked in solution of potash or "sal tartar" capable, as we now know, of absorbing the respiratory carbon dioxide; respiratory valves completed the mechanism. The nostrils had to be closed, as they have to be in all mouth-breathing forms of such apparatus even at the present day. The receiver held between four and five quarts of air; Hales thought that with one gallon of air and four diaphragms respiration could be supported for at least five minutes. Hales distinctly contemplated its use for saving life in mines. In view of the prominence which lifesaving apparatus has attained at the present time, it seems to the writer exceedingly interesting to know that before 1726 an attempt had been made to devise an artificial respiration apparatus. This simple invention of the country clergyman is the humble parent of the various forms of the ingenious life-saving apparatus in use now, the Fleuss, the Draeger, and others, which enable a man to remain for upwards of two hours in a poisonous or even deadly atmosphere.

The details of the life of Stephen Hales are neither numerous nor romantic. He was born in 1677, the

son of Thomas, eldest son of Sir Robert Hales, Baronet of Bekesbourne, a pleasant village not far from Canterbury. His mother was Mary, daughter and heiress of Richard Wood of Abbots Langley. At the age of nineteen he went to Corpus Christi College, Cambridge University, of which he became a fellow in 1703. In time he graduated M.A., and took his B.D. degree in 1711. His early scientific leanings may be inferred from his having studied anatomy, chemistry, and botany as a recreation. He studied plants on the Gog-Magog hills near Cambridge and made collections of fossils and of butterflies. He did not neglect astronomy, for, according to one account, he constructed a "planetarium in brass" on Newtonian principles. Having taken Holy Orders, Hales was presented in 1710 to the perpetual curacy of Teddington in Middlesex. He also held the living of Farringdon in Hampshire. In 1717 at the comparatively early age of forty, Hales was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and twenty-two years later was awarded the Copley medal, the highest honour in the gift of that learned body. Hales was a friend of the poet Pope whose will he witnessed in 1743. Other friends of his were the Duke of Cumberland, Sir James Smith, Horace Walpole. Peg Woffington, the actress, was for a time one of his parishioners.

In 1726 his famous "Vegetable Statics" saw the light, dedicated to His Royal Highness George, Prince of Wales, and in 1733 Volume II. "Hæmostatics" dedicated to the King's Most Excellent Majesty. These dedications are to the same person.

Hales's more immediate patron seems to have been Frederick, Prince of Wales, the eldest son of George II. The Prince died in 1751, during his father's lifetime. His widow Augusta, daughter of Frederick Duke of Saxe-Gotha, who was for the last ten years of Hales's life the Princess Dowager of Wales, had a very great regard for the reverend Doctor, and there is no doubt whatever that had Hales desired it, he might have become a bishop. The utmost he would allow, refusing a Canonry of Windsor, was to be made Clerk of the Closet, or Almoner to the Princess Dowager. After Hales's death, this princess erected to his memory a mural monument in marble in Westminster Abbey: he is not buried there but underneath the tower of his old church at Teddington.

The memorial, by Wilton, in the Abbey, is in alto-relievo; it represents the figures of Religion and Botany supporting a medallion of the philosopher, below which is a globe with the winds portrayed on it in allusion to Hales's invention of ventilators. The following is a translation of the inscription, which is in Latin verse: "At Hales's tomb, which Augusta caused to rise with gleaming stone and to have due beauty, Piety and gray-haired Faith and supreme Virtue, a sacred band, drop constant tears; while above the dead prophet divine Wisdom proclaims—'He was skilled in helping men's troubles; he, too, in tracing God's works. No lapse of time will weaken your praise, Great Hales! or your titles! England is pround to enroll you amongst her noblest sons, England which can boast a Newton.'"

A QUESTION OF MOTIVE

BY ESTHER WINNIFRED DENGATE

LETITIA VANDERBURG vigorously brushed her hair before the cracked mirror in her Western boarding-house. She felt the odds were in her favour. But Mrs. Sibbald, mistress of the shack, might have told a different story.

Miss Vanderburg was twenty-one. In the college circles where she was popular she was merely "Van", for appropriateness and brevity. She was a tall girl, loosely built, with snapping black eyes and a red mouth. Her nose spoiled her good looks, but added to her general piquancy. As to her character, the subject had little interest for her, but you will see she had an optimism hard to dampen. Unfortunately, Mrs. Sibbald's eyes were also black and snappng, and she was only twenty-two herself. The alluring Eastern ways of Miss Van were not a whit more effective than the direct and vigorous manner of her landlady.

As the young and human schoolteacher leisurely dressed, she reviewed the events of yesterday. In the persons of herself and Mrs. Sibbald, Greek met Greek daily. It began in the morning when she asked Mrs. Sibbald to hook her dress. She possessed a number of remarkable Eastern creations *en princesse*, into which she could not struggle unaided. And Mrs. Sibbald possessed that quality of mind which is all alive to a new style in gowns, but her interests did not embrace the hooks and eyes. Just at the hour when these were thrust upon her, she was toasting Miss Vanderburg's bread and frying Miss Vanderburg's ham (two luxuries which the Sibbalds themselves did not enjoy and the provision of which was the first scratch on the woman's placidity.)

So the toast that morning had been burnt, and the ham too crisp. Van left both untouched, and as Mrs. Sibbald passed to and fro from dining-room to kitchen she remarked tartly, "I can't hook dresses and turn toast."

"Of course," remarked Van, as she complacently surveyed her pink linen gown in the cracked mirror, "of course, I have my own little faults."

She knew she had made quantities of fudge in Mrs. Sibbald's kitchen and then had forgotten to wash the pans. She had fuzzy black hair which flew about the room when brushed, and every sweeping-day Mrs. Sibbald confronted her with a handful, a weekly reminder of her increasing untidiness. She had gone out looking for raspberres, and had forgotten to bring home the pails. "Little old lard tins, anyway," she said to herself—"what does it matter? And besides," she concluded sagely, "my staying here is so hard on the Sibbald's baby. The madder she gets at me the more she pounds the baby. Little Van, you'll have to go."

But where? Boarding-houses in Saskatchewan do not crop up in charmed green circles, like puff balls.

"The Kemps! The very thing! Warm, stone house, lots of room, and she'll be decent to me. I'll go and ask her now!"

She pulled her red felt knock-about over her head and went out to saddle the buckskin. It never occurred to her to explain to Mrs. Sibbald where she was going, and in a few minutes she dashed past the kitchen window. Nothing irritated Mrs. Sibbald more than this reckless, fool-hardy galloping. She looked toward her husband.

"Just look at that girl, Jo," she exclaimed. "She'll break her neck yet."

But Jo was forty, and mild, and indifferent to the ways of hot-headed women. So he resorted to the vernacular:

"Aw, go to grass, Jen, and eat hay!"

And Mrs. Sibbald, who adored her indifferent husband, made the churn-dasher fly and said no more.

It was a Saturday morning in October, with warmly blue skies and coldly gleaming clouds, flaming trees in the bush, and always the swift blue Saskatchewan. Van flew along the trail, through the buckwheat field, and on down the hill toward the river. The Kemps lived half a mile from the bank. As she drew rein before the door, she shouted:

"Anyone home?"

Dip came to the door.

You might think Dip was a dog, but she wasn't. She was a little girl eleven in years, seven in stature, and thirty in face. Her colourless print dress suggested scant underclothes. She had slept in the dress for a week. Llewelyn clung to her skirts. He was five. He had enormous gray eyes and a pathetic mouth. But he was obstinate as an imp. He began to kick Dip for holding the door open so long.

"Mamma says for Miss Vanderburg to come in."

Dip extended the invitation with grim, unchildlike courtesy, and Van entered. The house was not yet finished. Flapping canvas hung in the windows, and scraps of oil-cloth partitioned the walls. A home-made table, some benches, and an expensive organ were the furniture. Gay calendars and some impossible oils hung crookedly on the walls. Mrs. Kemp was fussing over a baby of five weeks. The baby was bedraggled beyond expression, but the lace on her clothes was fine. The woman talked incessantly, and it would have been the same if no one had been there. She talked as other women breathe.

Van stated her case. She glowed with pride at her own magnanimity at having stayed at Sibbald's so long. Mrs. Kemp was full of maudlin sympathy. Indeed, she quite understood. Mrs. Kemp was a fine little woman, but everyone knew her temper.

"Now, Mrs. Kemp, you really must take me in." Never had Van used those black eyes for which she was famous to better advantage. "I'll buy a cot or blankets and pay you anything you want, but I won't go back to that place."

"Of course, you can come, Miss Vanderburg. But you'll have to sleep with me and the baby. And if you can put up with that, Kemp and I will feel honoured to have you. I don't see how a young lady like you can stand our Western ways at all. Kemp and I understand; we've had good educations ourselves. (There, there, darling. I'm calling her Annie Meridith, after Annie Boleyn and my own great-aunt. Poor little Annie Boleyn! I always feel sorry for her, with that husband.) Oh, yes, we're rough, Miss Vanderburg, but we've known very different ways. In our house in Wales we had forty different kinds of roses in our garden and a Queen Anne window in the drawing-room. Think of that, you know. And Kemp, he went to church in his silk hat and long coat every Sunday. Ay, my, it's fine of you to start a Sunday school in the school-house, Miss Vanderburg. My Dip is that fond of you."

Dip and Llewelyn, who had been listening to the oracle, scuttled off when it descended to personalities.

So Van had to return home and tell

Mrs. Sibbald about her changed prospects. She did not enjoy the task. It was dinner-time, and the two women were alone, the men being off threshing. Mrs. Sibbald was gracious to a degree, and urged Van to take second helpings of the roast prairie chicken and chocolate pie, in the cooking of which she was past mistress.

A short, sharp conflict followed.

Speaking the truth in love did not obtain, as neither woman was overly familiar with the practice of St. Paul's injunction. Finally, Mrs. Sibbald took a base advantage, by assuming the role of outraged innocence. She had, of her own accord, washed a silk kimona of Van's, to rescue it from the washwoman's blue-bag. As Van was packing her trunk, Mrs. Sibbald mutely presented this, as if to say, "Behold the martyr." To Van's dismay, this master stroke of the enemy sadly compromised her own dignity, and she got out as quickly as she could.

That was Saturday. Sunday was uneventful. She spent it in her new boarding-house. Some little peculiarities of the Kemp household came to light. They served cucumbers without salt or vinegar, being out of both articles. Van found them very tasteless things, that way. At eight in the evening the lamp went out, and as the oil-can was empty they cheerfully sat it out in the darkness. Their bread was of the tough solid variety. Mrs. Kemp explained in detail that it couldn't rise in the cold, with Dip refusing to cut more wood. Moreover, the blanket to wrap the pan in could not be found, though it was afterwards discovered in the stable, Llewelyn having thoughfully thrown it over the pony to keep it warm.

"He has a kind heart, that boy, Miss Vanderburg, and he doesn't get it from Kemp either."

Van was somewhat bewildered to find that fine dimity note paper, onions, spools, ink, a comb, butter and the baby's talcum powder were all kept on the organ.

Yes, Sunday was quite uneventful, but no such charge could be laid against any other day of the teacher's sojurn. Monday night, returning from school, Llewelyn met her halfway. He looked frightened.

"Mamma's fallen down cellar. Dip, she can't get her out. You got to come quick."

Van took the limp, thin little hand, and they ran through the pretty avenue of poplars between them and the house.

A trap-door led to the cellar. Mrs. Kemp had fallen down the ladder and cut her leg on a nail during the descent. She was bewildered and badly shaken, but they got her up. Though she was white with pain, her conversation never flagged

"If Kemp was only here; he'd be that careful of me. All he thinks of is me and the children. The people in Saskatchewan don't think much of him because he can't handle a hayfork smart or run a homestead, but he can teach them how to be a gentleman. He never went out without a collar in his life. Oh, the pain Miss Vanderburg. Dip, you little owl, stop your staring and do what Miss Vanderburg tells. That water feels so good, Miss Vanderburg. Oh, I think the Lord must have sent you here."

Van laughed at this, as she bathed the ugly cut. She belonged to a Methodist church in Toronto, but she would scarcely have ascribed to so worthy a source her constant encounters with Mrs. Sibbald and consequent change of boarding-house.

"And you're so bright about everything—just like my little sister Kate that married the milkman."

. . . . . .

It becomes needful at this point to speak of Mr. Kemp. But he must be kept strictly in the background, because of his certain tendencies to overrun everything else. He was lean, sharp and penetrating—a human screw. He was a tailor in town, fifteen miles off, and returned to his

own fireside only when his family needed half a pound of tea or five cents' worth of yeast. True to his interest in wife and children, he decided that canvas doors and windows were not the thing in the family of a gentleman, much less oil-cloth partitions. So he engaged a plasterer to come out and finish the lower storey of the house. He was scarcely a graduate in household economics, this Welshman whose children went barefoot in the snow, but who scorned the snug, cheap shacks of the other homesteaders and was hated by them for it.

So Tuesday morning the plasterer arrived. When Van got home that evening, she felt a bit nonplussed. Down stairs was empty, and the cold October wind blew in at the empty doors and windows. The household-goods had been arranged upstairs to make way for operations below. Van groped her way up the half-finished stairs, then gazed about, speechless. It was almost dark; the only light came from the reflected glow of a wood fire. Mrs. Kemp, suffering intense pain from the injured leg, sat in a rickety steamer-chair and disconsolately hugged the baby. It was cold, for there was a hole in the roof. Dip sat on the floor, her cold little legs drawn under her print dress. Llewellyn, black as a sweep, in a pretentious sailor-suit that had once been cream, snuggled up to her for warmth. At intervals she pinched him, and in response he wailed. The floor was littered with pans, kindling-wood, beets, and bedding. The Oracle talked; the baby cried, the plasterer smoked, with his coat-collar turned up and his hands in his pockets. It was nearly six, but there was no sign of supper. Mrs. Kemp rose to her position as hostess.

"This is our school-teacher, Mr. Booth. Mr. Booth has come to do the plastering, but Kemp seems to have made some mistake: the laths haven't come. I can't understand it, careful as he is. I'm sure Mr. Booth has been very good getting the things moved. My leg is so bad I never could have done it, and Dip here's a lazy little limb."

"That's not what I was hired for," came laconically from the plasterer.

"Yes," drawled Llewellyn, "I'm better than her."

Van glared at him; not that she hated Dip less, but Llewellyn more. She took off her things and sat down on a box by the stove. Nobody spoke. For a few minutes she watched a little rift of snow piling under a board. Then she laughed long and merrily and everyone else stared ill-naturedly.

"That's just her, Mr. Booth. I'm sure I don't see how she stands our rough ways at all—just my little sister Kate over again. What would your Auntie Kate think of us now, Dip? She's used to seeing you in your white smocks and velvet coats, and just look at you now."

Everyone looked, and Mrs. Kemp mingled her tears with the baby's.

Van sprang up: "What we all need is tea," she exclaimed. "Dip, what about potatoes? Fried, they would be delectable."

Dip brightened and shot out her bare little legs.

"They're in the cellar, but I'm afraid to go alone."

Poor Dip got another scornful glance, this time from the plasterer. Though unacquainted with the mysteries of the fatal trap-door which had caused all the trouble, he offered his services.

"Give me a match and I'll go myself," he said.

"Indeed, Mr. Kemp, we haven't one; we used the last to light the fire. We expected some more with the laths. Dear me! What can Kemp be thinking of?"

The plasterer swore and sat down. Probably he thought one broken leg enough.

So Van boiled beets and attempted to make coffee, but there was no more water. Mrs. Kemp suggested making it with milk.

"When my sister Katie had the fever, the doctor suggested steeping her tea with milk as it was more nourishing, so why wouldn't coffee be, too?"

But alas, there was no milk. Again Mrs. Kemp was resourceful.

"Dip, take to your heels and milk a pint—that is if you can find Daisy."

The plasterer arose in his wrath.

"Madam," he almost shouted, "don't you know your cow will go dry if you treat her like that?"

"La," said Mrs. Kemp desperately, "what if she does? We've got to have something to drink."

So they supped coffee and ate beets and toast made on the stove lid, while they sat on a bench near the stove, because near the table the air was too frosty.

. . . . . .

Things in the Kemp ménage went from bad to worse. Mrs. Kemp's leg kept her in bed, and housekeeping duties fell on Van. The plasterer developed symptoms of a canny wit, and daylight revealed the fact that he had merry blue eyes and close curling hair. And he was young. In after days Van was wont to say to her incredulous, admiring friends down East:

"The plasterer was my only support. When the silverware got lost through chinks in the walls, and the cat would eat up the stew, I'd make out by cooking a prairie-chicken a neighbour would sometimes give us, because everyone knew Mr. Kemp could never shoot anything. And when we got reduced to one teaspoon among us, I would dip it in my hot tea till it was melted clean and then pass it to him; then we'd look at each other and roar with laughter and prepare for the next tragedy. Mrs. Kemp would be in bed behind her oil-cloth partition, raving about woman's suffrage or Lloyd-George, and she used to wonder what in the world there was to laugh at."

The plastering went on in jerks. The laths came, but not the sand, then the sand, but not the lime. The plasterer himself had to draw the water from the river. These enforced delays when the Scotsman had to wait for one commodity and then another made him furious and amused Van vastly. She would come in about five, and find him sitting moodily by the stove. Throwing her books down with a bang, she would give him a saucy look and sing:

> "Everybody works but the plasterer;
> He sits round all day."

When at length he got the first coating on, the temperature took a sudden drop and it was all ruined. Mr. Kemp raved at the loss. The Scotsman wanted to know whose fault it was, and shook the dust of the place forever off his feet.

At last Van's school term was almost ever. Meanwhile Mrs. Kemp's leg had become gradually worse. One Sunday morning Kemp walked out from town and announced with a magnificent air that a doctor was coming out during the day to see his wife. He wasn't going to have *his* wife die of neglect. Consternation reigned. Mr. Kemp alone was undismayed. He had carried out two pounds of sausages, and with such riches in the larder he feared no mischance.

About noon the doctor arrived. Van was deliciously excited. She hoped she felt a proper degree of sympathy with the woman who lay in bed in a paroxysm of terror lest the doctor should use his knife. But the doctor was a McGill graduate, and the first civilized man she had seen in six months. To be sure he regarded her with a purely professional eye, but it was refreshing to see a linen collar and (*mirabile dictu*) he wore a fraternity pin in his waistcoat. It made her sigh for the flesh-pots of Ontario.

At the psychological moment of his entrance, Van was sweeping. She had just collected four piles of lime

and other débris and was in the act of collecting a fifth. Mrs. Kemp wailed from behind the oil-cloth during the intervals when she could control the chattering of her teeth. Mr. Kemp turned sausages, against that time, two hours off, when the doctor should need them for a lunch.

Van led the doctor behind the oil-cloth, Mr. Kemp following. His self-assertion had vanished between fear for his wife and awe of the doctor.

Rubbing his hands together spasmodically, he stammered out,

"She has a weak heart, doctor; I just thought I'd tell you."

Nobody paid any attention to him, and he went back to his more responsive sausages.

"Oh, Miss Vanderburg, hold my hand; you don't think he'll cut me? Send Kemp away, he'll just a muddle things."

But the doctor's face was like the Sphynx. He looked at Van.

"Hot water, please—two bowlfuls," he commented.

Van put on the kettle, and while it heated the doctor looked out across the prairie. She wished he wouldn't be quite so taciturn.

"Now, if you will get me some clean towels and handkerchiefs."

She smiled to herself at the disparity between supply and demand as she produced her one remaining bath-towel and her own handkerchiefs. The young doctor deftly folded four together and poured something out of a bottle. Van held them to the woman's face. The odour of chloroform was filling the room, when Kemp entered again, still nervously rubbing his hands.

"She has a weak heart, doctor, I thought I'd mention it again."

Another ignominious retreat in silence.

The woman on the bed was slipping into unconsciousness, but roused at the sound of his voice.

"Keep Kemp out, let him tend his sausages," she muttered.

With a sharp knife the doctor cut the discoloured flesh. There was a clean ripping sound as of scissors cutting new linen. Always a collector of new sensations, Van made herself watch, but felt a sense of repugnance. She looked round at the utter squalour, and for once her heart sank—the woman's dishevelled hair and deathly face, the dirty tumbled bed, the littered floor and scantling ceiling. She was shivering with the cold. The air was redolent of sausages and chloroform; she looked gratefully at the doctor's clean-cut, capable young face and unconsciously let the burden of the Kemps fall on his stronger shoulders. In response to his monosyllabic instructions, she handed him splint, cotton or gauze.

The simple operation was over and consciousness returned to the patient. Immediately she began to talk—sobbingly, incoherently.

"I've been out in an automobile with Kemp (oh, is it over?), and the wheels came off. But Kemp, he couldn't fix them. . . . Don't let go my hand, Miss Vanderburg. . . . Oh, I'm sure the Lord sent you."

Van smiled again, but this time she didn't contradict. Perhaps the woman was right. Nothing mattered, anyway, for she was going East in the morning.

NEBULOUS POLITICS

BY VINCENT BASEVI

IT is a pity that the Montessori system of education cannot be applied to politics. In every country there are two academies of political thought maintained at the expense of the monied classes. From these centres there radiate essays and lectures and homilies on the political problems of the day, or such problems the existence of which is acknowledged by the professors of politics. In British communities these academies are known as the Conservative and Liberal parties, and they exude faith in themselves.

The voter learns from the press of the two parties, from their chosen representatives and their pamphlets what he should think on various subjects. If he ventures to disagree with the doctrines of both parties, he ceases to have a voice in the government of the State, or at best he helps to govern it in a manner contrary to his beliefs. The plain voter must accept political instruction. If he ventures by himself in the field of political study, he becomes as a leper to organized society.

The principle of rule by a governing class has been abandoned in theory, but not in practice. Who pays the piper, calls the tune; and they who finance elections dictate policies. For the salaries paid to parliamentary representatives by the State are but a drop in the ocean of money spent on the preparation and sustenance of parliaments; and the supporters of the system, the generous subscribers to party funds, are the actual rulers.

We are told almost daily that the party system works well, and that at any rate it is the only feasible one under a thoroughly democratic franchise. It has worked well in the past. But there is a subtle difference between a system working and a system being worked; and the difference is seldom noticeable until after a change has taken place.

It may be assumed that the evolution of political machinery is similar in all countries that tolerate a broad franchise. Various nations are in different stages of development, but the processes of evolution are uniform. For the sake of convenience, then, I will limit myself to Canada and Great Britain when seeking established customs to verify my theory.

During the Victorian era the balance of power shifted from the landed to the industrial and financial classes. Some of the landed gentry in Great Britain do not realize even now that this change has taken place, but their want of perception does not alter facts. A landed proprietor has a certain number of votes limited by the number of constituencies in which he holds property. He may support Liberal or Conservative candidates, or even be a candidate himself, as many of the landed gentry are, and possibly win a seat in the House of Commons as a supporter of one of the recognized parties. But the financiers and commercial men have the ears of the astute mendicants in the headquarters of the parties, and they decide what the land-

ed gentry may support or oppose with their votes.

Doubtless the welfare of the country, as they see it, comes first with a vast majority of men who run the marionette shows called parliaments. Nothing is further from my intention than to suggest that the landed gentry in the past or the commercial interests of our own times have made a practice of using their corporate strengths knowingly for their own benefits and to the detriment of the State. The fact remains, however, that power has been shifted from one class to another, and power over the proletariat remains.

It is difficult at present justly to locate final responsibility. That is to say, if men starve, or if industries are ruined and unemployment is rife, economic conditions, tight money or the general cussedness of everything may be held responsible; but no one is to blame. Nothing has been evolved to take the place of the feudal system which, with all its faults, recognized the responsibility of some men for the welfare of others. It was a thoroughly bad system because it was open to abuses, full advantage of which was taken; so it had to go. And in its stead we have—representative government? Control of the State by the people? The government of the people by the people and for the people? We have nothing of the kind.

In Great Britain feudalism vanished slowly, and in place thereof arose an administration shared by the Crown, the Church and the landed gentry. For centuries mutual jealousy secured a reasonable measure of progress, with sometimes one and sometimes another of the estates of the realm dominant. As time went on power devolved more and more on the Commons, the representatives of the people. Representatives of fiddlesticks! Rotten buroughs, feudal influence that had not died with the abandonment of feudal practices, and balloting in public with no limit to election expenses kept the House of Commons reasonably exclusive.

The next forward step was the establishment of the party system proper. This has not changed in principle, though it has in degree and method, since its inception. With the passage of time the party has become all powerful, and the private member now is little more than a cog on a wheel. The party system consists of two groups of men meeting in the headquarters of their respective organizations, formulating policies or giving new names to old creeds, finding candidates to advocate their views and possibly subscribe to the cost of their campaigns, and then permitting the people to choose between two cut and dried programmes of legislation.

In one important detail the party system in Canada differs from that of Great Britain. Candidates seldom help to finance the campaigns of their parties in the Dominion. Funds are discovered in the coffers of the central organizations, and true believers are left to infer that the earnest wage-earners, who devote their spare time to the study of statecraft, subscribe their dollars and their quarters to further causes in which they have so much faith.

Yet there are whispers, loud ones sometimes, about corruptions at elections. The victorious party seldom does more than retort with a *tu quoque*. The people remain unmoved by threats of revelations. The man in the street shrugs his shoulders and assumes that both parties are tarred with the same brush, and anyhow he is too busy to bother about it. He is governed by a class that has complete command of the electioneering machinery, and on the whole he has little to grumble about. In all so-called self-governing countries the parliaments are little more than appendages to organized commerce, and in new countries the politicians themselves are too often brought in close personal contact with the men who

virtually are their very employers.

There comes a time, of course, when the feeling of the public is clearly expressed at the polls. A government that has been long in power usually earns resentment. An administration with a vast majority is liable to become too autocratic, and thus merit a snubbing from the people. Now and again a really popular issue will arise, and for the moment politicians and their supporters are carried along on the tide of public sentiment. But even then they are directed by the people on one or two issues only, and they continue to direct what are to them, as a governing class, the important events. They control public works, grant subsidies and make appointments. More important still, they frame the budget. Let us admit that on the whole it is well and properly done, and still we have no excuse for pretending to enjoy self-government or popular representation.

We are maintaining a colossal humbug because it has worked so far with success. The day may come when public interest will find itself diametrically opposed to the dictates of the ruling class. When that time arrives, it will be as costly to secure the dominance of the proletariat by the party system as it would by revolution. For elections are expensive to contest.

The ruling class has members in both parties. Each side has passing fads and fancies; each one stands more or less permanently for admirable theories. But the conduct of one party in office is very similar to that of the other. For evidence of this the reader may refer to Hansard for the closing weeks of the past session at Ottawa. The debates on the Post Office estimates were in themselves a liberal education.

What right has one party to-day to be called Conservative and the other party to call itself Liberal? What have members of the present Opposition in England in common with the party that followed Lord Salisbury? And in his day of power Lord Salisbury did little to develop the idea of Tory Democracy inaugurated by his former leader, Disraeli.

Has the Liberal party in Canada any connecting link with the Liberalism of Lord John Russell or of Mr. Gladstone? Beyond a reverent genuflection to the idol of Free Trade, which is omitted from the ritual when the party achieves power, the Liberals of to-day profess a faith that is contradictory in all respects to the individualistic precepts of the Manchester school. How can an individualistist like Dr. Michael Clark row in the same boat with a social reformer like Mr. Rowell? The former believes in opportunity, a Spartan creed; the latter accepts the theory of responsibility. Yet it can be done because they are the mouthpieces of the governing class, and because parties and policies acquire significance only on the rare occasions when public feeling is aroused. No one realizes how similar are the two parties to the same extent as he who has crossed the floor. As a Liberal Mr. Churchill professes the same principles that he advocated as a Tory. He might be a leader in either party. Provided a politician can make a platitude sound like an axiom, it matters little what causes he advocates, he will attract a following. Hence the need for the Montessori system in teaching politics.

Of those who prate about representative government, the Socialists are the only politicians who stand on logical ground. While their most virulent diatribes are directed against landowners, they have another brand of vituperation, but slightly inferior, for financiers and employers of labour. They are genuinely opposed to the existence of any governing class, and to most other things. How is it, then, that Socialism has failed to acquire an influential position?

The reason is, I think, that Socialism so far has been one-sided. It

has concentrated attention on the rights of wage-earners, and ignored the rights and uses of employers in their capacity as directors of labour and creators of business. More important still, it has forgotten the duties of man while arguing always for his rights. And duty comes before all else. In a very beautiful essay that contains many helpful thoughts Stevenson says: "In his own life, then, a man is not to expect happiness, only to profit by it gladly when it shall arise; he is on duty here; he knows not how or why, and does not need to know; he knows not for what hire, and must not ask. Somehow or other, though he does not know what goodness is, he must try to be good; somehow or other, though he cannot tell what will do it, he must try to give happiness to others".

Here, I think, is the creed for which Socialism is groping. Man must try to bring happiness to others. It is the only justification for any kind of government. The trouble with most reformers is that they seek to bring happiness to a particular class or section of the others. Carefully analyzed most political creeds will resolve themselves into a declaration that it is the turn of some other section of the community to have a good time. How many Socialists would not sacrifice ten years of genuine progress to see the Duke of Norfolk compelled to work as a garbage man?

Highly cultured Socialists like Mr. and Mrs. Webb, Mr. Chesterton, Mr. Wells, and Mr. Shaw can adumbrate most attractive policies and methods before enlightened audiences. But I have heard the same Mr. Bernard Shaw preach the doctrines of Karl Marx before an audience at Bow and Bromley in the east end of London. Yet modern Socialists profess to have outgrown the primitive struggles of Karl Marx to find a solution to the social problem.

My own conviction is that the best kind of government would be absolute rule by a class the members of which would have no private interests to serve. But I realize that the day for such a government is past. Modern discovery has produced so much that no man is in a position where he cannot desire more than he has; and human nature is of necessity acquisitive. The ideal governing class, then, cannot be found; and I deny that a party system which requires the financial support of acquired interests is in any degree removed from class rule. The public is left with a choice of masters, not a choice of servants.

An enlightened Socialism may ultimately provide an escape from the ridiculous position in which we now stand. Duty, the basic principle of life, would have to apply alike to the director of labour and to the worker. It is not sufficient to demand that the director shall do his duty, and the worker shall get his rights. Age should not bring destitution to those at one end of the social ladder, nor should it bring a feverish desire to compromise with Providence by endowing charities and financing churches to those who have climbed the ladder. The discharge of duty should assure both competence and easy conscience in old age.

An enlightened Socialism would have to recognize discipline as necessary to the proper discharge of duty; and to keep discipline it would have to recognize rank acquired by merit. But before an enlightened Socialism could be introduced, human nature would have to be altered.

We are now half way between feudalism and some form of government in which there will be real popular representation. What form the government of the future will take must depend upon the result of universal education during succeeding generations. At present our politics are nebulæ revolving round a magnetic centre known as the business world. The trouble will come when this business world gets too greedy.

IN SUFFOLK

From the Painting by Arnesly Brown in the National Art Gallery of Canada

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

CURRENT EVENTS

THE Canadian Minister of Militia acted in sympathy with the best popular and official opinion when he determined to debar hereafter the liquor canteen from militia camps. It would be a good thing also if he could regulate against militiamen visiting accessible bars during the standing of the camps, but that might be regarded as rather too much restraint on personal liberty. But this tendency is in line with what is taking place in other countries, particularly in the United States. It is perhaps not generally known that in this regulation the Canadian Minister is just ten years behind the banishment of the sale of alcoholic liquors from the army canteens and army posts of the United States. But of more recent date and almost within a year Secretary Bryan succeeded in having the use of alcoholic liquors discarded at all diplomatic dinners, and President Wilson has discontinued their use in the White House. As the White House is the private residence of the President, no one could rightfully criticize its practices, but in the case of the diplomatic dinners something could be said for those who are there obliged to dine without wines, liquors, or cordials, table accessories that they have been accustomed to all their lives. The reply is, however, that when these diplomatists and others are in Rome they should do as the Romans do. While spirituous liquors for years have been taboo in the United States army officers' mess, malt and vinous liquors have been allowed to the officers of the navy. But after July 1st the officers of the navy, who, by the way, are not supposed to stint themselves, will have to crack their jokes over dry ginger ale and black coffee. *Current Opinion* accounts for the change as follows:

"For this bomb that has been exploded thus cruelly in the wine-mess of every ship in our navy, four men seem to be jointly responsible. Secretary Daniels, who hails from the prohibition state of North Carolina, issued the order. President Wilson approved it. Rear-Admiral Braisted, surgeon-general of the navy, recommended it. Colonel L. M. Maus, chief surgeon of the Eastern Division of the United States Army, seems to have instigated it. Some months ago Colonel Maus wrote an article on "Alcohol and Racial Degeneracy," for *The Journal of the Military Service Institution.* This article, it seems, reached the eye of Secretary Daniels. He sent it to Rear-Admiral Braisted with a request for his views on the subject. On the admiral's favourable reply, the Secretary seems to have based his reply. Colonel Maus, in his article, refers to alcoholic drink as "the most baffling obstacle to man's progress and higher evolution." He refers to the fact that Lord Kitchener allowed his men no spirits whatever in the Soudan campaign, that Lord Roberts was equally opposed to its use in South Africa, and that Sir Frederick Treves, who served at Ladysmith, said that "the drinking men fell out and dropped as regularly as if they were labelled with the big letter D on their backs."

The Colonel refers to one of Lord Wolseley's experiments, in which his troops were divided into three marching squads. The first had a daily ration of whisky, and at the start it marched daily ahead. The second had a ration of beer, and it soon overtook and passed the whisky squad. The third squad marched on water. It maintained an even, steady gait, passed both the other squads and reached its destination long before the others. In the manœuvres of the Connecticut militia last summer, Colonel Maus notes similar results. The majority of the young men who fell out of the line in the hot weather were declared inefficient by the medical officers because of the drinking of beer."

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Not long ago the distinguished Irish poet William Butler Yeats called the attention of English readers to the work of a Bengali poet, Rabindranath Tagore. Tagore had come to England, and had made several translations from his works into English. His fame soon became continental, and when the Nobel prize for literature was bestowed upon him his renown became world-wide. He has been on a lecturing tour in the United States, where his readings, particularly the mystic drama, "The King of the Dark Chamber," have been heard with much favourable comment. There are several volumes already done into English. The first, "Gitanjali," was issued in a limited edition in 1912 by the Indian Society, but its popularity has led to several editions by the present publishers (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada). "The Crescent Moon" and "The Gardener" have also gone into several editions, and now "Chitra," a play of one act and nine scenes, bids fair to outrank all the others in point of interest. It is regarded by some critics as an unconscious message to women, for, although it was composed twenty-five years ago, its publication just now in English seems to be timely. It is the story of a princess who has been reared as a boy, but who on reaching maturity tries to recover the real attributes of her sex. In all Tagore's work so far, as translated into English, there is no rhyme in the ordinary sense of the word, nor does the text take the form of blank verse. It appears as prose made up into short paragraphs, many of them only one short sentence in length. It is the thought that is poetical, and the form while not obviously rhythmical is full of poetical beauty. One critic interprets Tagore as aiming to discover God not in some abstract region of truth and beauty, but in things as they are, and the following lines are supposed to sum up the theme embodied in "Chitra":

> "He is there where the tiller is tilling the hard ground and where the path-maker is breaking stones. He is with them in sun and in shower, and his garment is covered with dust.
> "Put off thy holy mantle, and even like him come down to the dusty soil. . . .
> "Meet him and stand by him in toil and in sweat of thy brow."

The plot is based on an ancient legend in the Mahabharata; but Tagore uses the dry tale as Shakespeare used the older plays and stories upon which he founded his dramas, as a point of departure. The Hindu Princess Chitra has been brought up as a boy. She asks Madana, God of Love, and Vasanta, God of the Seasons, to lend her again those feminine graces which her manly education has taken away from her. "Give me," she implores, "the power of the weak and the weapon of the unarmed hand!" For upon one of her hunting excursions she has seen the hermit Arjuna. When he first saw her he thought her a boy. She returned to him in a woman's dress, and he rejected her.

In the last scene the princess appears once more in her true form garbed like a noble youth. Her final words, which may be interpreted in

A BURNING ISSUE
—Sykes in Philadelphia *Ledger*

a variety of meanings, constitute the most beautiful and most signfiicant passage of this remarkable play:

"I brought from the garden of heaven flowers of incomparable beauty with which to worship you, god of my heart. . . . I am not beautifully perfect as the flowers with which I worshipped. I have many flaws and blemishes. I am a traveller in the great world-path, my garments are dirty, and my feet are bleeding with thorns. Where should I achieve flower-beauty, the unsullied loveliness of a moment's life? The gift that I proudly bring you is the heart of a woman. Here have all pains and joys gathered, the hopes, and fears, and shames of a daughter of the dust; here love springs up struggling towards immortal life. Herein lies an imperfection which is yet noble and grand. If the flower-service be finished, my master, accept this as your servant for the days to come."

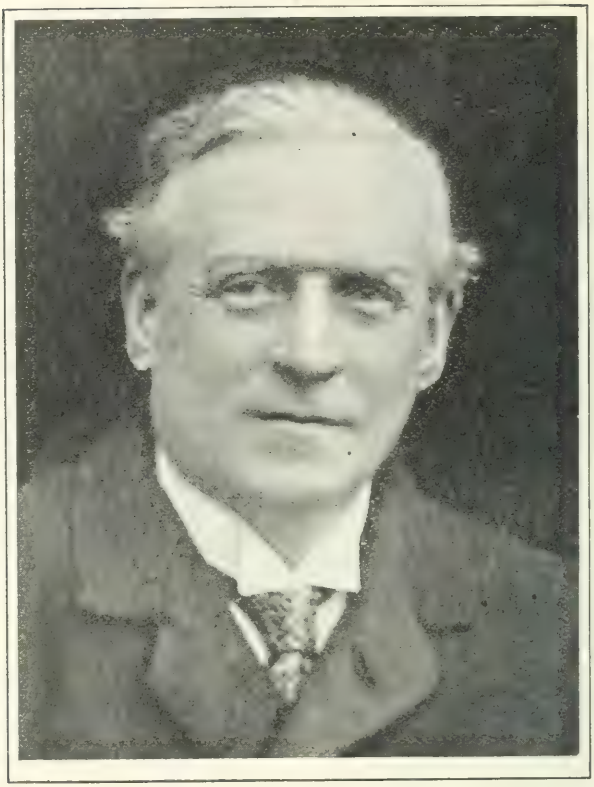
It would not surprise some observers if Mr. John Redmond, after all, were not to become the first leader of the new Government in Ireland. This, of course, presupposes that there is to be a new Government; and, according to the statement of Mr. Redmond himself, nothing short of the impossible can prevent it.

"The Home Rule Bill," he explained to Mr. Lindsay Crawford, staff correspondent of *The Globe,* "which for two years we have been told could never pass into law, will in a few days receive its third reading in the House of Commons. This is virtually its enactment. Once it leaves this House for the third time after the expiration of two years from its first introduction it must automatically become law, unless, indeed, the Parliamentary session suddenly comes to an end before the expiration of one month. This, of course, everyone knows cannot take place, and therefore the third reading of the bill in the House of Commons means its enactment. Its formal or technical enactment will come when the King gives his royal assent in about six weeks from now."

But if after the present struggle is at an end there should be any truth in the present supposition that Sir Edward Carson will become leader of the Unionists and Mr. Redmond accept some post more secure and congenial to himself than leader of the Irish Parliament there will be removed from the immediate arena of Irish politics two of the outstanding opponents.

Two brilliant London journalists, Mr. H. W. Massingham and Mr. T. P. O'Connor, have been appraising recently the parliamentary genius of the present Prime Minister of England. Mr. Massingham says that Mr. Asquith is now at the height of his career. Nothing can well increase his authority in his party or his distinction as a public man. He is supreme in the British Parliament. He has no rivals within the ranks of his own Cabinet, surrounded, thought he is, by brilliant men and able ones. His ingenuity and his inexhaustible fertility in resource seem equal to the task of piloting the Home Rule Bill to the end of its stormy voyage.

Mr. O'Connor observes that the present British Ministry is richer in striking and potent personalities than any British Cabinet that has preceded it in recent times. But great as



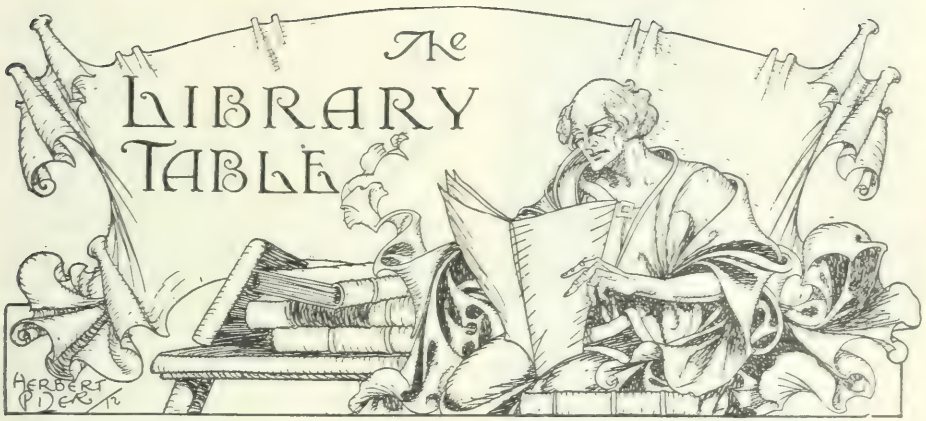
THE PRIME MINISTER OF ENGLAND

Accorrding to Mr. H. W. Massingham and Mr. T. P. O'Connor, Mr. Asquith is the greatest figure to-day in British politics

these colleagues of his may be, Mr. Asquith holds not only the highest office, but an easy intellectual and personal supremacy over them all. Among his many other gifts, Mr. Asquith has the power of attracting the loyalty and the friendship of those with whom he works.

First, Mr. Asquith has very remarkable intellectual gifts. Rarely has there been in his post a mind more rapid, broader, more penetrating. One can always rely on him. The attack upon him and his policy may seem to be devastating, but one has only to look at him with his easy smile, his scornful shrug of the shoulders, to be reassured. One knows that the answer, complete and triumphant, will come the moment he rises, serene in temper, easy in language, quiet in delivery. His is essentially a masterly intelligence.

Were Mr. Asquith roused from slumber in the middle of the night to answer some attack, it has been said, his speech would issue with the same deadly and automatic accuracy. The sentences are occasionally lengthy, there is a certain stateliness in their sequence, as though it were a procession of words such as De Quincey was so fond of marshalling. One would always be certain that the sentence, when completed, will be perfect in construction, without a loose end, in grammar as faultless as though it were the carefully revised language of the writer instead of an impromptu utterance.



THE MIRACLE MAN

By Frank L. Packard. Toronto: Bell and Cockburn.

With the publication of this book the author steps at once into the front rank of present-day American writers of fiction. Although a Canadian, a resident of Lachine, Quebec, Mr. Packard is known as a writer mostly in the United States, where for a number of years he has had a ready market for all his output. His first work to appear in book form was a number of short stories issued under the general title of "On the Iron at Big Cloud," a volume that stamped him as a writer of stirring, vigorous prose. His second volume, a novel entitled "Greater Love Hath No Man," was, in our opinion, not so good a piece of work as we might have expected from his pen, but we have to admit its popularity and ultimate success. "The Miracle Man," however, is a novel that will give him his place. Its theme is peculiarly American. Four New York crooks, with Doc. Madison at their head, discover in a small village, not many miles from the metropolis, an aged and blind deaf-mute who has a local reputation for curing the various ills of mankind, and is known as the "Patriarch." Madison conceives the idea that if they could "pull off" a number of fake cures and herald the results abroad, they could easily start a shrine to which the sick and crippled would come to be healed. There is naturally a good deal of mystery about the old man, and one of the chief actors is Doc Madison's paramour, a beautiful young woman who comes to the village and pretends to be Helena Vale, a great-niece of the Patriarch. Madison and this girl are madly in love with each other, but it is the lustful, sinful love of the New York under-world. They expect to reap a great harvest in the gratuitous offerings of those who visit the shrine; and, indeed, so well is the game played, that the result far exceeds their expectations. Instead of being a fake, however, the miraculous influence of the Patriarch, even over themselves, the chief actors in the game, quite upsets all their calculations, so that towards the end Madison finds that, while he is reaping a harvest of gold, he is losing the love of Helena. All the other participants

MR. FRANK L. PACKARD
A Canadian writer, author of the stirring novel entitled "The Miracle Man"

in the original fraud experience a change of heart, and at length Madison himself has to confess that there is no peace of mind for him until he has given back all that he has received in money and jewels and gone out into the world again with Helena, honourably married, to do their duty by their fellow-men. The plot is worthy of Barnum himself, and although it is a revelation of present-day tendencies towards faking, it nevertheless ends with a fine spirit of optimism. This is the kind of novel that is worth reading.

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THE NEW DAWN

By Agnes C. Laut. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

THIS is a very ordinary novel. The motive is ordinary, the characters are ordinary, the incidents are ordinary. The only extraordinary feature is the style, and that is melodramatic. Melodrama in words is only a little worse than melodrama in incidents; and when we say that the style of this book is melodramatic, we mean that the author has attempted, by the free use of lurid, ranting, almost hysterical sentences, to give an impression of force, dramatic situation, intense passion, quick, vital action. Surely there was no thought of fine, dignified writing. Miss Laut has a fairly good reputation as a writer, and some of her historical work has received high praise; but as she is a Canadian we are doubly sorry that she has written this book. The story of Tom Ward's rise from obscurity to be the head of one of the greatest trusts in the United States, with all the incidentals of the neglected wife who seeks solace elsewhere, the young woman who recalls her to her senses, the villain who does not achieve his vile purpose, and the final "new dawn," which brings peace and love to all, is not worth while unless it is well done. But we cannot see how it would do anyone any good to read this book.

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LENNOX AND ADDINGTON

By Walter S. Herrington, K.C. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

PROFESSOR GRANT is right when he says that in this volume, at last, we have "one county history fit to place in any library." While he paid this tribute to the author, he undoubtedly had in mind also the excellent form in which the volume has been issued by the publishers. One has but to read a paragraph of the text to discover that Mr. Herrington possesses a felicitous style, and while one would naturally suppose that a volume so restricted in scope as to include only one county in one Canadian Province would not have a very wide appeal, that the contrary

is the case can be seen from this paragraph, which is taken at random from the 427 pages of the volume:

"Some of the historic old landmarks in and about Bath are still standing. In driving along the bay shore a little less than one mile west of the outskirts of the village there may still be seen on the farm now owned by Mr. Isaac Brisco, an old one-storey frame dwelling that differs little from many other old houses in the county, except that it bears the unquestionable marks of antiquity. That was the old Finkle tavern, the first public-house between Kingston and York. About twenty yards west of it stood the old basswood tree, the first whipping-post in Upper Canada. From the highway we can command a view of the bay shore, and jutting out into the water is a gravelly point now overgrown with scrubby cedars and showing not a trace of the industry that was carried on there a century ago—the shipyard from which was launched the first steamer built in Upper Canada."

There are no less than eighty-three half-tone illustrations.

THE VALLEY OF THE HUMBER

By K. M. Lizars. Toronto: William Briggs.

A GREAT many persons would think that the Humber River, which at the present time is a small and insignificant stream which empties into Lake Ontario immediately west of the city of Toronto, would scarcely be of sufficient importance to inspire the writing of a volume of one hundred and seventy pages of history. Nevertheless, Miss Lizars, who is well known for her splendid work in connection with the two volumes entitled, "In the Days of the Canada Company" and "Humours of '37", has succeeded in showing the importance of the Humber Valley as a trade route in the early days between Lake Simcoe and Lake Ontario. She begins with the romantic wanderings of Champlain and La Salle and follows with the development of the country through which the Humber flows down to the present time. The picturesque side of the subject is never neglected, with the result that we have an entertaining book which is as well profusely illustrated with maps and reproductions of drawings and photographs.

HISTORICAL PUBLICATIONS RELATING TO CANADA

Edited by George M. Wrong, H. H. Langton, and W. Stewart Wallace. Toronto: Glasgow, Brook and Company.

THIS is the eighteenth volume of a most excellent annual review. It deals with the year 1913 and gives a brief survey of practically everything published that year that has any bearing, whatever, on the history of Canada. Nothing that appeared in pamphlet, magazine or book form is ignored, and therefore to all who wish to get in touch with these things the volume itself is invaluable. An idea of its extent can be formed from the fact that there are at least two hundred and fifty items that come under special consideration, and it must be taken for granted that every item is considered by some person peculiarly fitted to deal with it.

HOW TO SING

By Lilli Lehmann. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

MADAME LEHMANN'S chief assertion, as well in this second edition as in the first, is that no matter how well the singer may be endowed by nature, the result is insufficient unless he attains a certain amount of technic. It is much the same with the human voice as with any other instrument. Practice, intelligent, well-directed, daily practice is necessary. There are a good many theories regarding the art of singing, and it is only reasonable that one should consider carefully the experience and advice of one who has achieved great success as an exponent of this art.

MISS LEONA DALRYMPLE

Author of a prize-winning novel entitled "Diane of the Green Van" and published by The Copp, Clark Company. Review to appear later.

MISS BILLY: MARRIED

By Eleanor H. Porter. Boston: The Page Company.

THE author of "Pollyanna: The Glad Book", "Miss Billy", and "Miss Billy's Decision" here follows up her former successes and contributes again to the pleasure of her host of readers. To many it will seem strange to read about Billy in the dignified rôle of wife, but as there never has been too much dignity to Billy, there is no disappointment, but much amusement.

THE AFTER HOUSE

By Mary Roberts Rinehart. Toronto: William Briggs.

THIS novel is something of a departure from Miss Rinehart's usual style, or perhaps it would be better to say her methods. In some respects it is not so clever as some of her work, not intended to be so humorous or farcicial or even brilliant, but rather tending to be a mystery story, with the secret revealed perhaps a little earlier than the author intended. A young medical student, convalescent after an attack of typhoid fever, takes pasage as a member of the crew of an old schooner fitted out as a yacht. During the cruise no fewer than three murders are committed, and it is around these murders that the interest of the book revolves. The descriptions are good, and altogether the novel is decidedly reasonable and interesting.

ROBIN HOOD'S BARN

By Alice Brown. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THERE is a wholesome charm about this writer's books that is always acceptable to many readers. The book in hand deals with an author whose purpose is to perpetuate the memory of a man who has done good service to the community. The plot is unusual and there are many delightful situations. There is also a love story of quiet charm and told with considerable reserve. This book should add considerably to the author's reputation.

—The heroine of "In Search of a Husband," if we may accept her own reiterated declaration, is an adventuress. Not the picturesque, flambuoyant type that one meets with on the stage, but an adventuress of position and respectability. In her own words: "I was one of those pretty virgin adventuresses who are, after all, the greatest adventuresses in this world, because, being good, they have no conscience about how they attain the ends they seek." This remark may be more profound than it seems. Certainly the implication that the ordinary adventuress is troubled with conscience will go far to re-establish her in the minds of many who have formerly condemned her, now that we picture her tossing on her sleepless pillow, the victim of remorse. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.)

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

THE
WILLOWS

From the Painting by Maurice Cullen
Exhibited by the Canadian Art Club

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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THE LAST OF THE UNGAS*

BY M. GRATTON O'LEARY

THE Isle of Unga, from the top of whose haunted rock the last score of a populous nation flung themselves, lies in the Aleutian chain in 55 degrees, 20 min., north latitude, and 160 degrees, 30 min., west longitude. The peninsula of Alaska stretches out from the continent in a westerly direction, and including the many islands which stretch from the mainland like links of a chain toward Asia, it reaches through fourteen degrees of longitude. Unga is one of this island chain of the Shumagin group, which lie just beyond the outermost cape of the peninsula, which is also to the westermost point of the American continent. It was upon this island that the Unga tribe made their headquarters, long before the white man had penetrated the depths of the Canadian Interior.

*In the wonderful legendary lore of Alaska there is no more stirring tale than this, and indeed the records of ancient times may be scanned in vain for a story more full of primordial human passion. A party of surveyors and geologists sent out by the Canadian Government about five years ago met, near Dawson City, a number of coast Indians who had reached that point in the interior by working on the river boats of the White Pass Company, a distance of more than two thousand miles of river navigation, without rapid, fall or shoal. These Indians were the descendants of the Kenaits, and among their most treasured legends was the story of how their forefathers wiped out of existence a great and powerful tribe that dominated the whole southern portion of the Behring Sea. The story told to the surveyors and geologists was fragmentary and incomplete, and it was not until a later date that the entire narrative became known.

It was a "sleep-talker," or medicine man, of the Aleuts who told the complete story of the destruction of the Ungas to L. L. Bales, a famous trapper, explorer, and collector of Alaskan folklore. For years Mr. Bales had moved among the people of this peaceful, dying race, speaking their language, observing their customs, and winning his way into their confidence. Then he visited Ottawa and related this story to the officials of the Indian Department, from which source it was obtained by the writer. The spirit and meaning of the original as told by Mr. Bales is followed as closely as is possible. Some day the historian will discover that Alaska Indian lore is as interesting and tragic as any the world has to offer, and worthy of classical attention. As yet it is almost entirely neglected.

For hundreds of years the storms of the Northern Pacific had flung their flotsam on the Unga beach, enriching the tribe. War there was none, for the forefathers of the Ungas had conquered every tribe within the reach of their largest bidarkas (skin canoes). Trade with other tribes flourished; the sea yielded up her choicest wealth of timber, furs, fish, and oils, and in the big native igloos many children played the odd child games of the Arctic Circle. The maidens of the tribe were the most beautiful in all the North. Happy indeed was the brave of another tribe who managed to purchase, cajole or coerce one of these dusky beauties to enter his bidarka, to become his squaw, and join his tribe in a lifelong allegiance. Few succeeded, and those who did aroused the envy, cupidity and race hatred of the other warriors. It was this fact that led to the tribe's undoing. The fierce Kenaits and Keniks, the hereditary enemies of the Ungas, coveted the beauty of their women, and when they looked at their own scrawny wives and daughters bitter envy arose in their hearts, and again and again they vowed to see the proud Ungas humbled in the dust.

Inter-tribal travel among the Aleuts is almost entirely by water. On all the islands along the coast are villages large or small according to the neighbouring facilities for obtaining food. On account of sloping sandy beaches, the sheltered harbours of Unga, the richness of the surrounding sea, and also on account of the fact that the Mainland of North America, with all its wealth of game and resources, was but a few miles distant, the great tribe grew and prospered on their Island. Food was always plentiful, and thus the Ungas came to dominate the whole of that portion of the coast and of the Archipelago.

The native canoe is made by covering a light frame of wood obtained from the Behring drift with the skin of sea lions lashed with strong sinews. In these canoes, holding one, two, or three men, the natives would attack sea lions, otters, and even whales, and so expert were they in the handling of a paddle that seldom if ever were there any fatalities. The sloping beaches of Unga—an unusual formation in that part of the world—enabled the tribe to keep more of these canoes than any of the surrounding tribes, and among the Aleuts tribal strength and wealth is often based on the number of canoes, even as the strength of a modern nation is often based on the tonnage of its navy; and this again gave the Ungas an additional supremacy.

With supremacy and the continued absence of war alarms came carelessness. For twenty years after the final war in which the Unga army subdued and hopelessly broke the strongest of its foes, the approach of an enemy could be signalled to the main village on the Unga Island from fifty miles in any direction by a remarkable system of signalling that has no counterpart in any part of the world. This system was understood by every male member of the tribe. Sitting in his canoe, a warrior could wave his paddle so that the message he wished to convey would be perfectly understood a dozen miles off by a fellow warrior, who would immediately repeat it, and so on, until finally it would be relayed to the outlook hill above the main village. This wonderful system of signalling is worthy of pages of amplification, for no other uncivilized people have ever approached it in ingenuity or completeness. Indeed, the heliograph of a modern army's line of communication is poor, clumsy, and laborious as compared with the paddle flash code of the Aleuts.

The distance between the nearest point of Unga and the Alaskan peninsular is but five miles. At the point of the mainland there is a low pass, only nine miles long, leading clear across the peninsular to Behring Sea. On the Behring Sea side near the western end of the portage there

is a deep bay now known as Port Mothler. On the shores of this bay are a number of mineral springs and many pools of water of all temperatures. Some of these springs are so hot that the natives use them for the purpose of cooking fish, caribou and bear meat. The springs were also famed for their healing powers to the Natives of Unangashak, Nushagk, and as far north as Nunirak, on the Bering Sea side, and to the natives of all the Aleutian Islands as far south and west as Kisha. And to this day great banks of clam shells many feet in thickness, numerous stone lamps, also implements and weapons made of ivory, slate, stone, and jade can be found there. Here was the great market-place of the Aleut nation. Once every year the primitive people of the villages far and near came to visit, trade or barter. What farther inland took the form of potlatches, involving all kinds of dissipation and excess, became among the Aleuts an entertainment closely resembling in character the annual county fairs held by the civilized nations of the present day. Any curiosity of the chase, of the fisherman's net, any odd bit of flotsam thrown up by the sea was brought by its fortunate owner and shown to the neighbouring tribes. The women accompanied the warriors in their most gaudy dresses, wearing their beads and ornaments, carved from ivory and fish bones, leaving the old women and the very old men to take care of the villages and look after the children that were too young to accompany their parents on the trip across the island and the strait.

On the westermost point of Unga stood the great village of the tribe. It contained over a thousand strong, sturdy warriors, each of whom owned a canoe, and each of whom had a family. All was bustle and excitement getting ready for the annual migration and the ten days of feasting, gambling, dancing, slave-selling, love-making and fighting. And in the smaller villages of Unga the same scenes were being reproduced on a smaller scale. The final arrangements had been made, the chiefs of the villages had met and decided upon a rendezvous for the men and women of the different villages, and the journey was to begin the following day.

A series of trails led from the western and southwestern portions of the island, where the sloping beaches and the harbours abound, and where consequently all the villages were built. To the eastern points of the island, whence the mainland of America can be most easily reached the chiefs had arranged that the women and small children were to walk across the island to this point where there were a number of dugouts made of driftwood, moss, grass and sod. There they were to wait for the men and boys, who were to paddle around the island the following day with their canoes and take them all over to the mainland, so that they could continue on over the portage, the men to carry their canoes across the portage later on.

The Ungas were as happy as children and totally unsuspicious of impending danger. The oldest warriors of the tribe were young men when their hereditary enemies the ferocious Kenaits and Keniks, who lived twenty sleeps away to the north, had been last heard of or seen. Henceforth the people had become careless. For twenty years the sentries had watched for a foe that never came. The signal points had gradually been withdrawn, and no one ever dreamed that death hung over the entire people.

The women and children had left the day before for the northwest side of the island, expecting to be met by the men and boys, who were embarking in front of the various villages, with no suspicion that their mortal foes, commanded by their crafty chiefs, were lying in wait 2,000 strong in 1,000 canoes less than a dozen miles away.

The Kenaits and their allies the

Keniks lived away to the north, in the country known as Cook's Inlet, which was separated from the country of the Ungas by several hundred miles of rugged and exposed coastline; and not more than once in a lifetime would they attempt to raid the Ungas. At that time the radical admixture which civilization has brought in its wake was not known, so that the Kenaits were as different from the Aleuts as an Indian is from an Eskimo. The Kenaits were closely related to the Indians at the interior of Alaska and, like them at that time, a savage tribe. Their country was a land of plenty. The mighty moose, caribou, sheep, bear, the lordly salmon and white whale where there in abundance. They could not urge the need of food as a reason for their destructive expedition.

The real object of the trip was revenge for a defeat of more than a generation earlier; and, moreover, the brown bucks coveted the beauty to the Aleut maidens, who were famous all through the archipelago as good housekeepers, the duty of which in the Arctic region included net making, basket and blanket weaving, skin curing and other arts since lost. Then, too, the Kenait chiefs were anxious for more pomp and wealth, and the trip promised to add enormously to their wealth of goods and slaves as well as their importance as military leaders in their own northern fastness.

The crafty Kenaits and Keniks were aware of the never-failing custom of the Ungas to make their annual visit to the hot springs, and accordingly they carefully laid their plans. For several days they had been concealed at various points, watching and planning for just this very event. The chiefs had divided their forces, sending details of 200 two-hatch canoes carrying 400 picked men with instructions that they conceal themselves near the spot where the Unga women and children would camp after crossing the island. When they received the signal agreed upon, they were to attack and kill all the women who were old, or women and children who might seriously resist, and to capture the others. They were told that if they valued their own lives not to let even one escape, as upon this depended the success of the surprise upon the Unga warriors.

This done, they were to go into camp, to kill any stragglers that might appear from any part of the island. A hundred more two-hatch canoes, with two hundred of the best Kenaits trailers, were sent around into a bay on the north end of the island (now called coal harbour) there to hide their canoes in the high grass near the beach, and make their way over the island to a point as near the village of Unga as they could without being discovered. They were to conceal themselves along the trail where the women and children would pass, and after these had gone by, they were to watch for a smoke signal from a certain hill. When this signal appeared they were to make a rush for the village and intercept and kill or capture any of the Unga men and boys who might escape from the main body of the Keniks, who were, at the proper time, to attack the Ungas on the water in their canoes as they neared the sand spit behind which the Keniks were to conceal themselves.

The reserve of 700 canoes, with a complement of 1,300 men, was stationed at Hidden Bay (now called Pirate Cove) on the north side of what has been named Popof Island. On prominent points about two or three miles apart were stationed two Kenaits or Keniks, warriors, with their canoes hidden behind a nearby point. In this manner a series of lookouts were maintained on the shore line to the spot where the women and children were to come, and around the island the other way to a commanding view of Unga village. Immediately eastward and separated from Unga island by a crooked channel about eight or

ten miles long, varying in width from one to three miles, is Popof Island. About half way through this channel, putting out from the eastern end of Popof Island is a long low sand spit, and from this sand spit the attack was to be made on the Unga men and boys, as soon as they arrived abreast of it.

The signal had been flashed that the Unga women and children had been observed crossing the island, and the head chief with his 1,400 warriors in 700 canoes, had moved from Hidden Bay around into the channel between the islands and had taken up a position behind the sand spit, where the attacking party was to signal as soon as the Unga warriors' canoes should be sighted.

It was a calm, beautiful day. The water, with the exception of the long undulating swells that came in from the ocean, was smooth and glistened in the sunlight, like a mirror. The whistling scream of the eagle, the scolding cry of the gulls, and the steamboat-like puffs of the countless porpoises as they tumbled about in the channel, made a combination of scenery and sound suggestive of peace and repose rather than of a nation's impending doom. The tall grass on the sand spit, nodding in the gentle breeze, safely screened the cruel Kenaits and Keniks. To the southward 500 paddles flashed in the sunlight. The Ungas were coming. The chiefs, in anticipation of their annual visit, were singing their trading song, and their voices came vibrating across the water. Others were laughing and chatting like magpies, while others again were consulting their friends as to the price of skins, fish and oiled woods from Japanese currents, in anticipation of fine bargains for the goods they had to sell.

When the leading canoes arrived at a point abreast of the outward extreme of the sand spit, the 1,300 Kenaits and Keniks arose, and many of them put their canoes into the water on one side of the sand spit and paddled out to meet their astounded and totally unprepared Unga victims. They were quickly followed by the entire force, who took up a blood-curdling war song. A few minutes later, and the massacre was on. The surprise was absolute, and the odds were three to one against the Ungas. Besides, the northern tribes were always fighting among themselves, while it was almost a generation since the Ungas had stood in battle array. Already the gulls scenting the blood were hovering overhead, awaiting the feast.

With the exception of twenty Unga canoes that were bringing up the rear and that had turned in flight toward their villages, swiftly pursued by their northern enemies, the whole fighting force of the nation was hopelessly ensnared. For an hour the merciless massacre continued. One by one the canoes were cornered, and the paddlers speared or upset and drowned. Many of the Ungas, driven to desperation, did not await their enemies' convenience but killed themselves by means of their short knives. Many tried to swim for shore but the cold Arctic waters and the vigilance of the foe did not permit a single one to reach the land.

The Ungas in twenty canoes that formed the rear guard, and which in consequence obtained a slight start on the pursuing murders, paddled for their lives, knowing that if captured no mercy could be expected. So swiftly did they paddle that they arrived at the entrance to Unga Bay three miles ahead of their pursuers. As they reached the bay the Ungas in the head canoe suddenly struck up a weird chant that sounded almost like the croaking of a raven. It was the death song of the Unga nation. They had discovered a band of Kenaits and Keniks on the shore, and now realized that they were trapped. But life is worth a struggle, even to the survivors of a national Armageddon, and their chiefs gave hurried orders that they run their canoes ashore, grab as much of the bladders of fresh water

and bundles of dried salmon as they could carry along with their bows and arrows, spears and fur garments, climb the Chungut (now called Battle Rock) and make a last stand.

This bold, precipitous rock is three hundred feet high, with a flat grassy top, and is accessible only at one place, and then for only one at a time. Before the last Unga gained the top, the enemy was placing a strong guard all round. Later, when the slaughter of the main body was accomplished, the remainder of the Kenaits and Keniks arrived and took possession of the chief Unga village.

The four hundred Keniks detailed to capture the women and children had done their work so well that not one had escaped. Those who had not been killed were marched back to the village at Unga. The Kenaits and Keniks were so elated with their success that they determined to storm the rock held by the survivors of the Ungas. It was a fatal decision, for forty men were hurled down to death by the desperate Ungas before the Kenait chief ordered a siege.

The Unga chief who had escaped to the rock of refuge was the head of the whole Unga nation. He was the leader of the big village just beneath the frowning rock of the island. In order to see that there were no stragglers from the main body of the tribe —it was a matter of pride that each should arrive at the meeting-place in a body, presenting thereby the most formidable possible appearance—he had taken command of the rear guard, and thus was in one of the twenty canoes that had escaped.

One man of the beseiged constantly guarded the narrow pass to the top of the rock, while hundreds of the storming party surrounded it on every side. In full view of the remnant of the Ungas, the victors took the Unga women for wives, and those who were old or ugly for slaves. But in spite of the merry-making and feasting—the Kenaits having found great quantities of food, ivory and wealth of all kinds stored away by the thrifty Ungas—the watch kept was flawless, and the beleaguered men on the grassy elevation soon realized that their death was but postponed a few hours from the rest of their tribe. Their food lasted but a single day, and thirst and starvation became a horror as great as the enemy below. Yet one and all were determined not to be taken alive.

An opportune shower the sixth day revived the weak and rapidly dimishing little garrison. A few roots and some grasses growing on the lofty rock were all that remained to them in the way of food, yet day by day the Unga chief stood at the head of the pass and kept the rock. One by one he saw his little band pass away to the great white father. Some perished of hunger, and others, driven to desperation, dashed themselves to death on the rocks far below, till at last, on the nineteenth night, but one man was left—the chief of the race.

The Kenaits and Keniks still kept their watch. The night was wrapped in a great solemn stillness, broken only by the soft sound of the waves breaking lazily on the sandy shores, and the occasional wail of some woman who refused to be comforted by her new husband.

Suddenly there pierced the stillness a mournful sound that grew into a yell of proud and fierce defiance, died away into a wail of pathos and then rose again into a wild whoop like the sound of clashing spears. It was the death song of the chief, the song that was sung only after a great battle or on other great occasions in the history of the tribe. The song rose to a pitch of weird sorrow and then slowly died away. A moment's silence, and there was a great splash, and the last of the Ungas had sought death in the depth of the Arctic sea. The besiegers climbed to the top of the rock, and there was nothing nor no one to bar their way.

Little remains to tell. The victors

stayed a month on Unga Isle and then went back to their own country, carrying with them the story of the tragic passing of the Ungas and of the death song of their chief. The Unga women who were made the wives and slaves of the Kenaits and Keniks took with them their art of weaving grass baskets, and to this day the Kenait and Kenik women have retained the art. At present amidst a nation noted for ugly wives, there will often be found a family light in colour, straight limbed and tall, with fine, big sparkling eyes and ivory teeth. Then does the observer know that four hundred years ago their ancestors had the fortune to secure an Unga woman as share of the spoils of victory.

About the foot of the giant Battle Rock, which lifts its wild cragged peaks into the Arctic sky, are many caverns and hollow caves worn by the measured tides and waves of centuries. When fierce storms beat round these forlorn caves there is heard on the lonely iceberg-studded ocean sounds like weird songs that break into peals of demon laughter and die away into sad and solemn wailings. Then it is that the strange natives of the other islands say that the spirits of the Ungas are again singing the death song of their tribe.

ALWAYS

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

LOVE is never an alien thing;
Love set the gay world spinning;
Love sat light on the first bird's wing,
Sang in the chorus of earth's first spring,
Danced in the first green fairy ring—
For love has no beginning.

Love is never an alien thing—
When the last stars are sending
Their paling beams through an empty sky
And the mad earth reels and the sweet winds die—
Chaos and darkness! But you and I
And love that has no ending!

THE ADVENTURES OF ANIWAR ALI

BY MADGE MACBETH

II.—THE HUMAN NOTE

A stalwart Mussulman walked slowly down the village street, smiling. He was well pleased with himself and the world in general, and no one seeing the tall, handsome figure and noting the frank, winning smile would have identified this man as the one whose name struck terror to the heart of southern India—Aniwar Ali, the leader of the Thugs.

Hossein and Ameer, his right-hand men, had already disposed of much of Peer Khan's goods, and the proceeds richly paid the band for their slight trouble in strangling the merchant. The town of Hondeer was a restful place in which to tarry, the *Nuwab* (local ruling potentate) and *kotwali* (a sort of town magistrate) being friendly to Thugs because they received substantial portions of their plunder, and the ubiquitous young surveyor, Chisholm, who was bent on their apprehension, with his two Eurasian assistants, had for the time being been thrown off the track.

It lacked but two days to the Dusera Festival, a time particularly sacred to the patron goddess, Bhowanee, and one upon which any applicants to Thuggee were initiated.

Ismael, the son of Lah Meah, had come to the age when he must either follow his father's profession or perversely remain an enemy to it and all the bloody deeds that it entailed. He wisely choose to be a strangler, and he waited in a great state of impatience for his inauguration.

Aniwar Ali paused in his walk before a confectioner's shop and entered. There, seated at a table, alone, was this same Ismael who would so soon become a notorious Thug.

"Well met, my boy," greeted the chief affably. "We will have a sherbert together, and in its cooling draught drink to a certain event which, no doubt, your mind is intent upon."

"Indeed I can think of nothing else," answered the youth solemnly. "But with your permission, sahib, I would ask you a question."

"By all means. What is it?"

"Being a Mussulman, I cannot see why such respect is paid to the Hindu festival of the Dusera, or indeed why it is kept by us at all."

"The Dusera is the only one which is observed," replied the other. "And the reason of it is that the Dusera is the fittest time of year to commence our enterprises, and has been invariably kept sacred by all Hindu Thugs, by whom we were originally instructed in Thuggee. But I must tell you of the origin of Thuggee, that you may judge for yourself how ancient it is, and how well the instructions then given by command have been followed up. In the beginning of the world, according to the Hindus, there existed a creating and a destroying power,

both emanations from the Supreme Being. These were at constant enmity with each other; the creative power peopled the earth so fast that the destroyer could not get rid of them with equal rapidity, and he therefore appealed to the Highest Being. He then received permission to resort to any means he could devise to effect his object—that of wiping people off the face of the earth. His sacred consort, Devee, Bhowanee, or Kalee—you well understand that she has all these names and many more—in order to help him, constructed an image into which she was empowered to infuse the breath of life. As soon as the image breathed, Bhowanee assembled a number of her votaries, whom she named Thugs. She instructed them in the art of Thuggee, and, to prove its efficiency, with her own hands she destroyed, before them, the image she had made in the manner which we now practise. She endowed the Thugs with superior intelligence and cunning, in order that they might decoy human beings to destruction. She sent them abroad into the world, giving them as the reward of their exertions, the plunder they obtained from those they put to death. And she bade them be under no concern for the disposal of the victim's bodies, as she would, herself, convey them from the earth. Ages passed on in this manner, and she protected her votaries from human laws; they were everywhere found to be faithful. But with the increased depravity of the world, corruptions crept in among them. And at last a gang more bold and curious than the rest, after destroying a traveller, determined to watch and see how the body was disposed of, instead of following the ancient custom of leaving it for Bhowanee to remove. They hid themselves in the bushes by the side of the road, and awaited the arrival of their divinity. She quickly espied them and called them before her. Terror-sticken, they attempted to flee, but she arrested their steps and upraided them for their curiosity and want of faith. 'You have seen me,' said she, 'and looked upon a power which no mortal has ever yet beheld without instant destruction, Henceforth, I shall no longer protect you as I have done! The bodies of those whom you destroy will no longer be removed by me; *you* must take your own measures for their concealment. It will not always be effectual and will often lead to your detention by earthly powers, and in this will consist your punishment. Your intelligence and cunning still remain to you; I will in future assist you only by omens for your guidance, but this, my decree, will be your curse to the latest period of the world!'

"So saying she disappeared and left them to the consequences of their folly and presumption. But her protection has never been entirely withdrawn. It is true, the remains of those who fall by our hands are sometimes discovered, and instances have been known of that discovery leading to the apprehension of Thugs —at least so I have understood. During my lifetime, however, I have never known of such happening, and it is my firm belief that these instances have been permitted on purpose to punish those who in some way offended our protectress by neglecting her sacrifices and omens. You, therefore, see how necessary it is to follow the rules which have guided our fraternity for ages. We follow the blessed precepts of our prophet; we say our prayers five times a day; we observe all the laws of our faith; we worship no idols; and if what we have done for ages, ever since the invasion of India by our forefathers, was displeasing to Mahomet, surely we would have had long ere this some manifestation of his displeasure. Our plans would have been frustrated, our exertions rendered of no avail; we should have dragged on a miserable existence, and years ago we would have abandoned Thuggee and its Hindu professors."

"I am convinced," said Ismael," that our connection with Hindus is most desirable, and shall henceforth do all in my power to cultivate them whenever it is expedient. I thank you, excellency, for the instruction you have given me, but beg, now, that you will excuse me so that I may spend the short time we have in Hondeer with some of my old acquaintances."

They parted in the street, Ismael striding off in the direction of the bazaar, while Aniwar Ali strolled aimlessly to the quarter occupied by the wealthier residents. Presently, he came upon a group of street urchins romping noisily with a handsome child which was obviously of much higher caste than themselves. Puzzled that the boy had been allowed such liberty, Aniwar Ali approached him in a kindly manner and asked.

"How is this, my fine lad, that you are playing in the street with a crowd of low-born children, who may at a moment's notice possess themselves of that wonderful silver necklace you are wearing, to say nothing of the gold ornament in your turban? Where is your mother or your father," he continued, "that they allow you to play in the street?"

The child hung his head a little.

"My mother was tired; she went to rest while my father makes further preparations for our journey. For we are moving to Pultanabad on the day following the Dusera."

"Ah, then!" exclamied Aniwar Ali craftily. "So you are the party I met yesterday on the road; your mother rides a bullock, does she not?"

"Certainly *not!*" contradicted the child angrily. "She rides in a palankeen, and I go with her; and father rides a large horse and we have Chumpa and several servants with us! Do you think," he boasted, "that a Pathan like my father would allow my mother to ride on a bullock like the wife of a ploughman?"

The Thug laughed, well pleased with his ruse.

"Let it be as you say, my man! You shall also ride a fine horse, some day, if I know anything about the stars. It is so written! But in the meantime, would you not like some sweetmeat? See how tempting are those julabees in the shop yonder. Come with me and we will buy some."

The temptation was too strong to be withstood by the child, and after a fearful look toward the house where he was staying, he accompanied the Thug to the confectioner's.

Aniwar Ali bought him a load of sweetmeats, which the boy tied up in a hankerchief he was wearing about his waist and then proceeded homeward. But the transaction had attracted the notice of some of the ragged urchins with whom he had been playing. As soon as the Thug had gone a short distance, they attacked him with stones and dirt, till one, bolder than the others, seized him and endeavoured to wrest the treasures from him. The boy struggled and fought as well as he could, but the odds were too heavy against him. He had to give up the sweets, and, not content with these, the largest ruffian snatched at the silver necklace. The little lad began to howl with all his might. Of course this attracted Aniwar Ali's attention, and he soon put the troop of boys to flight, took the child home and delivered him up to Chumpa, at the same time warning her not to allow the boy out in the street again. The child cried bitterly, and his mother, hearing a strange voice, called him to her and heard the whole story. She immediately addressed the stranger from behind the cloth, which she had put up as a screen, and thanked him—adding that her husband was absent, but that he would return shortly and would be glad to thank the gentleman who had protected his child.

Aniwar Ali needed no urging. He accepted the invitation to return in the evening. At the appointed time, he paid his promised visit, accompanied by Budrinath. The child

formed the first subject of their conversation, but it soon drifted into other matters and naturally to the merchant's projected journey. Subzee Khan, the child's father, was much perturbed on hearing from Aniwar Ali that the road they had to pass was infested with Thugs, but took heart again when he learned that his new acquaintance was the leader of a party of soldiers going in the same direction. He was most profuse in his thanks when Budrinath suggested that they should escort the party over that portion of the road which they had to travel together, and the offer was most gratefully accepted. Aniwar Ali was well pleased with the result of his day's work, and he looked forward to replenishing his coffers with the rich booty which the general appearance of the merchant naturally led him to expect.

"Ismael, my boy," said he, that same evening, "you must get all the practice possible before the Dusera. For to you, as a new member of our ancient order, shall be given the pick of our next enterprise—a beautiful young woman to strangle! Be sure that your heart is as hard as your knuckles!"

The youth took his leaders words in all solemnity. Early the following morning he put himself in the hands of Gopal, a Hindu of low caste, but inferior to none as a strangler.

"This is the way we use the handkerchief," said that worthy individual, as he picked up the cloth. "I have a particular knack of my own which is easily communicated. You will soon learn it."

He took the cloth, tied a large knot in it with a piece of silver inserted; this he held in his left hand, the plain end being in his right, and about as much space between them as would nearly compass a man's neck. The closed hands had the palms uppermost.

"Now," said he, "mark this: when you throw the cloth from behind and have got it tight, suddenly turn your knuckles into the neck, giving a sharp wrench to either side, whichever may be more convenient. If done in a masterly manner, instant death ensues."

Ismael took the cloth and held it as he had been directed. But Gopal jeered.

"You could not kill a child like that! When you feel my hands about your neck you will understand!"

The lad's flesh crept as he felt the chill, clammy hands fit around his neck, but he saw where his error had been and corrected it to the satisfaction of his instructor.

"A little practice, now, is all that is necessary," said the Hindu. "Ah," he exclaimed a moment later, his eyes glistening like those of a beast of prey in view of its quarry," see yonder mendicant picking his way along the lane to the mosque. What say you to making him your first subject for experiment?"

Inspired with fanatical zeal, Ismeal agreed, and Hossein, the inveigler, who happened to be in camp at that time, was sent to approach the holy one.

"Will you not bless our poor camp for an hour with your sacred presence?" he asked humbly.

The priest bent low as he replied, "The sun *is* very hot, yonder camp looks cool and inviting, indeed!"

They made a place for him under a peepul tree and placed a basin of water within his reach, after which they sat around watching the holy one in seemingly silent veneration.

As he nodded over his prayers, Gopal made a sign to Ismael. The boy took the cloth, whipped it over the head of the mendicant and, with a deft twist of his knuckles, ended the feeble writhing.

"Well done, my son!" cried the teacher, who had been a keen spectator of the gruesome performance. "You will need no further coaching, if you proceed happily as you have begun!"

On the day of the Dusera, Aniwar Ali spent the forenoon with his friend, the merchant. They arranged to set out to Pultanabad on the following morning at sunrise. Later in the day, however, he was free to attend the inauguration of Ismael into Thuggee.

In new clothes which had never been bleached, the youth was brought into a room where the leaders of the band were assembled. They were seated upon a white cloth, spread in the centre of the apartment. Aniwar Ali asked them with much ceremony if they were content to receive the youth as a Thug and brother, to which they all answered in the affirmative. Ismael was next conducted into the open air, accompanied by the whole number, and Aniwar Ali, raising his hands and eyes to the sky, cried in a loud voice:

"O Bhowanee! Mother of the world, whose votaries we are, receive this thy servant! Vouchsafe to him thy protection! Grant to us an omen which may assure us of thy consent!"

The band waited some time; at last, from a tree over their heads the loud twittering of a small tree-owl was heard.

"Victory to Bhowanee!" cried all the Thugs excitedly.

"Be of good cheer, Ismael, son of Lah Meah! The omen is most favourable! We could hardly have expected such a one: thy acception is complete!"

A pickaxe, that holy symbol of the Thug's profession, was then placed in the boy's right hand upon a white handkerchief; he was then desired to raise it as high as his breast and to repeat an oath—a fearful oath—lifting his left hand into the air and invoking the goddess to whose service he was devoting himself. The same oath was taken on the blessed Koran, after which a small piece of consecrated coarse sugar was given him to eat.

Aniwar Ali, congratulating him in the name of the assembly, then said:

"Ismael, thou has taken upon thee the profession which is, of all others, the most acceptable to the Divinity. Thou has sworn to be faithful, brave, secretive, to pursue to destruction every human being whom chance or thy ingenuity may throw into thy power, with the exception of those who are forbidden by the laws of our profession, these persons now being to thee sacred. They are particular sects over whom our power does not extend and whose sacrifice is not acceptable to our divine patroness. For example, washermen, Sikhs, two classes of mendicants called Nanukshahees and Mudare fakirs, dancing men, musicians, sweepers, oilmen, blacksmiths, carpenters and maimed and leprous persons. With these exceptions, the whole human race is open to thee, and thou must omit no possible means (but at all times dependent upon the omens by which we are guided) to compas its destruction! I have now finished; thou art become a Thug; and what remains of thy profession will be shown thee by our teacher who will instruct thee in all necessary details."

"It is enough!" said Ismael, with fervour. "I am yours till the death; and I only pray that an opportunity may soon be afforded me by which I may show my devotion!"

Thus the band of Thugs which set out on the following morning, with Subzee Khan, the merchant, his wife and little son, Amil, their female nurse Chumpa and seven servants, was augmented by the presence of Ismael to whom had been allotted the pleasant task of strangling the merchant's wife!

The party travelled slowly. Ismael and Aniwar Ali alternated in putting little Amil before them on their horses, and spinning marvellous yarns for the child's amusement. when his father suggested his riding in the palankeen he protested loudly, clinging to the men and crying:

"I want to be with them, not with the women! They are my friends!"

After the party had travelled some miles and were approaching the last halting-place but one before reaching Pultanabad, Aniwar Ali rode up to the side of Subzee Khan and thus addressed him:

"Why not send back the servants, whose work of protection is now ended? The danger from the Thugs existed while we were passing through the lonely parts of the jungle. Here the road is open and safe and the men will much appreciate getting back to their homes as soon as possible. Besides you will save something by not taking them all the way to Pultanabad and you well know, my friend, that my men are at your service for the little distance there is left."

So the merchant paid and dismissed his guard, glad to save the money their extra hire would have cost him.

Toward evening, they came to the deep bed of a river on the sides of which grew a very thick jungle. Aniwar Ali dismounted, as he said, to drink water. He told the little Amil to go ahead, saying that the horse would carry him safely across the stream. The child obediently went forward, but just as he had got well over the ford he heard a cry and a noise as of a scuffle. Turning he was terrified to see the whole party engaged in deadly combat. At this point the horse stepped upon a loose stone, stumbled, and the child, losing his balance, fell unconscious upon a rising bit of ground. When he opened his eyes, they fell upon the livid, contorted faces of his parents and their party.

They had been strangled!

Horror gave way to fright, and he broke into a loud wail of anguish, wnich attracted Gopal as well as his two friends, Aniwar Ali and Ismael. On seeing them advancing, the child bitterly reproached them for the death of his parents and begged them to kill him, too.

"What is the brat saying?" angrily demanded Gopal. "Are you two turned women that you do not heed his cries? Give me the cloth, and I will end his noise and impertinent shouting!"

Instinct made the child stretch out his little hands to the two men who had treated him kindly on the journey, and their intervention prevented Gopal, the strangler, from putting his threat into effect. Ismael lifted the boy up tenderly and carried him away to a place of safety. He had murdered the child's mother without a pang, but his heart yearned toward the boy.

"This is not pleasing to Bhowanee," growled Gopal with an ugly glint in his eye. "Human sympathy is not part of our work. We have never spared any part of a caravan before and trouble will come of this!"

He stooped to pick up a golden ornament which had fallen out of the child's turban.

Aniwar Ali watched him silently.

"I accept this," said Gopal, opening his palm, "as a reward from our patroness for my unswering devotion to her work. She sees that I, at least, was desirous of completing the task which we began."

"Cease muttering," admonished the leader impatiently. "What harm can come of bringing the boy up as a Thug?"

"Much harm," began Gopal, and then stopped suddenly as a superstitious quiver passed through his lean body. He pointed to a surveyer's pole, which had evidently been carelessly left behind by the meddlesome young Chisholm who had sworn to apprehend Aniwar Ali and his gang.

"There, you see, excellency! Bhowanee has already sent us an omen to signify her displeasure!"

But Aniwar Ali only kicked the pole scornfully, as he cursed it by various parts of his great-grandfather's anatomy.

The third story in this series is entitled "Wit and Outwit," in which the young Englishman, Chisholm, is once more outwitted by the crafty Aniwar Ali.

RARE CANADIAN BOOKS

BY JANET CARNOCHAN

WHILE we in Ontario must acknowledge that Quebec produced literature of a high order in early years, as we in point of time are producing a century later, still Upper Canada need not be ashamed of what came from the early presses, perchance in times of stress and strain. How many have seen or heard of the first novel published in Upper Canada or the first poem or the first history?

It has been related that a book collector, in looking through a stack of books in a second-hand shop in Toronto, came across a copy of "St. Ursula's Convent," the first novel published in Ontario. He felt that he had not enough money with him to buy it, but he went back later, prepared to pay a good price. To his utter amazement, however, he learned that meanwhile the book had been sold for ten cents.

This rare book was printed at Kingston in 1824, and Kingsford in his bibliography (1892) says that he does not know of a copy in existence. Dr. Bain, late Chief Librarian at the Public Library, Toronto, referred to this book in the course of an address delivered at the opening of the Niagara Historical Society's new building. He said that at a sale of rare books in Montreal he had bought a copy, but was ashamed to tell how much he had paid for it, particularly as the President of the Society had told him that they possessed a copy for which they had not paid anything. The title page reads:

ST. URSULAS CONVENT.
or
The Nun of Canada. Containing scenes from Real Life.

The moral world
Which though to us it seems perplexed, moves on
In higher order fitted and impelled
By wisdom's finest hand, and issuing
In universal good.
—Thomson.

In two volumes.
Vol. 1.
Kingston, Upper Canada.
Printed by Hugh C. Thomson.
1824.

The author's name does not appear but in an article written by M. Phileas Gagnon, read before the Royal Sosiety in 1910, there appears an account of the writer and extracts from *The Canadian Magazine and Literary Repository*, published in Montreal in 1824. M. Gagnon's paper is entitled *"Le Premier Roman Canadien."* The story was written by a young girl named Julia C. Beckwith at the age of seventeen and is sensational, full of intrigues, improbable events, shipwrecks, children exchanged and restored in later life. "The reader who expects to increase his knowledge of monastic institutions will be disappointed." Miss Beckwith was born at Fredericton, New Brunswick, came to Kingston in 1820, married G. H. Hart and died in 1867 aged seventy-one. A list of subscribers is given, many from distant parts of Canada. A portrait of the writer is given, show-

ing her appearance in later life. The two volumes are bound in one, and a list of 150 subscribers is given. Ten copies are taken by A. F. Beckwith, Fredericton, New Brunswick. There is only one subscriber from York, one from Niagara, but many from Nova Scotia. The poetical quotations heading each chapter are from such early writers as Milton, Dryden, Gray, Thomson, and Scott. The work was not published for several years after it was written.

A copy of the first poem published in Upper Canada was found by the writer in a garret at Niagara, but on examination it was discovered that the first eight pages were missing. However, Dr. Bain, with his unlimited kindness, copied them from his own book, so that the pamphlet now besides its value as a rare book is a memorial of the Chief Librarian who was such a lover of books and possessed a large private collection.

This is the title page:

WONDERS OF THE WEST.
or
A day at the Falls of Niagara in 1825.
A Poem.
By
A Canadian.
1825.
C. Fothergill, Printer, York.

The writer was J. L. Alexander, a teacher in York Grammar School, afterwards incumbent of Saltfleet and Binbrook It is also a romantic and rather improbable tale. A few verses were, on finding the book, printed in the local paper with the remark that the lines were more interesting to us for their description of the scenery here than for their literary merit. A verse may be quoted:

Upon this river's eastern side
A fortress stands in warlike pride,
Ontario's surges lash its base
And gradually its walls deface,
And from its topmost tower displayed
A flag with stripes and stars portrayed,
Upon the west an ancient mound,
The Union Jack and British ground,
Nor distant far another stands
Which the whole river's mouth commands,
Between the two lay Newark village,
Which yet they let its neighbours pillage.
Not only so, but burn it down,
And from its ashes now has grown
Another, but more lovely far,
Since the conclusion of the war,
Which they have named Niagara.

This poetic license gives a different pronunciation still from Goldsmith's line.

And Nia-gar-a stuns with thundering sound.

The first history published in Ontario is that by David Thomson printed in Niagara in 1832, and it was long believed to be the first book outside the domain of parliamentary journals published in this Province. The title page reads:

History of the Late War between Great Britain and the United States of America.
With a retrospective view of the causes from whence it originated.
Collected from the most authentic sources.
To which is added an appendix containing public documents relating to the subject, by David Thomson, late of the Royal Scots, Niagara, U. C.
Printed by T. Sewell, Printer, Bookbinder and Stationer. Market Square. 1832.

David Thomson became a successful teacher at Niagara, but his history had not been a financial success, as we read of his incarceration in Niagara Jail for debt to his publishers. In those sad days such things were by law allowed. An interesting touch of local colour is found in an old newspaper which says that in 1827 a collection was taken up by the children in Thomson's School in Niagara for the oppressed Greeks, amounting to 11s. 4½d.

Another interesting book, which, although printed in Montreal was

evidently written in Toronto, has the appendix by Bishop Strachan. The title page reads thus:

The Report of the Loyal and Patriotic Society of Upper Canada with an Appendix, List of Subscribers and Benefactors. Montreal, Lower Canada, 1817. Printed by William Gray.

The report contains a wonderful mass of information, the formation of the society, letters from General Sheaffe, William Dummer Powell, Richard Cartwright, Colonel Thomas Talbot, Bishop Strachan to Thomas Jefferson, lists of contributions to the fund and lists of those assisted, remarks on those who suffered losses, and of those appointed to distribute help.

The book beautifully bound came to the Society in a remarkable way and must be rare, for Dr. Bain, who possessed a copy, said that he had been trying ten years to obtain a copy for the Library and had not then succeeded; the search has since been more successful. He kindly allowed the writer to spend several hours in making extracts from his copy. Three years ago a letter was received from a lady in Toronto saying that she was sending by post a copy of the Report of the Loyal and Patriotic Society of 1812 which might be interesting to us. Was that not a Loyal and Patriotic deed? The lady was a perfect stranger to us and has our grateful thanks.

The sums raised to relieve the distress caused by the war were generous. At the meeting in York, 15th. December, 1812, the sum of £1,800 was given. It is noticeable that the military men were most liberal, General Drummond in all gave £500 and General Sheaffe £200, Colonel Bishopp £100. In Kingston £494 was raised. In Lower Canada £4,600. In England £5,000 of which the Bank of England gave £1,000. In far-off Jamaica large sums were given both in money and in kind, the chief contributions being in rum and coffee. The Legislature of Nova Scotia also contributed largely. Part of the original plan of the Society was not carried out, this was to provide medals for distinguished service; one hundred pounds was set aside to procure as many silver medals as it would furnish and a description was sent to England. When received they were not distributed, as the execution did not correspond with the design. A further sum was given to procure more medals of a different quality. In a circle formed by a wreath of laurel "For Merit." "Presented by a grateful country." On the reverse, a strait between two lakes; on the north side a beaver (emblem of peaceful industry) the ancient armorial bearing of Canada; in the background an English lion slumbering; on the south side of the strait the American eagle plancing (whatever that may mean) in the air, as if checked from seizing the beaver by the presence of the lion. The legend is, "Upper Canada Preserved." Was the medal ever made? Are any specimens in existence?

From the Painting by Homer Watson
Exhibited by the Canadian Art Club

THE WOODMAN'S
COTTAGE

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

MOUNT ROBSON: A CANADIAN GIANT

BY P. W. WALLACE

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY BYRON HARMON

On every side the snowy heads of mighty hills crowded round, whilst, immediately behind us, a giant among giants, and immeasurably supreme, rose Robson's Peak.—Milton and Cheadle, "The North-west Passage by Land" (1865).

CONRAD KAIN said he would climb in eight hours to the top of Mount Robson. Conrad is the great guide of the Rockies. He has dared the demons of wind and snow, traversed at night the most treacherous of glaciers, dodged avalanches of snow and rock, and fought for his balance on the bare lips of precipices. He has traced the law of gravitation to its home and mocked it to its face.

To Conrad a mountain is simply a staircase and its summit a balcony overlooking the world. So he looked up at Robson with a calculating eye and said he would reach the highest summit of our southern Rockies in eight hours from the valley. He knew that six out of seven attempts to reach the top had been failures; he knew that his friend, Moritz Inderbinen, had climbed for twelve hours without coming within four hours of the summit; he knew that the chief satisfaction of those who had previously climbed from the east, as he now proposed to do, was, in the words of Dr. Coleman, that of "having at least escaped being swept with an avalanche into the abyss"—but still Conrad clung to the idea of an eight-hour climb until the afternoon of July 31st, 1913. Then he began to understand the giant.

The story of the splendid climb of that date is not as well known as it might be, for the press reports lavishly scattered the honour of the ascent amongst a number of persons who could have achieved the honour in no other way. The party that really did make the climb was a small one: Conrad Kain, of Vienna; W. W. Foster, Deputy Minister of Public Works, Victoria, and Captain A. H. MacCarthy, of Wilmer, British Columbia, all members of the large Alpine Club camp pitched by the shore of Berg Lake. Mr. Foster humorously remarked that the expedition was well organized, each of the several departments of activity being in charge of an officer specially appointed.

"We divided the work into three parts," he said, "Mr. MacCarthy looked after the commissariat. I was appointed officer in charge of sleeping arrangements. We let Conrad Kain take charge of the climbing."

With this careful division of work they set out on the afternoon of July 30th, carrying on their backs food and blankets for a bivouac some miles up the glacier. They put in an hour and a half of their climb that even-

THE EAST FACE OF MOUNT ROBSON, SHOWING DOME, LEFT CENTRE

ing, and left six and a half hours for the next day, according to Conrad's previous reckoning. Their bed was made on a bit of moraine at the foot of the sharp pyramid of rock known as the "Extinguisher," just beyond reach of falling stones. They excavated a hollow in the thin film of rocks, and in doing so laid bare the ice. But they covered it up again with chips of slate and a few branches of evergreen carried from a distance to add an air of magnificence worthy of so great an undertaking.

Rain, accompanied by violent wind, beat upon the lower glacier that night, but spared the Extinguisher and the three men at its feet. By morning the giant had laid his plans and was apparently setting a trap like that which had so nearly caught two previous parties, for he stood smiling and cloudless, with that innocent expression of countenance that led Conrad to form his eight-hour ambitions.

At 4.30 a.m. the party started up the glacier. They ascended the rounded buttress called the "Dome," on the south side, thus avoiding avalanche paths that had greatly delayed former expeditions, and then attacked the *bergschrund*, or ice chasm—a kind of moat that forms the last and most critical obstacle to the ascent of glaciers. After some delay a steep bridge of snow was found, which they chopped into the semblance of a stairway, and thus passed across.

"This *bergschrund,*" said Conrad, "might on some days be so hard that the mountain cannot be climbed at all from this side," which appears to have been the experience of Dr. Coleman.

From the *bergschrund,* the resources of Conrad's department were heavily called upon. Conrad cut 105 steps in solid ice sloping at sixty-five degrees before the rocks above were reached. And then, "To my disappointing," said the guide, "the rocks have been not so good as it looked from below."

MOUNT ROBSON, FROM THE NORTH-EAST

At last he was beginning to make Robson s acquaintance and to understand that he was dealing with a real "Schweizer berg," as another guide, whose story follows, described it. Clear rocks would not be too bad, but rocks glazed with ice are not only difficult to overcome, but also extremely dangerous. Nevertheless, Conrad plied away with his axe where the ice was deep, scrambled and squirmed where the rocks were poor; and the little band went up like flies on a wall. They knew that a slip could never be recovered and that they had no wings to bear them up in case anything gave way; but still they were cheerful and confident that the difficulties would be over once they had attained the ridge above, which seemed to lead easily to the summit. When at last the long 2,000 feet of ice-covered cliffs were surmounted and the climbers stood upon the coveted ridge, they viewed their proposed pathway to the summit with something like dismay, for the *aréte* was but the edge of the giant's sword, too sharp and forbidding to be thought of as a means of ascent. So they turned to the left and climbed along the dizzy blade of the sword over ice, rock, and snow, cutting steps for hour after hour. The six and a half hours were exhausted below the ridge, and so were quite a few hours more.

Conrad said there was nothing *very* difficult about the climb, but apparently there was also nothing very easy, for one o'clock passed, two, three, four, and still the summit was a long way off.

They knew now that they were taking chances, for it was clearly impossibel to reach safety before dark even if they turned about at once. Still they struggled on, past a fine snow cornice, and then by a chaos of gigantic blocks of ice, some bigger than houses, with huge icicles and fantastic carvings of ogreish faces—little

giants clustered about their father's towering crest. Two hundred feet below the summit came an ice *couloir,* almost vertical, of solid green ice, where the indefatigable Conrad performed his great feat of balancing in a small space in which most men would hardly trust the footing, and in mid air swinging away with his axe as coolly and cheerfully as if he were down in camp, a mile and a half below, chopping wood for a supper of bacon and beans.

Now a bitter wind sprang up, chilling the climbers through and through, catching up the splinters of ice that flew from under Conrad's axe and dashing them into the stinging faces of those below. "And just a leetle bit of wind," said Conrad, "which you hardly feel it in the valley, can make you all kinds of trouble in such a height." Indeed it can, as some have found who never returned to tell their story. Grimly they fought on against the malicious elements and against the relentless warfare of old Father Time himself. It is the conquest of heights like these that makes *men.* To know that a second's forgetfulness, the slightest misjudgment of distance and balance, or a sudden moment of indecision, means death to oneself and one's companions, enforces an absolute self-control that should be engrained in the very fibres of one's character. It is for that reason that the mountaineer thinks it worth while occasionally to risk his life.

It was a tremendous struggle. Five o'clock, and still ascending. Doubt as to their ultimate success could never be quite expelled by all their determination and the encouragement of Conrad's ice-axe. Already they had been almost *thirteen* hours from the bivouac beneath the Extinguisher, when Conrad suddenly paused, turned about, and said:

"Chentlemens, I will take you no farder."

They were on the summit of Mount Robson!

The customary hand-shake followed, and "ze chentlemens haf been perfectly happy." They had reason, having conquered for a second time the old giant who had defied so many brave men and overthrown so many antagonists in the icy blasts of the northland. In fact, it appeared later from the statements made by Donald Phillips, who accompanied Kinney on the first ascent, 1909, that Conrad Kain's party was the first to reach the very highest point of the mountain, the previous ascent having terminated in drifting clouds and snow some sixty feet below what Conrad found to be the true peak.

For a precious fifteen minutes the conquerors gloated over the spoils of war—"An incomparable panorama of peaks, snowfields, and glaciers," as Mr. Foster describes it, "which, from our superior altitude, appeared just like frozen waves on a lake, with little, white crests wherever a line of snow-crowned peaks appeared."

Conrad had brought his party up, but he had yet the greater responsibility of bringing them down in safety. It was observed that the giant had bombarded with avalanches the stairway which had been laboriously cut in the ice earlier in the day and had choked up the steps with frozen debris. Conrad was desirous of sharing with Dr. Coleman the satisfaction of "having . . . escaped being swept with an avalanche into the abyss," and he realized that this satisfaction was likely to be denied those who tempted the avalanches of the eastern face a second time that day. He would rather commit himself to unknown dangers than expose his party to dangers which he knew only too well. Accordingly he set the ice-axe at work on a new path on the opposite side of the mountain and began a race with oncoming night. Aiming for a promising looking glacier below, they descended as rapidly as safety would permit, only to find, as usual, that the attractions

CONRAD, MacCARTHY, AND FOSTER ABOVE THE ROBSON GLACIER

of the mountain were all promises and no pay. They were glad to get off the glacier again and make for the rocks, but between glacier and rocks intervened a most uninviting gully of hard and dangerous ice. There was nothing for it, however, but to hew a precarious ladder down the glassy incline, so Conrad set to work again as he had been doing all day, having already cut no less than 1,400 steps in snow and ice; and he cut another 200 steps before dark, when they were able to put foot once more on a little bit of solid rock.

On a narrow, outward-sloping ledge only eight feet wide, at a height of 9,000 feet, Mr. Foster prepared to execute the duties of his office by putting the expedition to bed. There was not much trouble about this, for going to bed on the bare rocks without fire, blankets, or extra clothing is a very simple matter. All Mr. Foster did was to tie his men close together with an alpine rope, to prevent restless sleepers from following their dreams into space. The duties of the commissariat department were executed with equal despatch by Mr. MacCarthy, for it does not take long to provide three hungry men with half a sandwich each; and that was all the supper that could be allowed by a commissariat organized on the eight-hour plan. Though the cold was bitter and the quarters were cramped, the belated travellers en-

joyed snatches of sleep, in which, said Conrad quaintly:

"I dreamed from firewood and ze chentlemens dreamed from blankets."

During the night the giant turned his artillery upon them and sent avalanches thundering in their direction, but though these passed close by, they failed to reach the protected ledge on which the climbers rested.

In the morning, an exciting scramble ensued, difficult ridges and chimneys being descended with the constant and more or less exhilarating uncertainty as to whether the route would be abruptly terminated by impassible cliffs. They crossed the gully down which the avalanches had shot during the night, clambered down the rocks and up them in places, and slid the length of a large snow slope near the valley. At twelve o'clock they were at length able to unrope after being in almost constant danger for thirty hours, during all which time they had but a few sandwiches to eat and the merest trickles of melted snow to quench their thirst.

The delights of this climb, when rehearsed in camp, were so enticing that a few days later another trio left Berg Lake to try their luck with the giant. Walter Schauffelberger, of Zurich, B. S. Darling, of Vancouver, and H. H. Prouty, of Portland, Oregon, formed a redoubtable party, and their climb is in many ways the greatest of all those that have been on Mount Robson.

By five a.m. on the fifth of August, they were storming the heights on the south-west side of Robson, and the longest battle ever fought with the giant had commenced. The ridge was so well defended by towers and outworks that the beseigers were repeatedly forced to turn aside from their course and outflank difficulties that could not be overcome by a frontal attack. To have kept doggedly to this ridge would have been as hopeless as walking up a street *via* the tops of the telegraph poles, or traversing a forest by climbing up and over every tree in the way. The progress of outflanking was also an extremely difficult one, for the towers encountered were not only themselves unassailable for the most part, but so well protected by precipices on either side that even the avoidance of these obstacles called into play all the resource of the besieging army. The first tower was hardly passed when a second appeared. This too was circumvented by threading a maze of ledges and chimneys (vertical splits in the rock through which the climber works his way like a glorified chimney sweep); and then half an hour of steady ascent was abruptly terminated by a third tower lifting its ugly and unscalable crest a hundred feet in the air. Another risky scramble along the wall brought them to a fourth tower and then a fifth, and after that they found themselves confronted by a still larger and more imposing tower than they had met before. Courage and perseverance won again, however, and the last of these almost impregnable fortresses was at their backs. They had rushed the outworks!

But the giant was laughing up his sleeve, for flagging strength and fleeting time were the fruits of a hard-won victory. By the time the first snow was reached, at a height of about 12,000 feet, it was five o'clock in the evening and growing bitterly cold. But they pressed on. In a few minutes the snow yielded to rocks, which proved to be in the most villainous condition, glazed over with ice. Steps could not be cut here, for the ice was but a thin skin stretched tightly over the rock below; so there was nothing for it but to step cautiously out on to the treacherous surface, steady one another with the rope, and never allow more than one man to move at a time. No place, this, for a man with weak nerves and unsteady muscles. But it was the most searching test of mental and physical fitness that nature could devise.

A CREVASSE ON ROBSON GLACIER

These slippery rocks were followed by slopes of solid ice slightly covered with loose snow, which was always ready to slide away skyward (for the sky was below as well as above) carrying victims in its clutches. Two large, overhanging cornices of snow, built by the architects wind and frost, were carefully avoided, and the dauntless three moved slowly upward to the rhythm of the axe. The summit was not far off, but the final wall of ice, "the glittering apex" that appears so white and beautiful from the pullmans of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway nearly two miles below, was so steep that not only steps for the feet but even notches for the fingers had to be cut, and the numbness of the hands, combined with the awkward angle of the steep incline of the ice which constantly jogged the elbow, so hindered the swing of Walter's axe that no more than fifty steps could be cut in an hour. "If we only had more time!" was the constant but despairing wish.

The wind, too, was growing dangerous, dashing fragments of ice into upturned faces, threatening to pull one and all from their holds, and the cold had become intense. Fingers were numb, clothes were stiff, and the rope was frozen as hard as a wire hawser. They had been fighting for over thirteen hours, and there still lay three hundred feet of hard, green ice between them and the summit. Three hundred feet at fifty steps an hour—that meant at least three hours more

of straining vigilance and unceasing labour in the frost and wind before the top could be gained, late in the evening, and then a night at over 13,000 feet or a race in the dark down walls of ice and frozen rock. They hesitated.

"It was now half-past six in the evening, and my companions were becoming impatient," says Walter Schauffelberger, "for they believed that the peak could not be reached before night, and a camp at 13,000 feet, was not to their liking. At first I made no answer, for to reach such a height and then turn back, that was indeed too hard. Accordingly I went on quietly cutting steps. But my companions gave me no peace and urged me to consider a retreat, which by no means appealed to me, for the thought of descending this difficult ridge gave me some serious reflections."

Probably he had in mind a descent by a different route, as Conrad Kain had done. "Our alternative was to camp overnight on the summit, which was also unpleasant to contemplate." And during this moment of indecision the giant showed his last card. An ugly cloud peeped over the summit and slid part way down the slope, while snowflakes swirled over the ice and crept steadily into the hollow footsteps. Storm had set in, and the light was fading. Above lay the frozen summit, the coldest and most exposed spot in Canada south of the Alaskan boundary, and below lay the slippery steeps of a climb, "like the Matterhorn from the Italian side, but for more difficult and dangerous."

The ugly cloud on the summit settled the question of alternatives. In the driving snow the party faced the descent and worked down over the whitened ridge.

"By nine o'clock," continues Schauffelberger, "it was quite dark. The wind blew over the ridge with frightful strength and threatened each moment to hurl us from the rocks. Blizzard, lightning, thunder, in short all the elements that the heavens can let loose, had set upon us."

To remain where they were was desperate, but to proceed farther was madness. So, on the narrow ridge where darkness caught them, at a height of 13,000 feet, they halted, piled up a few loose rocks to protect themselves at least to some extent from the wind, and drew on all the clothing they could, even to binding the rucksacks about their feet to prevent them from freezing. The wind passed howling among the crags and the drifting snow scoured the crouching figures. Thus, waiting for dawn, they huddled, the target of the swirling, scattering clouds; and all dreams "from firewood and from blankets" were swept away by one long waking nightmare.

It was a long night and a grim one, but they held on, and when day came at last it found them safe and sound. The clouds still hung heavily both above and below them. The party set out again on their way, though not without misgivings.

"All night long," says Schauffelberger, "it had been snowing, and the rocks looked very nasty, so that we wondered if we should ever get down in safety. Rock towers and ledges of yesterday's climb had now to be tackled with the greatest caution. The great smooth *gendarme* was altogether impregnable with ice. It was snowing like winter, and we were glad to find any way of passing this obstacle. We turned sharply to the south wall, clambered through wet chimneys and over ledges—in short, it was simply, 'Down, down, it will go.'" And they made it go. In six hours from their bivouac they reached the uppermost shelf of shale and knew that they were safe.

From a Photograph
by Harmon

"When the furies are in mad hunt along the ridges," at an altitude of more than 11,000 feet

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

BROOD OF THE WITCH QUEEN

BY SAX ROHMER

II—THE CURSE OF THE HOUSE OF DHOON

I.

WHEN a substantial legacy is divided into two shares, one of which falls to a man, young, dissolute and clever, and the other to a girl, pretty and inexperienced, there is laughter in the bells. But, to the girl's legacy add another item; a strong, stern guardian, and the issue becomes one less easy to predict.

In the case at present under consideration, such an arrangement led Dr. Bruce Cairn (the guardian) to pack off Myra Duquesne (the girl) to a grim Scottish manor in Inverness upon a visit of indefinate duration, led to heart burnings on the part of Robert Cairn, the guardian's son, and to other things about to be noticed.

Antony Ferrara, the co-legatee, was not slow to recognise that a damaging stroke had been played, but he knew Dr. Cairn too well to put up any protest. In his capacity of fashionable physician, the doctor frequently met Ferrara in society; for a man at once rich, handsome, and bearing a fine name is not socially ostracised on the mere suspicion that he is a dangerous blackguard. Thus Antony Ferrara was courted by the smartest women in town and tolerated by the men. Dr. Cairn would always acknowledge him, and then turn his back upon the dark-eyed, adopted son of his dearest friend.

There was that between the two of which the world knew nothing. Had the world known what Dr. Cairn knew respecting Antony Ferrara, then, despite his winning manner, his wealth and his station, every door in London, from those of Mayfair to that of the foulest den in Limehouse, would have been closed to him, closed, and barred with horror and loathing. A tremendous secret was locked up within the heart of Dr. Bruce Cairn.

Sometimes we seem to be granted a glimpse of the guiding Hand that steers men's destinies; then as comprehension is about to dawn, we lose again our temporary lucidity of vision. The following incident illustrates this.

Sir Elwin Groves, of Harley Street, took Dr. Cairn aside at the Club one evening.

"I am passing a patient on to you, Cairn," he said; "Lord Lashmore."

"Ah," replied Cairn thoughtfully —"I have never met him."

"He has only quite recently returned to England—you may have heard?—and brought a South American Lady Lashmore with him."

"I have heard that, yes."

"Lord Lashmore is close upon fifty-five, and his wife—a passionate Southern type of beauty—is probably less than twenty. They are an odd couple. The lady has been doing some extensive entertaining at the town house."

Groves stared hard at Dr. Cairn.

"Your young friend, Antony Ferrara, is a regular visitor."

"No doubt," said Cairn; "he goes everywhere. I don't know how long his funds will last."

"I have wondered, too. His chambers are like a scene from the 'Arabian Nights.'"

"How do you know?" inquired the other curiously. "Have you attended him?"

"Yes," was the reply. "His Eastern servant 'phoned for me one night last week; and I found Ferrara lying unconscious in a room like a pasha's harem. He looked simply ghastly, but the man would give me no account of what had caused the attack. It looked to me like sheer nervous exhaustion. He gave me quite an anxious five minutes. Incidentally, the room was blazing hot, with a fire roaring right up the chimney, and it smelt like a Hindu temple."

"Ah," muttered Cairn. "Between his mode of life and his peculiar studies he will probably crack up. He has a fragile constitution."

"Who the deuce is he, Cairn?" pursued Sir Elwin. "You must know all the circumstances of his adoption; you were with the late Sir Michael in Egypt at the time. The fellow is a mystery to me; he repels, in someway. I was glad to get away from his rooms."

"You were going to tell me something about Lord Lashmore's case, I think," said Cairn.

Sir Elwin Groves screwed up his eyes and readjusted his pince-nez, for the deliberate way in which his companion had changed the conversation was unmistakable. However, Cairn's brusque manners were proverbial, and Sir Elwin accepted the lead.

"Yes, yes, I believe I was," he agreed, rather lamely. "Well it's very singular. I was called there last Monday, at about two o'clock in the morning. I found the house upside-down, and Lady Lashmore, with a dressing-gown thrown over her night-dress, engaged in bathing a bad wound in her husband's throat."

"What! Attempted suicide?"

"My first idea, naturally. But a glance at the wound set me wondering. It was bleeding profusely, and from its location I was afraid that it might have penetrated the internal jugular; but the external only was wounded. I arrested the flow of blood and made the patient comfortable. Lady Lashmore assisted me coolly and displayed some skill as a nurse. In fact she had applied a ligature before my arrival."

"Lord Lashmore remained conscious?"

"Quite. He was shaky, of course. I called again at nine o'clock that morning, and found him progressing favourably. When I had dressed the wounds—"

"Wounds?"

"There were two actually; I will tell you in a moment. I asked Lord Lashmore for an explanation. He had given out for the benefit of the household, that, stumbling out of bed in the dark, he had tripped upon a rug, so that he fell forward almost into the fireplace. There is rather an ornate fender, with an elaborate copper scrollwork design, and his account was that he came down with all his weight upon this, in such a way that part of the copperwork pierced his throat. It was possible, just possible, Cairn; but it didn't satisfy me, and I could see that it didn't satisfy Lady Lashmore. However, when we were alone, Lashmore told me the real facts."

"He had been concealing the truth?"

"Largely for his wife's sake, I fancy. He was anxious to spare her the alarm which, knowing the truth, she must have experienced. His story was this—related in confidence, but he wishes that you should know: He was awakened by a sudden, sharp pain in the throat; not very acute, but accompanied by a feeling of pres-

sure. It was gone again, in a moment, and he was surprised to find blood upon his hands when he felt for the cause of the pain.

"He got out of bed and experienced a great dizziness. The hemorrhage was altogether more severe than he had supposed. Not wishing to arouse his wife, he did not enter his dressing-room, which is situated between his own room and Lady Lashmore's; he staggered as far as the bell-push, and then collasped. His man found him on the floor—sufficiently near the fender to lend colour to the story of the accident."

Dr. Cairn coughed drily.

"Do you think it was attempted suicide after all, then?" he asked.

"No—I don't," replied Sir Elwin emphatically. "I think it was something altogether more difficult to explain."

"Not attempted murder?"

"Almost impossible. Excepting Chambers, Lord Lashmore's valet, no one could possibly have gained access to that suite of rooms. They number four. There is a small boudoir, out of which opens Lady Lashmore's bedroom: between this and Lord Lashmore's apartment is the dressing-room. Lord Lashmore's door was locked and so was that of the boudoir. These are the only two means of entrance."

"But you said that Chambers came in and found him."

"Chambers has a key of Lord Lashmore's door. That is why I said 'excepting Chambers.' But Chambers has been with his present master since Lashmore left Cambridge. It's out of the question.'

"Windows?"

"First floor, no balcony, and overlook Hyde Park."

"Is there no clue to the mystery?"

"There are three!"

"What are they?"

"First; the nature of the wounds. Second; Lord Lashmore's idea that something was in the room at the moment of his awakening. Third; the fact that the identical attempt was made upon him last night!"

"Last night! Good God! With what result?"

"The former wounds, though deep, are very tiny, and had quite healed over. One of them partially re-opened, but Lord Lashmore awoke altogether more readily, and before any damage had been done. He says that some soft body rolled off the bed. He uttered a loud cry, leapt out and switched on the electric lights. At the same moment he heard a frightful scream from his wife's room. When I arrived—Lashmore himself summoned me on this occasion—I had a new patient."

"Lady Lashmore?"

"Exactly. She had fainted from fright, at hearing her husband's cry, I assume. There had been a slight hemorrhage from the throat, too."

"What! Tuberculous?"

"I fear so. Fright would not produce hemorrhage in the case of a healthy subject, would it?"

Dr. Cairn shook his head. He was obviously perplexed.

"And Lord Lashmore?" he asked.

"The marks were there again," replied Sir Elwin; "rather lower on the neck. But they were quite superficial. He had awakened in time and had struck out—hitting something."

"What?"

"Some living thing; apparently covered with long, silky hair. It escaped, however."

"And now," said Dr. Cairn—"these wounds; what are they like?"

"They are like the marks of fangs," replied Sir Elwin; "of two long, sharp fangs!"

II.

LORD LASHMORE was a big, blonde man, fresh coloured, and having his nearly white hair worn close cut and his moustache trimmed in neat military fashion. For a fair man, he had eyes of a singular colour. They were so dark a shade of brown as to

appear black; Southern eyes; lending to his personality an oddness very striking.

When he was shown into Dr Cairn's library, the doctor regarded him with that searching scrutiny peculiar to men of his profession, at the same time inviting the visitor to be seated.

Lashmore sat down in the red leathern arm chair, resting his large hands upon his knees, with the fingers widely spread. He had massive dignity, but was not entirely at his ease. Dr. Cairn opened the conversation, in his direct fashion.

"You come to consult me, Lord Lashmore, in my capacity of an occultist rather than in that of physician?"

"In both," replied Lord Lashmore; "distinctly, in both."

"Sir Elwin Groves is attending you for certain throat wounds—"

Lord Lashmore touched the high stock which he was wearing.

"The scars remain," he said. "Do you wish to see them?"

"I am afraid I must trouble you."

The stock was untied; and Dr. Cairn, through a powerful glass, examined the marks. One of them, the lower, was slightly inflamed.

Lord Lashmore retied his stock, standing before a small mirror set in the overmantel.

"You had an impression of some presence in the room at the time of the outrage?" pursued the doctor.

"Distinctly; on both occasions."

"Did you see anything?"

"The room was too dark."

"But you felt something?"

"Hair; my knuckles, as I struck out—I am speaking of the second outrage—encountered a thick mass of hair."

"The body of some animal?"

"Probably the head."

"But still you saw nothing?"

"I must confess that I had a vague idea of some shape flitting away across the room; a white shape—therefore probably a figment of my imagination."

"Your cry awakened Lady Lashmore?"

"Unfortunately, yes. Her nerves were badly shaken already, and this second shock proved too severe. Sir Elwin fears chest trouble. I am taking her abroad as soon as possible."

"She was found insensible. Where?"

"At the door of the dressing-room—the door communicating with her own room, not communicating with mine. She had evidently started to come to my assistance when faintness overcame her."

"What is her own account?"

"That is her own account."

"Who discovered her?"

"I did."

Dr. Cairn was drumming his fingers on the table.

"You have a theory, Lord Lashmore," he said suddenly. "Let me hear it."

Lord Lashmore started, and glared across at the speaker with a sort of haughty surprise.

"I have a theory?"

"I think so. Am I wrong?"

Lashmore stood on the rug before the fireplace with his hands locked behind him, and his head lowered looking out under his tufted eyebrows at Dr. Cairn. Thus seen, Lord Lashmore's strange eyes had a sinister appearance.

"If I had had a theory—" he began—

"You would have come to me to seek confirmation?" suggested Dr. Cairn.

"Ah! yes, you may be right, Sir Elwin, to whom I hinted something, mentioned your name. I am not quite clear on one point, Dr. Cairn. Did he send me to you because he thought—In a word, you are a mental specialist?"

"I am not. Sir Elwin has no doubts respecting your brain, Lord Lashmore. He has sent you here because I have made some study of what I may term psychical ailments. There is a chapter in your family history—"

he fixed his searching gaze upon the other's face—"which latterly has been occupying your mind?"

At that Lashmore started in good earnest.

"To what—do you refer?"

"Lord Lashmore you have come to me for advice. A rare ailment—happily very rare in England—has assailed you. Circumstances have been in your favour thus far, but a recurrence is to be anticipated at any time. Be good enough to look upon me as a specialist, and give me all your confidence."

Lashmore cleared his throat.

"What do you wish to know, Dr. Cairn?" he asked, with a queer intermingling of respect and hauteur in his tones.

"I wish to know about Mirza, wife of the third Baron Lashmore."

Lord Lashmore took a stride forward. His large hands clenched, and his eyes were blazing.

"What do you know about her?"

Surprise was in the voice, and anger.

"I have seen her portrait in Dhoon Castle; you were not in residence at that time. Mirza, Lady Lashmore, was evidently a very beautiful woman. What was the date of the marriage?"

"1615."

"The third Baron brought her to England from—?"

"Poland."

"She was a Pole?"

"A Polish Jewess."

"There was no issue of the marriage, but the Baron outlived her and married again?"

Lord Lashmore shifted his feet nervously, and gnawed his fingernails.

"There *was* issue of the marriage," he snapped. "She was my ancestress."

"Ah!" Dr. Cairn's gray eyes lighted up momentarily. "We get to the facts. Why was this birth kept secret?"

"Dhoon Castle has kept many secrets!" It was a grim noble of the Middle Ages who was speaking. "For a Lashmore, there was no difficulty in suppressing the facts, arranging a hasty second marriage and representing the boy as the child of the later union. Had the second marriage proved fruitful, this had been unnecessary; but an heir to Dhoon was —essential."

"I see. Had the second marriage proved fruitful, the child of Mirza would have been—what shall we say? —smothered?"

"Damn it! What do you mean?"

"He was the rightful heir."

"Dr. Cairn," said Lashmore, slowly, "you are probing an open wound. The fourth Baron Lashmore represents what the world calls 'The Curse of the House of Dhoon.' At Dhoon Castle there is a secret chamber, which has engaged the pens of many so-called occultists, but which no man, save every heir, has entered for generations. It's very location is a secret. Measurements do not avail to find it. You would appear to know much of my family's black secret; perhaps you know where that room lies at Dhoon?"

"Certainly I do," replied Dr. Cairn calmly; it is under the moat, some thirty yards west of the former draw bridge."

Lord Lashmore changed colour. When he spoke again his voice had lost its timber.

"Perhaps you know—what it contains?"

"I do. It contains Paul, fourth Baron Lashmore, son of Mirza, the Polish Jewess!"

Lord Lashmore reseated himself in the big armchair, staring at the speaker aghast.

"I thought no other in the world knew that!" he said hollowly. "Your studies have been extensive indeed. For three years—three whole years from the night of my twenty-first birthday—the horror hung over me, Dr. Cairn. It ultimately brought my grandfather to the madhouse, but my

father was of sterner stuff, and so, it seems, was I. After those three years of horror I threw off the memories of Paul Dhoon, the third baron—"

"It was on the night of your twenty-first birthday that you were admitted to the subterranean room?"

"You know so much, Dr. Cairn that you may as well know all." Lashmore's face was twitching. But you are about to hear what no man has ever heard from the lips of one of my family before."

He stood up again restlessly.

"Nearly thirty-five years have elapsed," he resumed, "since that December night; but my very soul trembles, now, when I recall it! There was a big house-party at Dhoon, but I had been prepared, for some weeks, by my father, for the ordeal that awaited me. Our family mystery is historical, and there were many fearful glances bestowed upon me, when, at midnight, my father took me aside from the company and led me to the old library. My God, Dr. Cairn—fearful as these reminiscences are, it is a relief to relate them—to *someone!*"

A sort of suppressed excitement was upon Lashmore, but his voice remained low and hollow.

"He asked me," he continued, "the traditional question; if I had prayed for strength. God knows I had. Then his stern face very pale, he locked the library door, and from a closet concealed beside the ancient fireplace—a closet which, hitherto, I had not known to exist—he took out a bulky key of antique workmanship. Together we set to work to remove all the volumes from one of the bookshelves.

"Even when the shelves were empty, it called for our united efforts to move the heavy piece of furniture; but we accomplished the task ultimately, making visible a considerable expanse of panelling. Nearly forty years had elapsed since that case had been removed and the carvings which it concealed were coated with all the dust which had accumulated there since the night of my father's coming-of-age.

"A device upon the top of the centre panel represented the arms of the family; the helm which formed part of the device projected like a knob. My father grasped it, turned it, and threw his weight against the seemingly solid wall. It yielded, swinging inward upon concealed hinges, and a damp, earthy smell came out into the library. Taking up a lamp, which he had in readiness, my father entered the cavity, beckoning me to follow.

"I found myself descending a flight of rough steps, and the roof above me was so low that I was compelled to stoop. A corner was come to, passed, and a further flight of steps appeared beneath. At that time the old moat was still flooded, and even had I not divined as much from the direction of the steps, I should have known, at this point, that we were beneath it. Between the stone blocks roofing us in oozed drops of moisture, and the air was at once damp and icily cold.

"A short passage, commencing at the foot of the steps, terminated before a massive, iron-studded door. My father placed the key in the lock, and holding the lamp above his head, turned and looked at me. He was deathly pale.

" 'Summon all your fortitude,' he said.

"He strove to turn the key, but for a long time without success; the lock was rusty. Finally, however—he was a strong man—his efforts were successful. The door opened, and an indescribable smell came out into the passage. Never before had I met with anything like it; I have never met with it since."

Lord Lashmore wiped his brow with his handkercheif.

"The first thing," he resumed, "upon which the lamplight shone, was what appeared to be a bloodstain spreading almost entirely over one wall of the cell which I perceived

before me. I have learned since that this was a species of fungus, not altogether uncommon. but at the time, and in that situation, it shocked me inexpressibly.

"But let me hasten to that which we have come to see—let me finish my story as quickly as may be. My father halted at the entrance to this frightful cell; his hand, with which he held the lamp above his head, was not steady, and over his shoulder I looked into the place, and saw...*him.*

"Dr. Cairn, for three years, night and day, that spectacle haunted me, I seemed to have before my eyes the dreadful face—the bearded, grinning face of Paul Dhoon. He lay there upon the floor of the dungeon, with his fists clenched and his knees drawn up as if in agony. He had lain there for generations, yet, as God is my witness, there was flesh on his bones!

"Yellow and seared it was, and his joints protruded through it but his features were yet recognisable—horribly, dreadfully recognisable. His black hair was like a mane, long and matted, his eyebrows were incredibly heavy and his lashes overhung his cheekbones. The nails of his fingers .....no! I will spare you. But his teeth, his ivory, gleaming teeth—with the two wolf-fangs fully revealed by that death grin!

"An aspen stake was driven through his breast, pinning him to the earthen floor, and there he lay in the agonised attitude of one who had died by such awful means. Yet —that stake was not driven through his unhallowed body until a whole year after his death!

"How I regained the library I do not remember. I was unable to rejoin the guests, unable to face my fellow-men for days afterwards. Dr. Cairn, for three years I feared—feared the world—feared sleep—feared myself above all; for I knew I had in my veins the blood of a *vampire!*"

III.

THERE was a silence of some minutes' duration. Lord Lashmore sat staring straight before him, his fists clenched upon his knees. Then:

"It was after death that the third baron developed—certain qualities?" inquired Dr. Cairn.

"There were six cases of death within the district within twelve months," replied Lashmore. "The gruesome cry of 'vampire' ran through the community. The fourth baron—son of Paul Dhoon—turned a deaf ear to these reports, until the mother of a child—a child who had died—traced a man, or the semblance of a man, to the gate of the Dhoon family vault. By night, secretly, the son of Paul Dhoon visited the vault, and found.....

"The body, which despite twelve months in the tomb, looked as it had looked in life, was carried to the dungeon—in the Middle Ages a torture-room; no cry uttered there can reach the outer world—and was submitted to the ancient process for slaying a vampire. From that hour no supernatural visitation has troubled the district; but—"

"But," said Dr. Cairn quietly, "the strain came from Mirza, the sorceress! what of her?"

Lord Lashmore's eyes shone feverishly.

"How do you know that she was a sorceress?" he asked hoarsely. "These are family secrets."

"They will remain so," he was answered. "But my studies have gone far, and I know that Mirza, wife of the third Baron Lashmore, practised the Black Art in life, and became after death a ghoul. Her husband surprised her in certain detestable magical operations and struck her head off. He had suspected her for some considerable time, and had not only kept secret the birth of her son but had secluded the child from the mother. No heir resulting from his second marriage, however, the son of Mirza became Baron Lashmore, and after death became what his mother had been.

"Lord Lashmore, the curse of the house of Dhoon will prevail until the Polish Jewess who originated it has been treated as her son was treated!"

"Dr. Cairn, it is not known where her husband had her body concealed. He died without revealing the secret. Do you mean that the taint, the devil's taint, may recur—Oh, my God! do you want to drive me mad!"

"I do not mean that after so many generations which have been free from it, the vampirism will arise again in your blood; but I mean that the spirit, the unclean, awful spirit of that vampire woman is still earth-bound. The son was freed, and with him went the heriditary taint, it seems; but the mother was *not* freed! Her body was decapitated, but her vampire soul cannot go upon its appointed course until the ancient ceremonial has been performed!"

Lord Lashmore passed his hand across his eyes.

"You daze me, Dr. Cairn. In brief, what do you mean?"

"I mean that the spirit of Mirza is to this day loose upon the world, and is forced by a deathless, unnatural longing to seek incarnation in a human body. It is such awful pariahs as this, Lord Lashmore, that constitute the danger of so-called spiritualism. Given suitable conditions, such a spirit might gain control of a human being."

"Do you suggest that the spirit of the second lady—"

"It is distinctly possible that she haunts her descendants. I seem to remember a tradition of Dhoon Castle, to the effect that births and death's are heralded by a woman's mocking laughter?"

"I myself heard it on the night I became Lord Lashmore."

"That is the spirit who was known, in life, as Mirza, Lady Lashmore!"

"But—"

"It is possible to gain control of such a being."

"By what means?"

"By unhallowed means; yet there are those who do not hesitate to employ them. The danger of such an operation is, of course, enormous."

"I perceive, Dr. Cairn, that a theory covering the facts of my recent experiences is forming in your mind."

"That is so. In order that I may obtain corroborative evidence, I should like to call at your place this evening. Suppose I come ostensibly to see Lady Lashmore?"

Lord Lashmore was watching the speaker.

"There is someone in my household whose suspicions you do not wish to arouse?" he suggested.

"There is. Shall we make it nine o'clock?"

"Why not come to dinner?"

"Thanks all the same, but I think it would serve my purpose better if I came later."

*

Dr. Cairn and his son dined alone together in Half Moon Street that night.

"I saw Antony Ferrara in Regent Street to-day," said Robert Cairn. "I was glad to see him."

Dr. Cairn raised his heavy brows.

"Why?" he asked.

"Well I was half afraid that he might have left London."

"Paid a visit to Myra Duquesne in Inverness?"

"It would not have surprised me."

"Nor would it have surprised me, Rob, but I think he is stalking other game at present."

Robert Cairn looked up quickly.

"Lady Lashmore," he began—

"Well?" prompted his father.

"One of the Paul Pry brigade who fatten on scandel sent a veiled paragraph in to us at *The Planet* yesterday, linking Ferrara's name with Lady Lashmore. Of course we did not use it; he had come to the wrong market; but—Ferrara was with Lady Lashmore when I met him to-day."

"What of that?"

"It is not necessarily significant,

of course; Lord Lashmore in all probability will outlive Ferrara, who looked even more pallid than usual."

"You regard him as an utterly unscrupulous fortune-hunter?"

"Certainly."

"Did Lady Lashmore appear to be in good health?"

"Perfectly."

"Ah."

A silence fell, of considerable duration, then:

"Antony Ferrara is a menance to society," said Robert Cairn. "When I meet the reptilian glance of those black eyes of his and reflect upon what the man has attempted—what he has done—my blood boils. It is tragically funny to think that in our new wisdom we have abolished the only laws that could have touched him! He could not have existed in Ancient Chaldea, and would probably have been burnt at the stake even under Charles II, but in this wise twentieth century he dallies in Regent Street with a prominent society beauty and laughs in the face of the man he has attempted to destroy!"

"Be very wary," warned Dr. Cairn. "Remember that if you died mysteriously to-morrow, Ferrara would be legally immune. We must wait and watch. Can you return here to-night, at about ten o'clock?"

"I think I can manage to do so—yes."

"I shall expect you. Have you brought up to date your record of those events which we know of, together with my notes and explanations?"

"Yes, sir, I spent last evening upon the notes."

"There may be something to add. This record, Rob, one day will be a weapon to destroy an unnatural enemy. I will sign two copies to-night and lodge one at my bank."

IV.

LADY LASHMORE proved to be far more beautiful than Dr. Cairn had anticipated. She was a true brunette with a superb figure and eyes like the darkest passion flowers. Her creamy skin had a golden quality as though it had absorbed within its velvet texture something of the sunshine of the South.

She greeted Dr. Cairn without cordiality.

"I am delighted to find you looking so well, Lady Lashmore," said the doctor. "Your appearance quite confirms my opinion."

"Your opinion of what, Dr. Cairn?"

"Of the nature of your recent seizure. Sir Elwin Groves invited my opinion and I gave it."

Lady Lashmore paled perceptibly.

"Lord Lashmore, I know," she said, "was greatly concerned, but indeed it was nothing serious—"

"I quite agree. It was due to nervous excitement."

Lady Lashmore held a fan before her face.

"There have been recent happenings," she said—"as no doubt you are aware—which must have shaken anyone's nerves. Of course I am familiar with your reputation, Dr. Cairn as a psychical specialist—"

"Pardon me, but from whom have you learnt of it?"

"From Mr. Ferrara," she answered simply. "He has assured me that you are the greatest living authority upon such matters."

Dr. Cairn turned his head aside.

"Ah!" he said grimly.

"And I want to ask you a question," continued Lady Lashmore. "Have you any idea, any idea at all, respecting the cause of the wounds upon my husband's throat? Do you think them due to—something supernatural?"

Her voice shook, and her slight foreign accent became more marked.

"Nothing is supernatural," replied Dr. Cairn; "but I think they are due to something supernormal. I would suggest that possibly you have suffered from evil dreams recently?"

Lady Lashmore started wildly, and her eyes opened with a sort of sudden horror.

"How can you know?" she whispered. "How can you know! Oh, Dr. Cairn!"—She laid her hand upon his arm—"if you can only prevent those dreams; if you can assure me that I shall never dream them again—!"

It was a plea and a confession. This was what had lain behind her coldness, this horror which she had not dared to confide in another.

"Tell me," he said gently. "You have dreamt these dreams twice?"

She nodded, wide-eyed with wonder for his knowledge.

"On the occasions of your husband's—illnesses?"

"Yes, yes!"

"What did you dream?"

"Oh! can I, dare I tell you!—"

"You must."

There was pity in his voice.

"I dreamt that I lay in some very dark cavern; I could hear the sea booming, apparently above my head. But above all the voice of a noise was audible, calling to me—not by name; I cannot explain in what way; but calling, calling imperatively. I seemed to be clothed but scantily, in some kind of ragged garments; and upon my knees I crawled toward the voice, through a place were there were other living things that crawled also; things with many legs and clammy bodies....."

She shuddered and choked down an hysterical sob that was half a laugh.

"My hair hung dishevelled about me and in some inexplicable way—oh! am I going mad!—my head seemed to be detached from my living body! I was filled with a kind of unholy anger which I cannot describe. Also, I was consumed with thirst, and this thirst....."

"I think I understand," said Dr. Cairn quietly. What followed?"

"An interval—quite blank—after which I dreamt again. Dr. Cairn I *cannot* tell you of the dreadful, the blasphemous and foul thoughts that possessed me! I found myself resisting — resisting — something, some power that was dragging me back to that foul cavern with my thirst unslaked! I was frenzied; I dare not name, I tremble to think, of the ideas which filled my mind. Then again came a blank, and I awoke."

She sat trembling. Dr. Cairn noted that she avoided his gaze.

"You awoke," he said, "on the first occasion, to find that your husband had met with a strange and dangerous accident?"

"There was—something else."

Lady Lashmore's voice had become a tremulous whisper.

"Tell me; don't be afraid."

She looked up; her magnificent eyes were wild with horror.

"I believe you know!" she breathed. "Do you?"

Dr. Cairn nodded.

"And on the second occasion," he said, you awoke—earlier?"

Lady Lashmore nodded her head.

"The dream was identical?"

"Yes."

"Excepting these two occasions, you never dreamed it before?"

"I dreamt *part* of it on several other occasions; or only remembered part of it on waking."

"Which part?"

"The first; that awful cavern—"

"And now Lady Lashmore—you have recently been present at a spiritualistic seance."

She was past wondering at his power of inductive reasoning, and merely nodded.

"I suggest—I do not know—that the seance was held under the auspices of Mr. Antony Ferrara, ostensibly for amusement."

Another affirmative nod answered him.

"You proved to be mediumistic?"

It was admitted.

"And now Lady Lashmore—" Dr. Cairn's face was very stern—"I will trouble you no further."

He prepared to depart; when—

"Dr. Cairn!" whispered Lady Lashmore, tremulously—"some dreadful thing, something that I cannot comprehend but that I fear and loathe with all my soul, has come to me. Oh—for pity's sake, give me a word of hope! Save for you I am alone with a horror I cannot name. Tell me—"

At the door, he turned.

"Be brave," he said—and went out.

Lady Lashmore sat still as one who had looked upon Gorgon, with her beautiful eyes yet widely opened and her face pale as death; for he had not even told her to hope.

V.

ROBERT CAIRN was sitting smoking in the library, a bunch of notes before him, when Dr. Cairn returned to Half Moon Street. His face, habitually fresh coloured, was so pale that his son leapt up in alarm. But Dr. Cairn waved him away with a characteristic gesture of his hand.

"Sit down, Rob," he said, quietly; "I shall be alright in a moment. But I have just left a woman—a young woman and a beautiful woman—whom a fiend of hell has condemned to that which my mind refuses to contemplate."

Robert Cairn sat down again, watching his father.

"Make out a report of the following facts," continued the latter, beginning to pace up and down the room.

He recounted all that he had learnt of the history of the house of Dhoon and all that he had learnt of recent happenings form Lord and Lady Lashmore. His son wrote rapidly.

"And now," said the doctor, "for our conclusions. Mirza, the Polish Jewess, who became Lady Lashmore in 1615, practised sorcery in life and became, after death, a ghoul—one who sustained an unholy existence by unholy means—a vampire."

"But, sir, surely that is but a horrible superstition of the Middle Ages!"

"Rob, I could take you to a castle not ten miles from Cracow in Poland where there are—certain relics, which would for ever settle your doubts respecting the existence of vampires. Let us proceed. The son of Mirza, Paul Dhoon, inherited the dreadful proclivities of his mother, but his shadowy existence was cut short in the traditional and effective manner. Him we may neglect.

"It is Mirza, the sorceress, who must engage our attention. She was decapitated by her husband. This punishment prevented her, in the unhallowed life which, for such as she, begins after ordinary decease, from practising the horrible rites of a vampire. Her headless body could not serve her as a vehicle for nocturnal wanderings, but the evil spirit of the woman might hope to gain control of some body more suitable.

"Nurturing an implacable hatred against all of the house of Dhoon, that spirit, disembodied, would frequently be drawn to the neighbourhood of Mirza's descendants, both by hatred and affinity. Two horrible desires of the Spirit Mirza would be gratified if a Dhoon could be made her victim—the desire for blood and the desire for vengeance! The fate of Lord Lashmore would be sealed if that spirit could secure incarnation!"

Dr. Cairn paused, glancing at his son, who was writing at a furious speed. Then—

"A magician more mighty and more evil than Mirza ever was or could be," he continued; "a master of the Black Art, expelled a woman's spirit from its throne and temporarily installed in its place the blood-lustful spirit of Mirza!"

"My God, sir!" cried Robert Cairn, and threw down his pencil. "I begin to understand!"

"Lady Lashmore," said Dr. Cairn, "since she was weak enough to consent to be present at a certain seance, has, from time to time, been *possessed*;

she has been possessed by the spirit of a vampire! Obedient to the nameless cravings of that control, she has sought out Lord Lashmore, the last of the house of Dhoon. The horrible attack made, a mighty will, which throughout her temporary incarnation, has held her like a hound in leash, has dragged her from her prey, has forced her to remove, from the garments clothing her borrowed body, all traces of the deed, and has cast her out again to the pit of abomination where her headless trunk was thrown by the third Baron Lashmore!

"Lady Lashmore's brain retains certain memories. They have been received at the moment when possession has taken place and at the moment when the control has been cast out again. They thus are memories of some secret cavern near Dhoon Castle, where that headless, but deathless body lies and memories of the poignant moment when the vampire has been dragged back, her 'thirst unslaked,' by the ruling Will."

"Merciful God!" muttered Robert Cairn—"Merciful God, can such things be!"

"They can be—they are!"

"Two ways have occurred to me of dealing with the matter," said Dr. Cairn quietly. "One is to find that cavern and to kill, in the occult sense, by means of a stake, the vampire who lies there; the other which, I confess, might only result in the permanent 'possession' of Lady Lashmore—is to get at the power which controls this disembodied spirit—kill Antony Ferrara!"

Robert Cairn went to the sideboard and poured out brandy with a shaking hand.

"What's his object?" he whispered.

Dr. Cairn shrugged his shoulders.

"Lady Lashmore would be the wealthiest widow in society," he replied.

"*He* will know now," continued the younger man unsteadily, "that you are against him. Have you—"

"I have told Lord Lashmore to lock, at night, not only his outer door but also that of his dressing-room. For the rest"—he dropped into an easy-chair—"I cannot face the facts, I—"

The telephone bell rang.

Dr. Cairn came to his feet as though he had been electrified; and as he raised the receiver to his ear, his son knew, by the expression on his face from where the message came and something of its purport.

"Come with me," was all he said, when he had replaced the instrument on the table.

They went out together. It was already past midnight, but a cab was found at the corner of Half Moon Street, and within the space of five minutes they were at Lord Lashmore's house.

Excepting Chambers, Lord Lashmore's valet, no servants were to be seen.

"They ran away, sir, out of the house," explained the man, huskily, "when it happened—"

Dr. Cairn delayed for no further questions, but raced upstairs, his son close behind him. Together they burst into Lord Lashmore's bedroom. But just within the door they both stopped, aghast.

Sitting bolt upright in bed was Lord Lashmore, his face a dingy gray and his open eyes, though filming over, yet faintly alight with a stark horror.....dead. An electric torch was still gripped tightly in his left hand.

Bending over someone who lay upon the carpet near the bedside they perceived Sir Elwin Groves. He looked up. Some little of his usual self-possession had fled.

"Ah, Cairn," he jerked. We've both come too late."

The prostrate figure was that of Lady Lashmore, a loose kimona worn over her night-robe. She was white and still and the physician had been engaged in bathing a huge bruise upon her temple.

"She'll be alright," said Sir Elwin; she has sustained a tremendous blow, as you see. But Lord Lashmore—"

Dr. Cairn stepped closer to the dead man.

"Heart," he said. "He died of sheer horror."

He turned to Chambers, who stood in the open doorway behind him.

"The dressing-room is open," he said. "I had advised Lord Lashmore to lock it."

"Yes, sir; his lordship meant to, sir. But we found that the lock had been broken. It was to have been replaced to-morrow."

Dr. Cairn turned to his son.

"You hear?" he said. "No doubt you have some idea which of the visitors to this unhappy house took the trouble to break that lock? It was to have been replaced to-morrow; hence the tragedy of to-night." He addressed Chambers again. "Why did the servants leave the house to-night?"

The man was shaking pitifully.

"It was the laughter, sir! the laughter! I can never forget it! I was sleeping in an adjoining room and I had a key of his lordship's door in case of need. But when I heard his lordship cry out—quick and loud, sir—like a man that's been stabbed—I jumped up to come to him. Then, as I was turning the door-knob—of my room, sir—someone, something, began to *laugh!* It was in here; it was in here, gentlemen! It wasn't—her ladyship; it wasn't like *any* woman. I can't describe it; but it woke up every soul in the house."

"When you came in?"

"I darn't come in, sir! I ran downstairs and called up Sir Elwin Groves. Before he came, all the rest of the household hurried on their clothes and went away—"

"It was I who found him," interrupted Sir Elwin—"as you see him now; with Lady Lashmore where she lies. I have 'phoned for nurses."

"Ah," said Dr. Cairn, "I shall come back, Groves, but I have a small matter to attend to."

He drew his son from the room. On the stair:

"You understand?" he asked. "The spirit of Mirza came to him again, clothed in his wife's body. Lord Lashmore felt the teeth at his throat, awoke instantly and struck out. As he did so, he turned the torch upon her, and recognized—his wife! His heart completed the tragedy, and so—to the laughter of the sorceress—passed the last of the house of Dhoon."

The cab was waiting. Dr. Cairn gave an address in Piccadilly, and the two entered. As the cab moved off, the doctor took a revolver from his pocket, with some loose cartridges, charged the five chambers, and quietly replaced the weapon in his pocket again.

One of the big doors of the block of chambers was found to be ajar, and a porter proved to be yet in attendance.

"Mr. Ferrara," began Dr. Cairn—

"You're five minutes too late, sir," said the man.

"He left by motor at ten past twelve. He's gone abroad, sir."

In the next story of this series, which is entitled "The Mask of Set," Robert Cairn goes to Egypt and there has a further adventure with Antony Ferrara.

SIR WILLIAM WHYTE: A BUILDER OF THE WEST

BY R. G. MACBETH

AUTHOR OF "THE MAKING OF THE CANADIAN WEST" ETC.

WILLIAM WHYTE was one of the men to whom a title added nothing, and for titles he never had any particular ambition. When, in recognition of his great services as a railroad-builder and Empire-builder, he received the honour of knighthood at the time of the coronation of our King George V., I wrote to Sir William a personal letter of congratulation, because from the early nineties in the West I had been privileged to be one of his personal friends. His reply was characteristic of the man. He said that he had never worked with a view to such recognition, but since knighthood had come to him his chief delight lay in the fact that his friends were pleased and that those whom he knew and loved best were good enough to say that he deserved it. This was a reply with the real ring of chivalry about it. Verily, those who knew him most intimately could vouch for his true knightliness and could affirm that he was greater than his title, for

> However it be, it seems to me
> 'Tis only noble to be good;
> Kind hearts are more than coronets,
> And simple faith than Norman blood.

But, even with Tennyson's verse in mind, it was gratifying to those who honoured and loved him to know that the Fifeshire lad, who had come to Canada alone to fight his way in the world without influence, had won his spurs in the great task of opening out and developing a new Empire in the wide West of the Dominion.

His career is an outstanding and thrilling example of what a man can accomplish who has had a good home training, who makes the most of his opportunity in the school and the church of his boyhood, and who sets out upon his life work with eager enthusiasm, unconquerable optimism, unquenchable industry, and deep, if unostentatious, religious faith. Men with some of these characteristics have succeeded equally well as creators of great industrial and financial movements, but it was what Mr. Whyte possessed in addition to business qualities that made him too great a human to be swallowed up by commercial concerns.

Born in 1843 in Dumfermline, young Whyte began as soon as he was through school to work as clerk in the office of an estate factor. Then he was a while railroading in West Fife and so found his life vocation. In 1863 he came to Canada and got in with the Grand Trunk in Toronto. For a while he was a brakesman, and one would have liked to hear him call out the stations in that rich voice with the flavour of Scotland about it. Freight agent, depot mas-

ter, ticket agent, and superintendent here and there, Whyte kept climbing up, and in 1886 the Canadian Pacific Railway, looking for the best available man to grapple with the herculean task of managing the business pertaining to the long steel trail from Fort William to the Coast, sent him to Winnipeg. His official titles from that time on were various, but, by whatever name he was called, Whyte became thenceforward the outstanding figure on the Western landscape of our first transcontinental road.

It was well for the railroad that such was the case, because there were troublous days ahead. The Canadian Pacific Railroad in the West was a great monopolistic organization and people hate monopolies of that kind. But no decent man could hate William Whyte, and so he became, through the sheer strength of his personality, a tower of defence for the great railway. He had no hesitation in claiming in those days that the Canadian Pacific Railway needed a monopoly in order to keep out of the hands of a receiver. And when one looks back to that period one sees much reason in Whyte's position. The lone line of railway stretched across the barren rock areas north of Lake Superior, struck some settlement in Manitoba, then went on over a thousand miles of wild and almost uninhabited prairie to the mountains, thence through those great unproductive hills to a fringe of civilization on the western seaboard. The cost of construction had brought the company to the edge of bankruptcy and the rich land grant was almost valueless because there were as yet few settlers. There was little passenger or freight traffic, for the first Winnipeg boom had broken and an atmosphere of depression prevailed. Of course, the people of Manitoba clamoured for railway competition, got their legislators to charter local roads, and were quite ready to mob or politically kill any public man who believed that these local charters should be disallowed at Ottawa. But one can see that the Canadian Pacific Railway, which is now an enormously wealthy corporation, had such hard times in those days that the whole concern might have collapsed had rival roads been allowed to cut into its few productive patches of territory.

A gentleman who had been a fierce opponent of disallowance of rival charters called on me in Vancouver, in 1903, after his first trip through the mountains, and in conversation mentioned that he did not wonder that the Canadian Pacific Railway had required protection from rivals when it had to build and operate such a line in the early days. That was about the way William Whyte looked at it, and all the storms of popular indignation against the company broke hopelessly and harmlessly against his strong, imperturbable, persistent, and unflinching figure. A new name was put on the map of Manitoba when he garrisoned the Canadian Pacific Railway's southwestern branch at a point where a rival road sought a crossing, and I remember passing that place when a disabled engine was imbedded in the prairie mud and a force of 150 Canadian Pacific Railway "specials" saw that no crossing was effected. That was the historic "Fort Whyte," but, with the growth of settlement and industry in the West, the man after whom that spot was named saw that there was room and to spare for many tracks of steel over the great plains.

In his office Mr. Whyte was one of the most delightfully approachable and kindly of men. We have known scores of men with a tenth of his responsibility to be almost as non-get-at-able as royalty itself. But Mr. Whyte's door was always on the swing, and a wiper from the roundhouse could see him just as readily as a captain of industry. One day I asked him how he could manage to get the time for all this, and he said he arranged his work so as to permit it. He said he was there to serve men as far as he could and he con-

sidered that he should see any man who had business with him. This approachableness, along with many things which indicated a strong purpose to be fair to the men in the company's employ, gave him enormous personal influence with all of them, even though at times he had to refuse their requests. They had the most absolute confidence in his personal character and in his willingness to go as far as possible to meet their wishes. Several instances illustrating this come to me out of my personal knowledge. One day when I was in his office some men were in to see him in regard to improving their situation as engine-drivers in the mountains division. And after several matters had been settled a point was brought up by the men as to limiting the eligibility of employees in regard to turn-table and other work at divisional points. And after they had made their request Mr. Whyte said that he would refuse it in the interests of themselves and their families. He then pointed out that engine-driving in the mountains was hard on the eyesight, so that the eyes had to be tested frequently in order to be sure that they were fit for that work. And then he said: "Some of you men might be unfitted for that work some day, and you are asking me to make a rule which would bar you out from earning a good living by going into another department." One of the men got up and said: "Mr. Whyte, we thank you for this—we never thought of it. You are right, and you seem to be looking out for our welfare all the time." And they shook hands all around and went out well pleased with their interview.

One day Mr. Whyte was coming down to his office after there had been a labour trouble over which some men were rather bitter, when, on the Main street, he met one of the men who had been quite a while in the employ of the road. The man was passing with his head down, when Mr. Whyte stopped and speaking to him by name, said: "John, what have I ever done to you that you should cut me on the street?" And the man replied: "Mr. Whyte, I was really ashamed to look you in the face after all your kindness to me." "Well," said Mr. Whyte, "never be ashamed to meet your friends, come and see me if you are in trouble." One can easily understand what an influence that interview would have.

Once when an employee of the company who had cashed his pay-cheque in a north-end saloon had been found frozen to death in the yard, I saw Mr. Whyte in regard to protecting the men from such risks. I found that he was tremendously aroused over the matter, because he found out that certain saloons put up a notice on pay-day, "C. P. R. Cheques Cashed Here." This, he discovered on investigation, led the men into drink to their own and their families' great loss. He said he was trying to arrange in the interests of the men and their homes that the practice be made impossible and he would issue a special order warning the men against the danger. To this he added that the day was not far distant, when for the sake of the men as well as for the protection of the lives of crews and passengers and the property of the company, all railroads would make drinking, either on or off duty, a serious and even dismissable offence. This was some time ago but his prophecy has come true in the case of many railroads and other great industrial concerns.

Some years later I remember being asked to address a meeting of Canadian Pacific Railway men who were out on strike in Vancouver. It was in the City Hall there, and there were some seven or eight hundred men present. Without going into the particular points at first, I dealt with more general questions affecting labour and then asked why, in view of their rule that every remedy should be tried before a strike was begun, Mr. Whyte was not seen before the men were called out. A gentleman

THE LATE SIR WILLIAM WHYTE

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from Seattle made some reply which evidently did not satisfy the men, for the next day a crowd of them met me and thanked me for raising the point. They said that they all knew Mr. Whyte and were sure that if he would not do what they asked he would give a good reason, and they did not know that he had not been consulted before he went away. And from that day the strike wilted. It was a great thing for an employer to have made such a reputation with the men.

Here is another side of his nature. I was at the Canadian Pacific Railway station in Winnipeg when Li Hung Chang, the great Chinese statesman, passed through on his world tour. In some places people had failed to show him courtesy on account of his nationality and his record, which was not up to Christian ideals. But he was a stranger in a strange land, and with his unfailing courtliness Mr. Whyte entered the car and came out in a few moments with Li Hung Chang on his arm. The aged Chinaman was somewhat confused by the rather unruly crowd, but I distinctly remember the considerate way in which Mr. Whyte protected him from the curious mob and led him to the waiting-room, where they conversed till the train was ready to proceed.

Mr. Whyte was a tremendous believer in the West, and when other men were in despair over bad years and slow settlement, he never lost "the knack of hoping." He kept a smiling face to the multitude, and his unconquerable optimism proved contagious. To any one who had faith in the West and who tried to do something to keep it before the public in those lean days by writing or lecturing or otherwise, he was specially considerate. And he always had a warm spot in his heart for the pioneers who had blazed the way for the trampling millions who, he said, were sure to come. He lived long enough to see his invincible hopefulness amply justified.

The last time I heard him speak in public was in Knox Church, Winnipeg, when in his strong manly way he made appeal to men to take deeper interest in the great enterprise of Christian missions. For in reality his own profoundest interest was not in the things that are temporal, but in the things that are eternal.

MUSICAL CURRENTS IN CANADA

BY J. D. LOGAN

THERE were musical currents —and counter currents—during the past season (1913-14) in Canada. In a concise but comprehensive magazine review of musical development in the Dominion, an annalist or historian must note, and critically summarize, the currents and counter currents in five departments concerned with tonal art in Canada: (1) Musical performances, solo and concerted, (2) musical taste and appreciation, (3) musical creation, (4) musical criticism, and (5) musical pedagogics.

I purpose, in this article, to treat the musical season of 1913-14 from these five points of view. Readers who recall my article, "Musical Tendencies in Canada,"* will observe that I have enlarged the scope of the present essay by three departments. I have done this for two reasons. First, editorial reviews of the first article complained that I seemed to believe that there was no significant musical activity or development in the Northwest Provinces of the Dominion, or that I virtually implied such a belief to exist in my mind by having confined my review to the concerts by virtuosi and to the choral and orchestral performances given in two cities, Toronto and Montreal.

As a matter of fact I purposely, and quite logically, ignored musical activity in the Canadian West for two sufficient reasons. The truth is that whatever musical tendencies have appeared, or are appearing in the West, their impetus or inspiration came from the East and that, since Toronto and Montreal are the musical centres of Canada, musical performances and musical taste in the West would, in any case, be only adumbrations of these in those cities, namely, Toronto and Montreal, where musical performances and taste had reached their highest development. Again, another critic of music, Mr. Augustus Bridle, who had travelled in the Canadian West, and who, therefore, wrote from actual experience of what he reported, was contributing to a weekly Canadian periodical a series of articles on the musical societies and festivals of the West. His were primarily descriptive articles, whereas my article was a severely critical summary and estimate of those musical tendencies in Canada which, I thought, would persist and become standardized into national preferences both in musical taste and in performances. There was, then, no necessity on my part, as it were, to encroach on Mr. Bridle's journalistic preserves. Meanwhile, Winnipeg, Calgary, Edmonton, Saskatoon, Regina, and Vancouver have signalized the constructive point of my first article by establishing permanent Symphony Orchestras or Choral Societies, and thus confirming my contention that choral and orchestral music would be the chief and characteristic kinds of musical performances in Canada. I have, there-

* See "The Canadian Magazine" for June, 1913.

fore, in the present article enlarged my conspectus so as to include the musical activities of the Canadian West.

I have enlarged the scope of the present essay for a second reason, namely, to consider a criticism of musical progress in Canada, alleged, in a cable despatch from London, to have been uttered by M'me Clara Butt. The despatch read: "Australia," M'me Butt declared, "has more genuine knowledge of music than has Canada, the latter having made hardly any progress in musical matters during the last twelve years. Toronto is the only place in the Dominion which posesses a really adequate concert hall."

Now, there is some truth in the latter part of her statement; but I have good *a priori* grounds for believing that M'me Butt is not reported correctly in respect to the first part of her alleged criticism. First, she does not know the history of the musical development in Canada during the last twelve years. Within my own memory, which recalls a period of a decade or more, M'me Butt did not tour Canada until three or four years ago at the outside limit. How, then, could she know the history of musical progress in Canada during the last twelve years? Moreover, I interviewed her when she gave her farewell concert in Montreal. The interview was published in *The Montreal Herald and Daily Telegraph.* What M'me Butt actually did say to me was that in Australia musical appreciation is *more widely distributed* than it is in Canada; that it is, seemingly, centralized in two Canadian cities, Toronto and Montreal.

This, as I have phrased it above, I believe to be the authentic statement or criticism given to the London reporters by M'me Butt. Of course, the despatch aroused adverse editorial comment in the Canadian newspapers. Peevish resentment of just foreign or native criticism is a vice of the Canadian mind and heart. Canadians wince—and illogically resent—when told that in culture, and in the possession and promotion of cultural agencies, they are not as advanced as they conceive themselves to be. I have, therefore, enlarged the scope of the present essay in order to show that M'me Butt's criticism whether in the report from London or as I have phrased it, is at least partially warranted, but also that there is a distinct movement in Canada more universally to distribute musical performance and appreciation by (1) a somewhat general establishing of musical societies in the Canadian towns and cities; by (2) constructive, educational criticism in newspapers when reporting and estimating musical performances; and by (3) improved methods of musical pedagogics, history and æsthetics in Canadian Conservatories and Colleges of Music. And now I turn to my proper task.

In my first article, "Musical Tendencies in Canada" (*The Canadian Magazine*, June, 1913), I observed that grand opera in Canada was dead, that oratorio was moribund, that henceforth musical performances in Canada would be confined to concerts by solo virtuosi and by native choral and orchestral organizations, and that the choral societies of Toronto would change the scope of their programmes, the National Chorus, the Schubert Choir and the Oratorio Society presenting the lighter, more popular forms of choral art, leaving, on the other hand, to the Mendelssohn Choir the task or privilege of presenting a cycle of modern classico-romantic works, both *a cappella* and with orchestral accompaniment. When it was announced that the National Grand Opera Company would be formed to give a season during 1913-14, and that Dr. Broome's Oratorio Society would sing "The Messiah," literalists, who would take a ripple on the face of the ocean as the sign of some mighty disturbance beneath, declared my prediction premature, if not wholly false. All, however, has

turned out, as we shall see, precisely as I contended in my first article.

The most significant and important musical event in Canada during the season of 1913-14 was the unprecedented success of the cycle of concerts given by the Mendelssohn Choir. The cycle was significant and important intrinsically, since it marked an advance in the Choir's programmes and musicianship, and also extrinsically, since the success of the concerts resulted in a decision on the part of Dr. Vogt and the directors to send the Mendelessohn Choir on a European tour in 1915, and in what is, perhaps, more gratifying, namely a "call" from foreign European musical centres, "Come over and sing for us: we want to hear the choir reputed to be one of the finest, possibly the very finest, in the world."

The concerts of 1912 formed the first apogee of the Mendelssohn Choir; the concerts of 1914, the second apogee; and the European tour in 1915 will form the third. This I conceive to be the first proof of my contention that choral singing is the chief indigenous form of tonal art that will persist in Canada.

The second proof is afforded by the Choir's concerts in 1914. The enormous audiences which greeted the Choir, after a silence of two years, were indisputable evidence that the love of choral art is on the rise, certainly not on the wane, in Canada. But aside from the mere size of the audiences, what was highly significant was their heightened enthusiasm over the singing of the Choir. Dr. Vogt and his choristers so transported the auditors with their first night's concert, that the appreciation verged almost on a frenzy of delight. This fact is proof that Dr. Vogt's visit last year to Europe has had its effect in enabling him to make his choir an even finer body of concerted singers than it was in the past,—which is an astounding phenomenon. Let us mark wherein the Choir showed advances, and signalize its pre-eminent qualities.

Imagine a band of 250 singers as a single instrument with a range combining that of a double-bass, that of the 'cello and that of the violin. Now imagine this instrument sounding in any register to seem as uttering the tones of one and the same voice, whether the 250 singers who make up that instrument are heard in thunderous climaxes or in the softest, sweetest, and most delicate pianissimi chords or passages. Then imagine a master-musician who can, at will, play upon the instrument, make it sound as a single voice with equalized registers, and compel it to sing with the most refined and dulcet lyric quality or with powerful dramatic expression. Only in this way can I suggest to my readers who did not hear the recent concerts of the Mendelssohn Choir the outstanding qualities of its musicianship and the genius of its world famous conductor, Dr. Vogt.

Summarizing these qualities in musical phraseology, I should say that in the recent concerts the Mendelsshon Choir showed slight but appreciable advances in vastness, grandeur, and breadth of tone, in delicate pianissimo, in exquisite shading and nuancing, in lyric eloquence, in dramatic intensity and expressiveness, and in versalitity—the ability to sing with consummate artistry any choral composition from the grandest or most ethereal work, such as Moussorgsky's ballad "Joshua," Verdi's "Manzoni Requiem," or Wolf-Ferrari's "Vita Nuova," to light, gay, and humorous numbers. But whatever the Choir essayed, and no matter what were the requirements of the score in tone or other demand, they sang with a thoroughly musical quality—pure, beautiful, noble, exalting as the songs of angels.

The grandeur of the climaxes and final apostrophe to Jehovah in Moussorgsky's "Joshua" were sung by the Choir with a power that was compelling, and yet, despite the vastness of the tone, there was absolute unity, balance, and beauty. The same

quality was observed in the Choir's singing of "Libera Me" from Verdi's "Manzoni Requiem." For exquisite shading and delicate, piquant pianissimo the Choir surpassed itself, while at the same time losing nothing of rhythmical expression, in Nowowiejski's latest work, a melodious, lilting Slavonic folk scene. For pure spiritual loveliness that transported one from the earth to stellar interstices where only peace dwells, the Choir attained perfection in Wolf-Ferrari's "Vita Nuova," while Dr. Vogt himself disclosed new powers by conducting the orchestra with just the essential dramatic expressiveness needed to give this ethereal cantata an overpowering appeal to the religious imagination. For variety in style and interpretation, the Choir was superb in Verdi's "Stabat Mater," a work dramatic and impressive. The Choir was superior also in interpreting Sir Edward Elgar's choral ode "The Music Makers," a work which was too "dry" to give anything like the enjoyment which its title suggested. The Choir disclosed its versatility in a series of short numbers, particularly Bantock's exquisite "On Himalay," Kremser's "Prinz Eugen," Max Reger's "Mein Shatzelein," in the "Nottingham Hunt" and in several humorous compositions sung at the last concert of the cycle. I shall only remark in passing that the recent cycle, by the rare beauty, power, variety and lyric and dramatic versatility of the Mendelssohn Choir, indisputably placed that organization on the highest pinnacle of achievement in choral art.

It gives me great pleasure in the present article to be able sincerely to praise the concerts given in 1914 by Dr. Ham and the National Chorus, by Mr. H. M. Fletcher and the Schubert Choir, and by Dr. Broome and the Oratorio Society. Dr. Ham, Dr. Broome and Mr. Fletcher are superior musicians in their respective fields, but they are not expert psychologists, else they would not have resented my suggesting, as I did in my first article on musical tendencies in Canada, that they should confine their programmes to diversified but æsthetically popular choral compositions. However competent in their own special way these gentlemen way be, they at last implicitly admitted by their programmes and concerts in 1914 that one city could not maintain large choral socities which both in conductor and in personnel of choir could be equally efficient, or even satisfactory, in essaying big classico-romantic works.

The result has been that when Dr. Ham decided to have the National Chorus sing *a cappella* a programme of finely composed but genuinely popular compositions, he trained his choir to sing precisely what they could accomplish with an enviable degree of finish in ensemble, balance of sections, artistic phrasing, satisfying nuancing, and in achieving climaxes which were not forced bursts of big tone, but which had solidity and roundness, marked by precision in the attack and cut-off. The concerts of the National Chorus in 1914 had exactly these virtues, and were the most successful, both in attendance and musically viewed, in the history of the organization. In the past the National Chorus was assisted by one of the great United States' orchestras. This year the Chorus sang wholly *a cappella,* and yet the audiences were as large as in the past, and as highly appreciative.

The concert of the Schubert Choir was given with the assistance of a soloist (M'me Pasquali), the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, and, in one number ("God in Nature"), 150 members of the People's Choral Union. The result was a performance which was well-varied in programme, and in which the Schubert Choir disclosed a distinct advance in five qualities, balance of sections, precision and unanimity, and fluency and flexibility. Mr. Fletcher's Choir and the People's Choral Union are not to be judged

strictly by the æsthetic and artistic standards of the world's greatest choral societies. Mr. Fletcher aims, primarily, to do educational work in teaching his choristers the art of fine concerted singing. In this he has always suceeded admirably, and never more admirably than with those who gave a really fine choral concert in Massey Hall last February.

Despite the fact that I had once contended that oratorio singing in Canada was moribund, on the way to its demise, Dr. Broome's Oratorio Society produced Handel's "Messiah" with marked success. But the fact that it was sung in Jarvis Street Baptist Church and not, as in the past, in Massey Hall where Dr. Torrington's Festival Chorus used to sing it to capacity audiences, is proof that the revival of the "Messiah" (that is, of oratorio) was only a ripple on the sea of choral music in Canada. The people now demand choral works which are not only not hackneyed, but which are also more æsthetically varied in structure, tone-colouring, and in lyric and dramatic expression than is possible with oratorio. However, Dr. Broome's chorus sang the "Messiah" with fine tone and artistic interpretation. Especially noteworthy and effective were the two choruses "He trusted in God" and "Glory to God." In these the choir exhibited brilliance and sonority. Dr. Broome complimented Montreal when he obtained the services of Mr. Martin, a genuinely artistic musician of that city, to play the organ accompaniments to the "Messiah." There ought to be more exchanges of courtesies of this kind between musicians dwelling in sister cities of the Dominion. It would be one way of bringing about a wider distribution of musical appreciation in Canada.

This observation now leads me to remark M'me Butt's criticism anent the distribution of musical appreciation and performance in the Dominion. It is only within the last few years that a sort of systematic demand for local musical organizations, either choral or orchestral, or both, has risen in nearly all the principal towns and cities of the Dominion, east and west. One thing is sure, namely, that the demand exists and has effected a considerably wider distribution of musical culture than previously obtained in Canada. Oddly Montreal shows itself behind Toronto, and even Winnipeg, Calgary, Edmonton, and Vancouver, not in musical taste or in numbers of concerts and operatic performances, but in musical societies which have more than the merest amateur and local significance.

Toronto has had for some years a permanent Symphony Orchestra which under the direction of Mr. Frank S. Welsman concluded this spring its eighth season. This Orchestra, though not so large as the United States' orchestras which annually visit Toronto, has a considerable personnel, and gives a series of concerts, usually assisted by some great vocalist or instrumentalist. The eighth season (1913-14) was the most successful in the history of the organization. The band showed an advance in ensemble playing, in refinement of nuances, and in unanimity and balance of sections. Also, the programmes were more ambitious than in the past, and Mr. Welsman had the band essay several novelties which, both in the orchestration and instrumentation required by the score, would tax the powers of some United States' orchestras that have much more adroit musicians than the Toronto Symphony Orchestra. But aside from its own intrinsic musicianship, the Toronto Symphony performs a notable service in promoting musical culture by engaging soloists of international reputation to sing or play in concerted works. Last season (1913-14), for instance, Toronto heard in this way M'me Carreno, the most celebrated living pianiste, Miss Helen Stanley, operatic soprano, and Carl Flesch, violinist, besides Josef Hofmann, Kreisler, Elman and Zim-

balist. The first three visited the city in concert programmes for the first time and this in itself was a fresh delight. The Toronto Symphony in 1913-14 did in a special way a service to the development of musical taste, namely, by a series of popular concerts at which some Canadian vocalist or instrumentalist was the soloist and the programmes of which contained one work by a Canadian composer, as, for instance, Mr. Clarence Lucas.

The Ottawa Symphony Orchestra also had a successful season in 1913-14, under the direction of Mr. Donald Heins, who for several years has directed the orchestra with distinction of style in musicianship and with dignity of programmes.

The most important piece of news in connection with orchestral music in Canada is that following the success of the first season of the Calgary Symphony Orchestra, organized last fall and directed by Mr. Max Weil, Winnipeg, not to lose its supremacy as the musical metropolis of the Canadian Northwest, recently asked the Manitoba Legislature for a charter of incorporation for the foundation of a permanent Symphony Orchestra Society, capitalized at sixty thousand dollars. The charter is reported as granted. Thus with two excellent orchestras in the East and two in the West, and with the efficient String Quartette of Toronto and the Dubois Quartette of Montreal annually giving a series of chamber music concerts of high standard, the distribution of genuine musical culture, in taste and in performance, so far as orchestrated music is concerned, is clearly on the increase in Canada.

Three other phenomena plainly show that a universal distribution of musical culture is occurring in the Dominion. Nearly all the larger towns or cities in the East and West have some form of permanent choral organizations which annually give relatively ambitious programmes. This is true of Hamilton, Ottawa, London, Berlin and other Eastern Canadian towns, and of Winnipeg, Calgary, Saskatoon, Moose Jaw, Regina, Edmonton, and Vancouver in the West. Especially significant are the annual provincial Musical Festivals held at Winnipeg, Saskatoon, and Edmonton. For these Winnipeg has imported the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, but in the future will have her own orchestra. Presumably Saskatoon and Edmonton henceforth will draw on the Calgary Symphony Orchestra to assist at their festivals. At any rate the festival idea must be signalized as highly important to the increase of musical culture in the Dominion, especially in the West, where the immense distances between centres prevent the importation of the great United States' orchestras.

In addition to the increase in choral societies and the festival movement in the West, another factor in the development of musical culture in Canada must be noted. My experience leads me to observe that Montreal and the Province of Quebec are to be distinguished in tendencies from Toronto and Ontario by a racial gift which the French-speaking Canadians from Lavallée and M'me Albani onwards have seemed peculiarly to possess. The French-Canadians tend to produce soloists, and Montreal and Quebec are eminently cities of virtuoso soloists, vocal and instrumental. The brilliant careers of Lavallée and of M'me Albani are yet fresh in the memory. More recently the rise of M'me Edvina (née Martin) signalized the tendency in Canada (or Quebec Province) to careers of virtuoso soloism by those gifted with rare voices. At present the Canadian diva most in public appreciation is M'me Beatrice La Palme, who is a native of Montreal, and who has recently completed a triumphant season with the Century Opera Company, New York, scoring brilliantly in the roles of *Marguerite* in "Faust," *Nedda* in "I Pagliacci," *Lenore* in "Il Trovatore," *Lady Har-*

riet in "Martha," and *Mignon* in the opera of that name. Previously she had sucessful seasons at Covent Garden, where she made her operatic début as *Mimi* in "La Boheme," and at His Majesty's Theatre, London. M'me La Palme displays a pure, sweet soprano in legato solos and an extraordinarily brilliant colouratura in florid arias. She owes her singing style and dramatic expressiveness to the method of her husband, Professor Issaurel, formerly principal tenor at the "Opera Comique," Paris, now professor of voice in the Canadian Academy of Music, Montreal.

Professor Issaurel is responsible too for the success of Madame A. Leduc who will also essay the career of an operatic diva. M'me Leduc possesses a lyric soprano of great range and purity and critics who heard her sing the *Air de Mimi* from "La Boheme" predict a diva's career for her as brilliant as that of her countrywomen, M'mes Edvina and La Palme. Another French-Canadian who has choosen a career of solo virtuosity is M'me Djane Lavoie-Herz, pianiste, who worthily exhibits the genius of her race for brilliant lyric expression in the piano idiom. M'me Lavoie-Herz is a native of Ottawa. She has a facile technique, a fine feeling for emotional nuances, and a *penchant* for historical programmes. English-speaking Canadians, who recently have selected a virtuoso career are Miss Brenda Macrae, of Toronto, contralto, Miss Martine Zalborg Zoellner, of Toronto, pianiste, Miss Lina Adamson-Drechsler, of Toronto, violiniste, Miss Julia O'Sullivan, of Toronto, violiniste, now abroad, Miss Edith Miller, of Winnipeg, soprano, and Miss Winnifred Bambrick, of Ottawa, harpiste, Miss M. George, of Toronto, soprano, Mr. E. Seitz, of Toronto, pianist.

Other factors in the distribution of musical culture in Canada are not so much the rise of new conservatories and colleges of music as the improved methods of musical pedagogics now obtaining in these institutions in the Dominion, a sincere attempt by certain journalists to write constructive, educational criticism, and a decided tendency towards creative composition by Canadian musicians. Since Dr. Vogt assumed the directorship of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, the largest and best equipped in Canada, and reputed the second largest on the continent, this institution has developed methods of teaching musical history and æsthetics, both in the class-room and extra-murally by lectures on these subjects given free to the public by Professor Healey Willans. In Montreal Dr. Perrin is carrying on similar work and his extra-mural lectures on musical history and æsthetics have been a feature of the Montreal Conservatory of Music, notably so during 1913-14.

In Montreal, however, musical criticism in the newspapers is usually personal and doctrinaire, sometimes even venomous. The idea of the Montreal critics seems to be not to report, evaluate, and thus teach the people how to listen to music, but to amuse themselves by smart negative criticism or to inform the public that they liked or did not like a certain concert or opera, despite the fact that the audiences present unequivocally declared the opposite view by their applause and remarks. In Toronto musical criticism is pre-eminently æsthetic, constructive, and educational. Mr. Hector Charlesworth of *Saturday Night*, Mr. Fred Jacob of *The Mail and Empire*, Mr. Albert E. S. Smythe of *The Toronto World*, Mr. J. E. Middleton of *The News*, and Mr. Edwin Parkhurst of *The Globe*, have their various styles, but they always attempt to encourage sincere and worthy endeavour, and, in any case, always, subordinate negative to constructive or educational criticism. They aim to teach music-lovers how to listen intelligently to music.

As to creative musical composition, nothing specially may be remarked. Clarence Lucas and Mrs. Gena Brans-

combe are still composing, but they are expatriates. Dr. Albert Ham, Dr. Vogt, Mr. Leo Smith, Mr. W. O. Forsyth, of Toronto, and Professor Guillaume Couture, of Montreal, published new compositions last year. But nothing big or significant has come from these composers, who, it would be thought, would be inspired to write a choral composition, an instrumental overture, suite or symphonic poem in celebration of the Centenary of Peace between Canada and the United States. I have suggested this personally to them, but to no avail.

I conclude with brief references to the visiting orchestras and to the failure of grand opera in Canada. The Mendelssohn Choir was assisted at its choral concerts by the superb Chicago Symphony Orchestra, under the conductorship of Mr. Frederick Stock. The band gave a special orchestral matinee, with Mr. Harold Bauer as soloist. The equally superb New York Philharmonic, under the conductorship of Mr. Stransky, visited Toronto twice; the soloist was M'me Ottilie Metzger, one of the three greatest contraltos of the world. It is sufficient to observe that the performances of both orchestras were musically impeccable.

As for grand opera, the National Opera Company and the Quinlan Opera Company, though producing several novelties, the latter producing the entire "Nibelungen Ring" in Montreal, went through trying experiences in Canada and both companies were forced to abandon the enterprise.

The truth is that while the National Opera Company gave a season of several weeks in Montreal and Toronto, they sang to great financial loss in the former city and it was doubtful up to the middle of the week preceding their engagement in Toronto whether or not they would sing in that city. All the world read in the newspapers the story of their sad vicissitudes after their Canadian engagements. Moreover, during the first week of the Quinlan Opera Company in Montreal, public support was so weak that Mr. Quinlan was on the verge of cancelling the engagement, and, as a matter of fact, actually cancelled his Company's engagement in Toronto. It is said that Colonel Frank Meighen will back certain guarantors for a return visit of the Quinlan Opera Company. This would not be confirmed by Colonel Meighen. Grand Opera in Canada has passed.

CURLEWS

By ARTHUR L. PHELPS

SMALL olive birds along the olive sand,
Slight curlews by the shore,
You dance on clouds or sport with waves,
Forever on before.

I follow on, earth trammelled, picking steps,
Prisoned from sea and sky;
You leap and flash in sunny air,
O, far more fleet than I!

And I have longed sometimes for such glad wings,
To be like a bird, free;
Free to the cloudy sky, and free
To tempt the sunny sea!

THE NIGHT OF MYSTERY

BY VANCE PALMER

"GOOD Heavens!" said Lamond, "I seem destined to see her wherever I turn."

He was swinging home through the ill-lit streets of the suburb, his brain full of a play he had just written up for his paper, when he saw her figure fifty yards ahead of him. There was some mystery about her which attracted his imagination. In trains, in street-cars, at odd corners, everywhere, he had come across her in the last three months, and their eyes had always met with a swift flash of recognition, although they had never spoken. He was fascinated by her dark eyes, her olive face, and the subtle glow that illuminated her features as though shed by some light in her soul.

A clock somewhere in the distance struck one, and the little Midland town seemed to turn in its sleep.

"It's late for her to be out alone," Lamond thought.

And almost as it flashed through his brain he saw that she had vanished. He walked slowly, wondering into which house she had gone. The street was dark and no lights shone in any of the houses, for the suburb burnt no midnight oil and an uncanny silence hovered over everything that was broken only by the soft rat-tat of a knocker. Lamond stopped. Through the dim hedge he could dimly see the girl's face, and anxiety seemed to linger in every line of her figure, for there was no response to her knock. Lamond waited for some minutes, and the girl walked back slowly to the gate. He could see the troubled look on her face as he came forward.

"Can I help you?" he said.

She started a little.

"I can't make anyone hear me," she said, "and the bell's broken. It's so horribly late, too."

She was twisting her hands nervously, but her eyes were enough to stir any man's chivalry. Lamond saw that there was a small pad of rubber underneath the knocker, which resisted all his attempts to make a noise.

"This is an awkward fix," he said ruefully. "Are there many in the house?"

"Not downstairs. The maid's room is on the first floor, but she'd never hear any noise down here. Oh, why did I stay out so late?"

She was looking the picture of misery, and Lamond could only face her blankly.

"It *is* late," he said.

She glanced up to a tiny balcony fifteen feet above their heads.

"If only——" she began.

Lamond read the suggestion in her eyes.

"Do you think they could hear if I climbed up there and knocked at the window?"

"I'm sure of it," she said eagerly. "But it's too high."

For answer Lamond buttoned his coat and caught at a niche in the wall. He was an athlete to his finger-tips, and the longing to serve her which was throbbing through him would

have made him capable of any feat now. His brain was a little heady with the yeasty ferment of romance and adventure, that seemed to work through every moment of this miraculous night, and to be particularly inspired by those sloe-black eyes that were watching him from below. He caught at an iron rail, and swung himself over the tiny balcony.

"Confound it!" he muttered.

For his foot had stumbled, and he was precipated through the long open window. It seemed peculiar that it should be open. He was crawling out to the balcony when he heard a voice say sharply in a clean-cut foreign accent:

"Don't move, or——"

A light was switched on quickly, and Lamond's dazed eyes blinked as he saw before him a tall man in a dressing-gown. There was a revolver in his hand, and his long pallid face seemed carved out of marble.

"Ah!" he said, "I have come in time."

"Excuse me," said Lamond coolly, "you have made a mistake. I merely wanted to rouse someone in order to let in the lady downstairs."

The man looked at him quickly.

"So! You have a confederate."

"Nothing of the kind. I don't know the lady except by sight. Ask her. She will explain."

They walked together to the window and looked out; Lamond's face turned white when he saw that the girl had vanished! He turned on his heel.

"This is a trap," he said sharply. "I don't understand it."

"The police may," said the man dryly. "There have been many burglaries lately,."

Lamond knew that only too well. They had been the talk and mystery of the town. Of course, he should get himself out of this fix ultimately, but there might be an interval of trouble, for he was a newcomer and could count his friends on the fingers of one hand. The man was a foreigner, an Italian probably, though there were few signs of nationality on the bony, white-moustached face, and his accent was well-nigh perfect.

"Look here," said Lamond, "this must be a joke or else a plot of some kind. I can clear myself absolutely if you'll give me a chance."

"Sit down," said the man blandly, "You interest me."

He watched Lamond across the table with his small, dark eyes, the depths of which seemed haunted by something inexplicable. When his face was passive it looked lifeless as a skull, and his lean hands trembled as they selected a cigarette from a silver case. Lamond would have imagined that he had been transported into some queer world of fantasy had it not been for the odd reality of the china dogs on the mantelpiece and the bric-a-brac on the cottage piano. The situation appealed to his sense of romance which had always been the breath of life to him since the blood raced hotly through his veins as a boy; he wondered greatly about the disappearance of the dark-eyed girl.

"Well," he said at last, "what do you mean to do?"

The man knit his long thin fingers and his dark, haunted face gazed into obscurity.

"You seem to be an adventurous young man," he said at last.

"I don't see what that has to do with it," said Lamond.

"What if I took your word as a gentleman that your visit here was an accident, would you be inclined to do me a favour?"

"That depends," said Lamond. "I don't mind anything in reason."

"It is quite reasonable," said the man, "it would involve doing nothing to stain your honour. I give you that assurance as a gentleman also."

Some hunger for adventure in Lamond's blood was urging him on.

"Very well," he said, "but will you explain——"

"I can do nothing now," said the man, "it is merely to deliver this wallet to some friends eight miles away. My chaffeur will take you there in a car."

A hundred suspicions flocked to Lamond's brain. He instinctively drew back.

"Why should you not go yourself?" he said skeptically. "How do I know there isn't something shady in this?"

The old man sprang up with a look of dignity in his bony face.

"Signor, I have given you my word of honour. Is not that enough? As for myself, I am in ill-health and cannot go, but I have promised that it shall be delivered."

The air of mystery in the affair was luring Lamond on in spite of himself. He could not bring himself to believe that the old man's word of honour was not a reality.

"I will go," he said, "but I think I am entitled to some explanation."

"You can have that when you come back," said his companion, "and any reward in reason. The chaffeur will give you any directions you may need."

There was silence for a moment. Then, as Lamond moved, a wine-glass fell with a crash. In a moment every ounce of dignity fled from the old man's face and he fell back in his chair with trembling hands and fear of death in his eyes.

"They're on me. They're on me," he repeated with chattering teeth. "God in heaven! what was that?"

A sudden doubt leapt into Lamond's brain and increased his wonder.

"Merely a glass falling," he said roughly. "There is something in this I don't understand."

The old man made a gesture of apology.

"It is nothing. I am worried and my heart is weak. You will be back in two hours, and then I will explain. I entreat you, signor, to go quickly—at once."

The car was fretting softly at the kerb outside and Lamond stepped in among the cushions, putting the wallet beneath the seat. His brain was very active just then, and his imagination aflame; he felt with pleasure that tingle of blood in his arteries which told him he was very much alive. There was something in this he wanted to probe to the depths, though there might be some risk in doing it. He was glad now that he had slipped the old man's revolver into his pocket as he had left the room.

The chaffeur, who was muffled up to the eyes, touched a lever, and they bounded off. It was some time before Lamond spoke, though his wits were sharpening to a cutting edge. At last he said abruptly:

"How far have we got to go?"

"About eight miles."

The voice made him turn sharply, and by the reflection of the headlight he could dimly see the dark eyes that shone from under the chauffer's cap.

"Good heavens, it's you!" was all he could say. Her eyes looked into his appealingly, and her lips quivered.

"Can you ever forgive me? I have acted horribly, I know. I have told untruths and deceived you, but—I could not help it."

"Then you are his daughter?"

"Nita Ferri. Yes."

"But why did you inveigle me into the house that way?"

"Someone had to go and—I could not let father go. He has a weak heart; you've noticed surely. Any little shock would kill him now."

Lamond passed his hand over his brow.

"This all seems deadly mysterious to me. I hardly know where I am. What would have happened if I hadn't passed along an hour ago?"

"You always do come home in that last train," she said calmly; "I've noticed you before. If anything had failed I would have gone myself."

They spun down a hill and then began to take a steep gradient. Lamond noticed that the girl was trembling, for all her show of assurance. He was stirred by the sense of her nearness and the confidence she had placed in him.

"It seems funny you should have picked me," he said meditatively.

Her breast heaved a little.

"Funny? No. I have seen you so often that you almost seem like a friend, and—for this it was necessary to have someone I could trust."

Lamond turned to her earnestly, and his voice had a softness in it.

"Will you tell me all about this that you know?"

"I know very little," she said with a sigh. "But—it is some sort of blackmail. Father has had the life nearly worried out of him during the last fortnight. It is only a day or two ago that I begged him to tell me what was on his mind."

"But—the police."

"He would not hear of me telling them. I don't know why. I have entreated him to do so ever since I heard."

Lamond pondered for a while in silence as they spun between hedges that were beginning to be covered with a froth of white. The night was fragrant and full of stars; the cool air had a vital pungency about it, and somehow the atmosphere, or romance and mystery that was abroad, intoxicated his senses. He looked sideways at the girl whose face had filled the background of his mind in the last three months; there was something about her that made him feel he would dare anything for her sake.

"You know no reason why your father should be blackmailed?" he said interrogatively.

"No. But then I know very little of his life. Mother was English; she and I have lived here always. When she died a year ago he came back from Naples, and we have been very happy together—till now."

Naples! The name filled his brain with suggestions of intrigue and a world quite alien to the little Midland town where he had spent the last three months. He thought for a while in silence, till suddenly the girl clutched at his elbow.

"There's someone following us!" she said tensely.

Down a long hill behind them flashed a streak of light and the whirr of a motor-bicycle came to their ears. It was more than a half a mile in the rear though, and could not overtake them. They spun down a lane to the left where two lines of heavy oaks formed an avenue, and a little later had drawn up before a cottage in which no light shone.

"This is the place," said Nita quickly. "They will be waiting somewhere. All you need to do is to hand over the wallet and hurry back, but—for the love of Heaven, don't let them see your face."

She laid her hand on his arm and he could feel it trembling. In spite of her plucky show of confidence she was afraid.

"Don't worry," he said lightly. "There is nothing to fear."

He gave her hand a gentle pressure. There was no risk he would not have faced to see the look of trust and gratitude that was shining from her eyes.

*

The cottage lay a little back from the road and was dark and silent. There seemed no life or movement inside, and the element of mystery in the affair unsettled Lamond's nerves a little. It all seemed out of keeping with the quiet little town that lay sleeping in the valley eight miles away, but now that he remembered the last few weeks had held a number of robberies and deeds of violence that had baffled the utmost vigilance of the police.

He tapped at the door softly and waited. There was no answer for awhile, but at last a slight shuffling

and whispering betrayed the presence of someone inside. Then the bolt was slipped back stealthily and a voice said something in a foreign tongue. Before he knew it, he was inside and the door was closed behind him.

Somewhere in the darkness there was a movement of figures, and then the flare of a struck match. When the smoky lantern was lit it disclosed four figures sitting round the table. The man at the head sprang up excitedly as soon as he saw Lamond's face.

"You are not Signor Ferri."

"No," said Lamond. "He is ill. I have come instead. Here is your money."

He threw the wallet on the table, and the nearest man grabbed it and pulled out a roll of notes. The other men bent their heads and talked together in low, excited voices. They had dark, evil faces, and as they glanced up at Lamond from time to time he edged a little nearer the wall, his hand straying down to the pocket of his heavy overcoat.

"Fools rush in——" he muttered to himself. "I have been a fool, if ever there was one."

His head was remarkably clear, and he knew that if action was forced on him he would have to act quickly and decisively. His eyes flashed round the circle of olive faces, and he noticed the stamp of fear on them. Clearly they felt that their secret had been given away.

"This is treachery," said one thickly.

At the word the whole four of them jumped up excitedly. Lamond's hand whipped up from his pocket, and in a second he had covered them completely.

"Sit down," he rasped out firmly.

His nerves were steady, and he knew by the look on their faces that he held them in the hollow of his hand. They shifted uneasily as he edged towards the window, which was low and could be easily opened. Inch by inch he backed away from them, his right hand never faltering, and at last he found himself fumbling with the latch. The dark eyes of the men at the table flashed out their hate, but they could not move, and the uncanny dumbness of a dream seemed to be laid on everyone. Lamond could hear the throb of the motor down at the end of the drive, where the girl was waiting for him. In another minute he would be free. Keeping his revolver steadily cocked he pushed at the window till he felt it yield. The drop could not be more than half-a-dozen feet.

Then, suddenly, from the outside an excited voice cut across the silence. In a flash one man's hand flew out, and the lantern was hurled from the table.

The sudden darkness fell across Lamond's eyes like a veil, and he heard chairs being overturned as the figures scuffled about the room. Someone struck at him fiercely with a knife, but the window burst fully open as he leaned back on it and he sprang out into the night.

The ground was lower than he looked for, and his feet stumbled as he landed. The garden seemed full of figures, and a few muffled cries inside the house fell strangely upon his ears. Before he could right himself and take in the situation clearly, he heard someone spring up from behind a rose bush, and he was gripped firmly by the collar.

*

Lamond's brain was dazed for a little, and he could hardly comprehend what had happened. There was a scuffling at the other side of the house, and a quick inter-change of clear-cut voices. Then by the helmet of the man who held him he understood into whose hands he had fallen.

"You've made a mistake," he said coolly.

"Oh, have I?" said the policeman.

"I can easily prove my identity. My name's Lamond, and I'm on the staff of *The Globe*."

"H'm," said his companion. "Then how do you come to be in the company of these foreign burglars?"

"I can explain that," said Lamond quickly.

"I'm sorry, but if there's to be an explanation you'll have to give it at the police-station. We caught you trying to escape with the rest."

He took Lamond down to the gate where the head-light of the car was blinking in the darkness. There was another car drawn up in front of it, and a motor-bicycle rested against the fence. The girl waiting in the car was in a tremour of excitement, and in the glimmering darkness he could see the deadly whiteness of her face. She leant forward and clutched his arm as he entered the car with the officer.

"Whatever is wrong?" she cried.

There were muffled voices in the garden, and the group of captured men were coming down the path. He took his seat beside her and said reassuringly:

"It's all right. Those men were burglars and they have fallen into the hands of the police. I, too, but it will be possible to clear myself, if——"

He hesitated. How would it be possible to clear himself without involving her father?

"You must tell everything," she said earnestly.

"But—your father?"

"It does not matter. He can have no secret that is dishonourable. Everything must be told."

They spun off into the darkness, the other car following. Lamond could have cursed himself for being landed in this plight, were it not for the fact that only thus could he have been brought into such sweet intimacy with the girl beside him. As they whirled back through the starlit night he thought more of her than of the situation which faced him. The quick flash of her eyes, the soft pleading of her voice, and the grace and mystery which enfolded her, were very wonderful to him; for him she had lifted the curtain which in this sleepy town had veiled romance from his eyes.

In the close darkness he pressed her hand, and found it trembling but responsive. He could feel the little flutter of her breath as she looked round at him, and her eyes were luminous in the dusky light. There was a strange magic about her that enthralled his being. Yet could it be possible that she had not been frank with him? Could it be possible that she and her father were in league with these men who had fallen into the hands of the police. It was only for a moment that he entertained the doubt, for he would have staked his soul on the innocence that shone forth from her eyes. They shot into thoroughfares where the silent houses lay sleeping, and a little later had drawn up at the police-station, where a pale light flickered above the door-way.

"It's all right," Lamond reassured her. "I will explain to the inspector. I'm sure he won't keep me above a few minutes."

He went in with the policeman at his elbow, and a short, gray-haired man writing at the office table inside jumped up as they entered.

"Lamond!" he ejaculated. "What the deuce does this mean?"

In a few abrupt words Lamond outlined the story of his adventure. He had merely acted as proxy for Ferri; he had no knowledge of why the latter should be blackmailed; the police had come upon him just as he was escaping from the Italians.

As he made his explanation the inspector looked at him keenly.

"And this man Ferri? You have no knowledge of his past?"

"None at all."

The inspector whittled a pencil in his hand, and for a while there was silence. Then he spoke in a low tone.

"Perhaps it is as well you should know. You have heard of the Rizzios? They are a very dangerous so-

ciety. One of the members became rich a year ago and left Naples for England. It was obvious that some of them would search him out and attempt blackmail."

Lamond started back.

"Ferri a member of the Rizzios. It can't be possible. That knowledge would break his daughter's heart. She does not know."

The inspector's face had a look of stolid reticence.

"She need never know."

"But—he will be exposed. You can't help bringing him into arrest."

"It is not too late. He is dead! He had a heart attack when we came upon him and died two hours ago. These others will merely be tried for burglaries which have been committed in the last two weeks."

. . . . . .

And Nita never did know. That was a secret buried deep in Lamond's breast, although whenever he looked into her eyes he remembered that he owed his happiness to the mysterious adventure of that night.

THE VAGROM HEART

By ANDREW ROE MACDONALD

TELL me, my love, in what dim magic dell,
Still softly dreaming,
Thy heart is hid, that I might weave a spell
Of wondrous seeming
Would call it to mine own, with gladsome longing,
Fast faring to the home of its belonging.

Lies it in coral cave, and all-impearled,
The soft sea-whispers
Coming across the reaches of the world
To breathe their vespers;
Then will the sea-winds tell it of my loving,
Longing to welcome home the heart far-roving.

Deep in a forest glade perchance it lies,
A little river,
Chanting a-low its world-old lullabies;
But throats a-quiver
With the sweet harmony of the purple gloaming
Shall pipe the vagrom heart to its glad homing.

Tho' it be hid in moon-gray mountain-mist,
The night-shades falling,
Thine ever-roaming heart cannot resist
Th' insistent calling;
But from its distant covert come, and bearing
Its virgin love, home to my glad heart faring.

From the Painting by Ernest Lawson
Exhibited by the Canadian Art Club

SPRING

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

TOBACCO: A NEW PRODUCT OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

BY D'ARCY ROWE

NOW that it has been proved that the growing of tobacco of high quality is feasible in the Okanagan Valley, British Columbia again has to thank irrigation for what promises to be one of the most important industries in the Province. While it is quite true that tobacco does not need a great deal of irrigation (one application of water being all that is necessary), without it the growing of high-class tobacco, or for that matter tobacco of any kind at all, would be impossible. Great interest has been shown in the past in these tobacco fields by irrigation experts, and this year will see a great many people visiting the plantations. The Western Canada Irrigation Association is holding its annual convention in Penticton in August this year, and many of the delegates will want to visit the scene of the industry that would have been a closed book if it had not been for their efforts in preaching irrigation to the farmers of the Okanagan.

Few people seem to realize that tobacco growing in British Columbia is at all possible, and many are surprised beyond measure when they are told that it is rapidly assuming the proportions of a large factor in the industrial growth of the Province. When Canadian tobacco is mentioned one invariably thinks of the crude French-Canadian twist produced in the Provinces of Quebec and Ontario, and the great majority of people are unwilling to believe that a really good quality of tobacco can be grown any place in Canada, much less in British Columbia. But the fact remains that the tobacco that is being grown in Kelowna is second in quality only to the imported Havana and Sumatra leaves. While it may take years of blending and experimentation, the time is bound to come when the British Columbia product will be on par with the best of the foreign grown leaf. Even at the present time the cigars made from the Okanagan tobacco have a large sale, and many of the older brands are looking upon the new comer as a competitor to be reckoned with.

From the success that met an experiment made by the Okanagan growers two years ago it has been proved that the Okanagan Valley is one of the best tobacco countries on the continent. For many years it has been the ambition of the tobacco growers of the North American continent to cultivate a Sumatra leaf, equal in quality to the Island product. In 1912 half an acre of Sumatra seed was sown in the Okanagan as an experiment. That experiment met with such unqualified success that twenty acres were under cultivation in 1913, and it is expected that a great many more will be under cultivation this year.

That tobacco could be grown in the Okanagan, never entered anybody's

GROWING TOBACCO NEAR PENTICTON, BRITISH COLUMBIA

head until some fifteen years ago when Mr. Lewis Holman, a well-known tobacco grower of Wisconsin, came to the Okanagan Valley and, being impressed with the quality of the soil, put a few acres under cultivation. For some time he experimented with different varieties of leaves and eventually found that his first impression of the Okanagan was correct, that tobacco of the highest quality could be grown successfully and at a good margin of profit. A local company was formed and some seventy-five acres were planted. In 1912 a new company took over the business and at the present time some 300 acres are under cultivation.

Up to the present time only tobacco suitable for the making of cigars has been grown, Cuban and Havana, Comstock Spanish, Wisconsin seed and Sumatra being the varieties under cultivation. But expriments are being made at the present time with the Bright Virginia Leaf, which is used for pipe and cigarette tobacco, with White Burley, for pipe and chewing tobacco, and with the Boer tobacco, which is used for pipe alone. If these experiments prove successful, and there is no reason why they should not, there is no doubt that in a short time a factory for the manufacture of pipe and chewing tobaccos and cigarettes will be erected and put into operation.

Though at the present time the industry is commercially active in the Okanagan Valley only, experiments in growing the "weed" are being made in other parts of the Province, and it is safe to predict that within a few years the business will be extended to many other portions of British Columbia, as there is good money in

A VIEW OF ORCHARDS ON PENTICTON BENCH, BRITISH COLUMBIA

growing tobacco, and many people that know the business are anxious to try their luck in this newest and comparatively untouched field. A good average crop of Havana runs about 1,000 pounds to the acre and is worth twenty-five cents a pound to the producer. Wisconsin and Comstock Spanish leaves yield more, about fourteen to eighteen hundred pounds an acre being the average crop. These leaves bring the producer from fifteen to eighteen cents a pound. At this rate the range of profits comes to an average of from $125 to $175 an acre.

Of course the profit of the fine-textured, silky, oval Sumatra leaf is much greater. This leaf, which makes the ideal cigar wrapper and is also the most expensive tobacco on the market, brings from $2.50 to $4.00 a pound or more, according to quality. The cost of the production of the Sumatra leaf is much higher than the others. It has to be grown under shade tents, made of specially woven cheese-cloth, that cost to erect about $500 an acre and they will not last for more than two years at the most. But although the cost of production seems to be exorbitantly high, the successful grower is amply rewarded, for the returns on the Sumatra leaf are from $800 to $1,000 net profit an acre.

THE GRAY WOLF'S SOUL

BY ROBERT MACKAY

I heard a voice, born on the stilly night,
Attuned to lays no minstrel ever sang;
Now soft and low, now like the wail of death—
Egad! it was mine own.
—Charles Baudelaire in "The Forgiven."

IN the flotsam and jetsam that appeared one trial day in the district court of Lagunitas was an old man who boasted of having a set of false teeth. In this age that seems to be a trifling thing of which to boast, but in the days of this story, false teeth were something of a luxury. Therefore, the owner of a set had the right to "wax proud" over his less fortunate brothers. It was somewhat remarkable that the false teeth of the old man had never been inside the mouth of a human being until he had deftly placed them in his. He had extricated them from the cavernous mouth of a gray wolf, and, by means of a rubber plate, had fitted them to his own. They served their purpose admirably, he had been heard to declare frequently; but when he smiled, they gave him the appearance of an ape that had died of slow starvation.

This man's name was Lib Ricketts. His appearance in court was to defend himself against a charge of felonious assault; to wit: (as the indictment said) "having maimed and deprived of earning an honest living, one Frank Wolcot, the plaintiff, by biting his right ear until it was almost severed from the body of the said plaintiff, therefore, wilfully causing the said plaintiff to suffer from an incipient hydrophobic poison which necessitated the complete amputation of the said ear of the said plaintiff, and which produced in the said plaintiff a sense of dryness and constriction of the throat, causing great difficulty in deglutition, a marked heightening of reflex excitability, infrequent convulsions, and a disturbed mental condition at sight of water."

When Lib Ricketts was called to face this fusilade of legal lingo, not a quiver ruffled his calm face. He must have been seventy years old. His hair was gray, his eyes red and sunken, his stature small, his clothing old, but not shabby, and the boots into which his trousers were tightly tucked, noticeably new. Every man in the crowded court-room admired the pluck that he was showing. Even Frank Wolcot, whose missing ear had marked him for life, and who had resolved to be vindicated by sending Ricketts to prison, was startled by the aged defendant's show of nerve. Just for one moment it occurred to him that Lib Ricketts was too good a man to waste his last days inside prison walls. This impression found its way in at one ear, but, as the other was missing, it could not find its way out, and it lurked in Wolcot's brain for many days.

Lib Ricketts was acquitted. His lawyer had introduced, with rare keenness, sociological testimony to prove that a human being had no control over his jaws when they were governed by the molars of a gray

wolf. He told the court that hydrophobia may be spontaneously developed in man, even if the poisonous saliva does not come in contact with excoriated cuticle, but if he presented any proof to support this theory, it is not on record. In making his address for the defence, he logically observed that the poisonous saliva is perfectly innocuous when applied to the unbroken skin, and had the teeth not partly masticated the plaintiff's ear, there would have been no inoculation.

The defendant was guiltless of any intent to do bodily harm, inasmuch as the teeth of the wolf acted just as the teeth of a wolf would be expected to act when they came in contact with human flesh, and the prisoner was powerless to prevent them. The dentition of animals, he said, with considerable enthusiasm, performed its regular function long after life had become extinct. In this case it could not be proved whether the wolf, from which the teeth had been extracted, was still alive. Indeed, certain theories had been advanced by eminent thinkers, which held that mind telepathy was a fact, and the wolf might have communicated with the prisoner and forced him to commit this unfortunate deed. However, he was willing to set such theories aside, but asked the court to consider the snapping of dying cats and dogs, and the jaws of the defunct megatherium in the British Museum, which open and close regularly and ferociously every four years in the presence of thousands who gather to witness the mystery. The court accepted this as fact, without asking for proof, and so the prisoner received his freedom. In granting it, the court added that the peace of the community was not safe with a man in its midst who could not command his teeth, and so Lib Ricketts had but twenty-four hours in which to leave town.

"Whar can an old man like me go, judge? I hain't done no mischief, and I'm the first of the gang in this camp to advercate peace," said the defendant appealingly.

"The court cannot listen to any statement that may tend to criticize the wisdom of its ruling. It is here to apply the law, and, as you were summoned as a defendant, you must abide by its decision," sternly remarked the judge.

The old man left the court-room somewhat dejected. Without speaking to his friends, he strolled up the road until he came to a tall oak. Under its spreading branches, he stopped for a moment to think and rest. He picked up a stick and, as he mused, he whittled it away until it was nothing more than a sliver. Picking his teeth with this, he started down the dusty pike that led to the broad prairies of the west.

*

The mine at Hasting's canon was a new discovery—the richest, the most marvellously rich that had ever been found. A vast fortune seemed to be hiding in its depths. But as all this has been said of every mine in the West, it will not add to the interest of this narrative. Like all fabulously rich mines, it was for sale, and the owner lost no time in spreading the report broadcast over the country. Day followed day into the patient beyond while he waited for some one to come and buy the mine. But none came. There were too many mines for sale in the region around the Owl Mountains; nearly all had been purchased because each was, at the time of the sale, the richest mine in the world, and nearly all had left their owners on the rocks of bankruptcy. But Lib Ricketts had spoken truthfully of his mine. The gold was there, but he was too old to mine it. He was wizen and dried-up, like a leaf ready to be blown into the river of death, and he wanted to sell.

On the evening that the moon took her hasty and modest departure behind the mountains, two men rode into Hasting's canon. How they heard

of Lib Ricketts's mine was never recorded. It has been surmised, however, that they had left Lagunitas because an angry populace took exception to the manner in which they operated a faro game. One of the men was Frank Wolcot, and the other man was the judge. Having finished hitching the horses, they sauntered up to Lib Ricketts's cabin. He was standing in the doorway. "Buyers for the property," thought he, as they approached, and then he held out his hand to greet them—and smiled. The moment he smiled, Frank Wolcot sprang back into the roadway with a cry that broke the stillness. Ricketts drew his revolver. He was not going to take any chances.

"Lib Ricketts," said Wolcot, "where in—where did you come from?" Ricketts knew the voice.

"From where you drove me, you mean-brained skunk. If there weren't two of you, I'd let you have th' benefit of this gun. Who is th' pard with yer?"

"Judge Mooney of Lagunitas," responded the satellite of the law. "And as such, I order you to put up that gun." Mooney was an army deserter, and had not forgotten the haughtiness of command that is customary in the army. He was also a scholar and a critic whose comprehensive erudition was supplemented by keen judgment, and, frequently, refinement.

"This ain't no Lagunitas," replied Ricketts, with his customary calmness, "and you ain't got no jurisdiction outside that district. Let me tell you, Mr. Judge, thet the law west of Lagunitas is a mighty different thing, and, at present, I hold it in my hand. And just let me hear you, or that missin'-eared coyote by yer side, utter one word that ain't to my likin', an' I'll blow the top off your mean heads—"

Judge Mooney whipped out his revolver, but Ricketts was too quick. He fired, and the lawyer, unhurt, dropped his weapon. As it struck the ground, Ricketts stepped forward and picked it up. The moment he did so, Wolcot shrieked—a weird, unnatural shriek like unto that of a woman who has been startled in the night.

Judge Mooney admitted his defeat and told Ricketts that he had no intention to create any further disturbance. He explained that they were travelling west, and had stopped at the Hastings mine to seek shelter for the night. This, Ricketts agreed to give, but under certain conditions. He would expect them to leave before sunrise, and he would return their revolvers empty, but they must not reload them until they had driven a distance of two miles, and not return to the canon under any circumstances.

This was agreed upon, and the three men entered the cabin. Ricketts and Judge Mooney talked with considerable jocularity, but Wolcot answered only in monosyllables whenever questioned. When the conversation drifted into a certain channel. he became perfectly quiet. Occasionally his jaws moved as if he were trying to laugh and could not. However, this was hardly discernible in the dim light of the cabin lamp. Wolcot kept his eyes on the man he had once made a prisoner, and, frequently, seemed to be possessed of a strange fascination for the old miner—or his heart's blood.

The conversation had turned to that mystic land beyond the border line of life—the realm of the unknown, which some claim to see occasionally, but only mistily, as through a lace curtain.

"It is a matter of common notoriety," said the judge, "that there are reports in such numbers as to merit intelligent investigation of apparitions, hallucinations, telepathy for the transmission of one idea between distant persons without known or material means of communication, prophetic dreams, and dreams that rightly picture scenes of which the dream-

er must have been quite ignorant."

"Hoaxes," replied Ricketts. "They ain't got no foundation. It's all rot."

"Perhaps some of them were, but, as instances multiply, it becomes exceedingly difficult for open-minded men to dismiss the many facts brought to light with your explanation. You know, Ricketts, that Solomon lost his temper when he said that all men are liars. When he became calm he was ashamed of the utterance. It had but one good purpose; it made him famous. As a rule, men tell the truth, and when a multitude of men tell the same thing, all cannot be dismissed as liars. It is the part of science dealing with material phenomena to repeat the same test time and again. You and I will not live to see it, Ricketts, but the next age will have weighed and found perfect evidence, demonstrating, beyond doubt, the fact of a spirit world and an unidentified sixth sense which will enable men and women to see and hear things indistinguishable to most of us. He who would dismiss such a study as this as a mere subterfuge for superstition is a victim of the most stupid incredulity."

"Yes, judge, yes. I guess yer right. There may be ghosts and them things."

"To be sure. Sound, light, electricity, are all the product of the vibration of our atmosphere, or a subtler medium contained in it, called ether. If the vibrations are in numbers from 32,000 to 32,678 a second, they cause sound; the more numerous the vibrations the higher, shriller the sound, until it becomes imperceptible to the human ear. When the number of vibrations has passed 200,000 a second, the results they produce are inextinguishable tones until they exceed one million; then they call their effect electricity. Who can tell what comes next? Who can say that in time a sixth sense may not be discovered by means of which the fruits of these vibrations, the existence of which are known to physicists may be completely identified?"

"I guess thet's about right, judge."

"Some dumb animals catch sounds to which we, by the structure of our ears, are deaf. Did you ever notice how a small-sized dog will suddenly raise his ears, run to the door, and sniff the air? He has heard somethink you have not. Note this the next time you entertain a dog, and see if I am not correct. Now, if I may be personal, I was interested in the case in which you were the defendant, and which was heard before me, beyond its common, legal aspect. It is not necessary to dwell on the sentence I was forced to impose—"

"You were hard on me, judge—"

"But the possible truth of the assertion that one mind could act upon another at a distance without words, signs, or other appreciable means of communication became very vivid. Psychic action will soon be a recognized force. No one doubts that a church bell ringing far away will set a wire in a piano chiming in harmony. The human mind is the most delicate, the most responsive, the most sensitive organ we have knowledge of. It has always been observed by me that you were in mental communication with that gray wolf's soul, taking it for granted that all animals have souls and are part of the earthly compound, when you divested our friend here of his right, er—pardon me, Wolcot—ear. Surely, if your strings of dried catgut stretched on a hollow frame of wood will sing in reciprocal harmony when rubbed with the tail of a horse, two minds, whether animal or human, should be able to influence each other by the subtle transmission of the thought that interests both. And who knows (here the judge arose from his chair and brought his fist down on the table with a force that almost upset the lamp), who knows, and who can prove, that the strings on a single violin are the intestines of one cat!"

Suddenly Wolcot stood up. He

moved over to the angle of the cabin and threw open the window. To the evident horror of the other men, he placed his hand to his missing ear and listened!

"I hear them. They're coming, judge, they're coming!"

"What's coming?" asked Judge Mooney.

"The gray wolves. I can hear them! I can hear them over there in the direction of Lagunitas! They're growling fierce, they—must—be—hungry!"

Judge Mooney listened, and so did Lib Ricketts. But they could hear nothing.

"Nobody knows it all," the judge continued. "I believe that soul can communicate with soul despite all obstacles of time and space; that there is a sort of psychic world, peopled and full of activity, about and wholly without this material world of ours, but not improbably destined to become real to us in time. By heaven! I believe we can communicate without speech, written or spoken, that we may see without eyes, hear without ears—"

A wail broke from the night outside, piercing the hearts of the men—a wail like the death-call of a tortured man. It was so close to the cabin as to bear witness to the proximity of the animal, demon, spirit, or whatever it was. It increased in volume; it died away. It rose on a braying tremolo and then diminished to a doleful whine. It was the echo of shivering fright and lingering death.

Wolcot emitted a cry and fell to the floor. Then he began to articulate like a dog, and, from the sudden noise in the darkness, it was evident that he was creeping around the cabin floor on all fours. His companions were not pleased with this sudden turn. Ricketts took a match from his pocket and lit it. In the glare, the judge saw Wolcot with bulging eyes and flecked mouth, spring at the old miner with the alacrity of a cat, and fasten his teeth in his throat. In the darkness that followed, the judge could hear the two men rolling over and over, their bodies bumping on the floor, their breath coming in jerks like that of two trained wrestlers. One of them—the judge supposed it was Wolcot—was snarling and snapping in a mad fury. Finally one began the gurgle as if in great agony. Then the judge felt the men bump against him, and he threw himself on them to try and separate them. As he did so, one of them fell lifeless, and the other, with a wild shriek, moved hurriedly away. The judge looked up and, unconsciously, in the direction of the window. Two green eyes were staring in from the darkness. They stared and stared and seemed to come closer — then, very suddenly, they disappeared. The judge drew his hand over the body of the man who lay at his feet. There were revolvers in the belt. He pulled one out, and rushed to the window and fired. A fearful cry continued for some minutes after the shot, then died away.

When morning came, Wolcot was lying unconscious in the angle of the cabin, and old Ricketts's body was stretched at full length on its back in the middle of the floor. The upturned face, with the jaws broadly smiling, presented a ghastly appearance, although they gave evidence that the old man had died happy.

Mooney aroused Wolcot with some difficulty, but when he gained consciousness he was rational and self-possessed. The two friends started out to find some clew that would lead to the mystery of the green eyes. About twenty feet from the cabin in a straight line from the window, they discovered the dead body of a gray wolf. It was a thin, emaciated specimen and it had no teeth.

From the Etching by Gyrth Russell

THE
PONTOON

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

SILAS F. QUIGLEY—TO ARRIVE

BY LEWIS HOPKINS RODGERS

THE register was headed at the top of the page "March 27, 1881." There were fifteen or twenty names on the page, and I took a certain delight in writing, in a flowing business hand, "S. F. Quigley, Oxford, Ohio."

The city was New York, and the hotel the *Colonnade,* a modest hotel on the European plan—Broadway, near Eight Street. I had never been east of Ohio before and everything was of the utmost interest. Two or three gentlemen who preceded me asked the clerk for mail after registering. One man, whose name was Roberts, turned to the clerk and remarked simply, "R's, please." At this the clerk handed him a bunch of mail, which, considering the number of letters it contained, stamped him at once in my mind as being a very important individual. He looked over the entire bunch, however, and then handed them all to the clerk, who put them back into the pigeonhole marked "R." The next man said, "A's, please." This man's fortune was about the same, with the exception that he received a letter unsealed, with a one-cent stamp, which he threw unopened into the waste basket. The clerk then turned to me expectantly, and, with an effort to appear at ease, I stammered, "Q's, please." I no more expected to receive a letter than I had expected the mayor of New York to meet me at the depot. I did not know a soul in New York City, and no one in Oxford knew I intended to stop at the *Colonnade.* In fact, I had never heard of the *Colonnade* until, two days before, while riding in a smoking compartment of a Pullman sleeper between Pittsburg and Philadelphia, a young man with whom I had struck up a talking acquaintance, and who seemed to be familiar with New York, mentioned this hotel to me as a quiet central location for a stranger. I remembered telling this young man —whose name I had forgotten—that I would act on his suggestion. I had stopped in Philadelphia a day or so, while my train acquaintance went on directly to New York. As this young man was the only living being who could possibly guess my New York address, my inquiry was a mere matter of form. To continue the matter of form—for "R, please," and "A, please," were now both watching me as I had watched them—I carelessly picked up the solitary piece of mail matter that the clerk tossed me—it was in the shape of a large blue business envelope—and read the address:

"Mr. Silas F. Quigley,
"Hotel Colonnade.
"To Arrive. City."

In the upper left-hand corner of the envelope was the stamp of one of the largest magazine publishing houses in the United States. The address was typewritten and very plain. After scanning the letter as long as I could under the glances which I felt were fastened on me, I handed the letter back, saying,

"There must be some mistake." The clerk took the letter and after examining it said, "Then your first name is not Silas?"

"Yes," I replied, "my first name is Silas."

"Then what more do you want?" said he, as he tossed the letter back to me. "That's the first time in a year we have had a letter in the 'Q' box. The address, as you admit, is yours, first name and all; how can there be a mistake? We have never had any one stop here by that name before." All of which seemed so unanswerable that finally I put the letter in my pocket unopened and asked to be shown to my room. I was determined that when I opened the letter and drew forth conclusive proof that its contents were not intended for me, I should be alone.

Once in my room, with the door locked, feeling something like a sneak thief, I cut the envelope at the end and drew forth the following letter, written in a scrawling, hurried hand, with a lead pencil:

"Dear Sil—Glad you are coming to New York. Must have story from you—about three thousand words—by the 15th next. Enclosed find check for fifty dollars payable to bearer, as you are probably known only by your nom de plume in New York. Will send the other hundred upon receipt of story. Run in to see me.

"Faithfully,

"E."

With this short, business-like letter was a check for fifty dollars, payable to Silas F. Quigley, or bearer, properly made out and signed by the treasurer of the publishing house. I read the letter over a number of times, examining the check, and began to think. What a lucky dog this other Silas F. Quigley—To Arrive—was, anyway! One hundred and fifty dollars for three thousand words, five cents a word for a story. Who wouldn't try, at that rate? It could be finished in three hours, writing only at the rate of sixteen and two thirds words a minute. The words comprising the English language were free for every one. No man could obtain a patent on the arrangement of phrases or construction of sentences. This man, this other Silas F. Quigley—To Arrive—could probably write a dozen stories of three thousand words each in a month and he could then make—it was simply too much to contemplate, too good to think about.

I kept the letter and the check for about an hour, and then, feeling that I had done something wrong, replaced them in the blue envelope, stuck the ends together with mucilage carefully, and wrote on the outside: "Opened by Silas F. Quigley, of Oxford, Ohio, by mistake." Then I handed it to the clerk saying, "This letter is intended for some other Silas F. Quigley, who will probably arrive in a day or two—probably to-day."

The clerk looked rather disappointed as he put the letter back in the "Q" box, simply remarking, "That's mighty funny."

Upon retunring to the hotel that evening from an afternoon in Central Park, I could not help noticing the blue envelope silently awaiting for the proper Silas F. Quigley—To Arrive. As I felt I ought to say something to the clerk I asked, "Has the other Mr. Quigley arrived yet?"

"No, and I don't expect him," said he, emphasizing his remarks, I thought, a little more than was necessary. "I never expect to see two men of that name."

As I knew well that hotel clerks were up on names, this appeared to be an unanswerable argument. I felt, however, that I could safely bide my time to regain the respect of that clerk, as I surely would do when the lucky Quigley should put in an appearance.

Alone in my room again I began to plan my future movements. I had passed creditably through a Western college—had spent five years in a business house in Cincinnati, and had come to New York with a desire

to enlarge my opportunities. I had saved a little money and had an eminent faith in my own ability to get along in New York, though I was utterly devoid of any plans for the future. Entirely without friends in the East, I began for the first time to realize what a mighty big city this New York was, and how utterly lost I seemed to be in it. If I had not been a man, twenty-four years old, I think I should have been homesick. But men never get homesick; only women and children do that. The nerve centres of a man must be located in a different place from those of women and children; his tear wells must be deeper and harder to reach; his bumps of affection and dependence must be less developed, for he is expected to be dignified and manly under all circumstances.

I had one little ray of hope—that blue envelope. Oh, to be that Silas F. Quigley!—to be called "Dear Sil," —to have sent to me a fifty dollar check with another hundred to come; and then to think of the exhilarating experience of seeing the story over my own *nom de plume*. How I longed to go down to the office and get that envelope out of the "Q" box again and examine it! but then what would the clerk say to me if I should ask for it again. I shivered as I thought of it and came to the conclusion that I was afraid of that clerk. Even after I went to bed the thought of him weighed on me. In my dreams that night "E," the hotel clerk, and Silas F. Quigley—To Arrive—became mixed up in a quarrel, and the night clerk came out on top, of course. It required some little time after I awoke, to get matters clear in my mind, but a brisk walk down Broadway to the Battery cheered me and caused me to forget for a time everything connected with the blue envelope. I visited several business houses, hoping to find some employment; but as soon as the person to whom I applied learned of my errand, he suddenly lost all interest in me and became unaware of my presence.

At one large wholesale house I managed, by befogging the clerks as to the nature of my business, to penetrate to the head of the firm.

"What can I do for you, sir?" asked the man of millions.

"I want employment," said I boldly.

"So do forty thousand other young men in New York City," said he, taking off his eyeglasses and looking at me with an air that said:

"That answer never fails to do the work."

After a few remarks, all of which tended towards shortening the interview, I backed out, and started up Broadway towards my hotel, with a great weight on my chest. To think of an army of forty thousand men hunting for employment was overwhelming. What chance did I stand among such a number? I walked fast and kept busy glancing at sights in the windows—for tear wells in a man should be very, very deep. As I entered the hotel and walked by the office to my room, I saw that the blue envelope was still in the "Q" box. A feeling of envy and resentment began to take possession of me. Who was this Silas F. Quigley—To Arrive? Why did he not arrive and put an end to the comedy anyway? There was a position and an income thrown at a man possessing my identical name, and he, in all probability, was too much occupied writing stories elsewhere to come and secure his mail. It was simply too irritating for contemplation. Who was "E," anyway? How affectionately he wrote "Dear Sil." I could have hugged him, even if I were not the "Sil" he had "deared." Then there suggested itself to me a deed so desperate that it made the cold perspiration stand out on my forehead. Why not impersonate the Silas F. Quigley—To Arrive—so long as he did not arrive; write the story, get the hundred dollars, and in short.

make my living as an author? To falsely represent myself as another man and step into his shoes seemed an enormous crime, and yet if I could write a story good enough to secure the compensation, I should have stolen nothing but his chance to do something! I determined to try, and the determination brought with it an exhilaration I had not experienced since my arrival.

I went out immediately to a corner shop and bought a dozen paper pads containing one hundred sheets each of clean white writing paper. As I passed the hotel office a terrible fear seized me that the other Silas F. Quigley had arrived. I fully realized that the instant he should put in an appearance, that instant all efforts I should have made would fall to the ground. I sat down to the table with a new, fresh pad in front of me, dipped my pen in the ink, repeating to myself the formula, "Sixteen and two thirds words per minute for three hours equals one hundred and fifty dollars." I dipped my pen in the ink for the next ten or fifteen minutes, then repeated, "Sixteen and two thirds words per minute for three hours equal one hundred and fifty dollars." I sat for some time looking blankly at the paper. How white it was, and how much there was of it! The room seemed to be getting hot. I rose and opened the window and then sat down again. It seemed as though I should never stop dipping that pen into the ink. The open window made the room too cold, and I shut it. I walked the floor for a while, and every time I passed the table the pad of white paper seemed to stare at me, so I turned it face downwards. I began my sixteen and two thirds words per minute at 7.30 in the evening and at 3 a.m. I had half of one page covered with writing which I tore into a thousand pieces, when I read it the next morning. That day was a frightful one. The feat of writing a story had always appeared to me an easy matter. All that I had read seemed to flow along at a given speed, without in the least suggesting any trouble, care, work, or perplexity on the part of their authors. At the end of that day I had only a page of chapter headings—I had determined to have six chapters of five hundred words each—which on examination next morning seemed so silly that I destroyed it. I glanced down at the pile of pads, twelve, containing one hundred sheets each—and the enormity of my self appointed task began to dawn on me. Where was the other Silas F. Quibley? I remembered then that the day before, I had made up my mind that the only thing which could prevent my success would be the appearance of that man claiming his blue envelope; now I sincerely hoped he would put in an appearance, the sooner the better. I remember that I had thought of the situation as a queer race between the two Silas F. Quigleys; one racing with his brain, the other with his legs. Legs had won before he started. I grabbed my hat and coat and went hurriedly to the street. The clerk gave me a pitying glance as I passed him, and the thought occurred to me was that he was the author of all my trouble, that he had written the letter simply to mystify me and send me to the asylum. Out in the cool air I walked for miles, finally reaching a secluded spot on the banks of the majestic Hudson away up above One Hundred and Fortieth Street. How serene and calm everything was there! What a noble river! How quiet the hills! Could it be possible that so near such a hive of human industry, such a fight for existence, there was such rest as this?

"Oh hills!" cried I, "who is the author of your serenity?"

*

I gave it up. Silas F. Quigley could arrive or not, just as he pleased. I had no further interest in him. I even spoke pleasantly to the clerk, and after a few days made him a

present of twelve pads of white paper, one hundred sheets each, with the exception of one little pad which was two sheets short.

"A little surplus writing paper," I said, as I handed it to him, "for which I have no use."

"You're not one of those literary fellers, are you?" said he, as he looked at the pile with astonishment.

"No? Well I was goin' to say if you were you'd never amount to anything. They come here from all over the country expectin', to make their fortune by writin', but I've never seen one of 'em do it; they all funk." Then he put the paper under an old desk.

"What do they do—after—they—funk?" asked I, as carelessly as possible.

"Oh, some of 'em get positions as porters and janitors, some drive horse cars, and others shoot themselves up in Central Park."

"Do any of them go to clerking in hotels?" said I. In answer to this I received only a hard stare which told me plainly that the interview was at an end.

I returned to my former occupation of hunting a position. I progressed somewhat in this, inasmuch as I became accustomed to rebuffs and refusals. To be hopeful for the morrow was an accomplishment I found to be absolutely necessary if I was to become proficient in the art of hunting a position. Each morning as I started out, however, I noticed that I was less hopeful than the day before. I observed a settled look about my mouth, and then I happened to remember that I had not laughed once since I landed in New York. I thought it was my duty to laugh some, so I thought of all the funny things I ever read or heard. They seemed now like ghost stories. In trying to smile I felt as though some gigantic evil genius in the shape of a spirit photoghapher was taking a picture of my soul, while saying all the time, "Look pleasant now."

On the evening of the twelfth of April, as I passed by the office on my way to my room, the clerk tossed me out a letter addressed to "Silas F. Quigley, Hotel Colonnade, City." It was another blue envelope from the same publishing house. I knew as well as I knew that I was alive that the letter was for the other Silas F. Quigley. Yet the temptation was too strong. I was starving for a kind word from some one, and I would even have stolen it.

I carried the letter to my room, locked the door, pulled down the shades and read:

"Dear Sil—Have not heard a word since sending you fifty, two weeks ago. Story must reach me by evening of 15th. Must have it. Don't fail me.

"Yours,

"E."

I stared at this letter a long time, during which I must have devoured each word a hundred times. Some things can be so funny that they can get far beyond the laughing point and become serious again. This was one of them. I was starving for kind words and employment. Here was someone ready to give both, and begging me, or some one with my name, to take them. Still I could not go to "E"—whoever he was—and tell him. That would be the surest way of not getting them. Silas F. Quigley—To Arrive—seemed to be dead or a myth. I was ready to believe that the clerk had killed him, simply to prove to me that the first blue letter belonged to me—clerks are so concieted, and never wrong. Then what would the clerk think of me having accepted the second blue letter from the publishing house, while I had returned the first? I seemed to be aging. It was surely ten years since I had landed in New York. Ten years without laughing—that in itself was enough to laugh at. A tragedy and comedy rolled into one being enacted. I was the heavy man, low comedian, villain, and spectator.

I received my cues from two other actors, but they could never come on the stage, for as soon as they did that, as soon as I should meet either one, then the play would stop. They would never even know there had been a play going on.

The letter before me was a kind invitation to try again to be wicked. I had tried hard once and utterly failed. To think of all that white paper was maddening. I thought of a new formula: "Sixteen and two thirds words per minute for three hours—$1,500,000." This seemed more like the proper equation, but just as difficult to reduce. I imagined myself a worm on the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean, with a heavy iron weight gradually coming down over me. Those who were guiding the weight many fathoms above, could have no knowledge of me or my position, yet, no matter how much I might twist or squirm, their aim seemed to be unerring. If I escaped the weight I escaped only into the ocean where a million other weights and dangers would surround me. The great, ominous-looking weight was the story of three thousand words, and the ocean, New York.

Such was the state of my mind on the evening of the twelfth of April. Yet the morning of the fifteenth the deed was done. Three thousand words—just three thousand—no more, no less, had been written, sealed up in an envelope, and addressed to the publishing house which seemed to want them so much. What passed through between the twelfth and fifteenth no one will ever know.

I determined, gave up, wrote a few pages, destroyed them; wrote again, read it out aloud, learned it by heart, sang it, and then destroyed all evidences of my efforts. Again I started, and again went through the same programme. Finally I wound up on the banks of the Hudson, where it was absolutely quiet. It was surprising how restful this view became to me. I took the memory of that scenery back with me to my room, and wrote steadily for half an hour. Whenever I begin to think of my immediate surrounding I became restless, and nothing would set my pen at work again except a visit to the Hudson. When I had finished I had about thirty-six hundred words, which I cut down to three thousand. After I started, the fear that Silas F. Quigley would put in an appearance before the fifteenth did its full share in keeping up the nervous tension I was under.

The question of *nom de plume* and handwriting bothered me for a long time. I was naturally a good penman, but knowing that literary men never are, I carefully copied the story in a small, cramped schoolboy hand, using a finger movement that gave me an actual cramp in my right hand. When at last it was completed I signed it only with the *nom de plume* "Cid." Then I folded the precious leaves carefully, placed them in an envelope, and in the same handwriting wrote the following note:

"Messrs. ————
New York.

"Gentlemen—According to instructions received by me from your house, signed 'E,' I enclose herewith a story of three thousand words. I prefer from this time on to use the nom de plume 'Cid.' Any further instructions from you will receive prompt consideration.

"Very truly Yours,
"SILAS F. QUIGLEY."

When I dropped the packet in the letter box on the corner I turned hot and then cold. It was only by going to my nook on the Hudson that I could feel at all like myself.

I waited three days—the longest three days I ever spent—and then came another blue envelope, which I felt belonged really to me. The letter read:

"Dear Sil—Yours at hand. What's the matter? Are you sick? The story is all right, but the writing looks as though you had fever and ague. You'll have to prac-

tise and get back into that flowing business-like hand you used to write so nicely. Why in the world are you writing under another nom de plume?

"Give me another story, about five thousand words—this week if you can; if not, next week sure. Your hundred has been placed to your credit on our books; run in and get it, and let me see you at the same time.

"Faithfully,

"E."

"P.S. Give me your reason for using another nom. It ought to be a good one—the reason, I mean. Stella sends regards. I read your story to her last night.

"E."

After reading this letter, my feelings became what the novelist would probably term "mingled." I had taken such intense pains to reduce my handwriting from a flowing business hand to—this point was ludicrous and I burst out laughing.

The next point was not so funny. I had one hundred dollars to my credit on the books of this large publishing house which had never heard of me, and although I had earned it, it was not rightfully mine, nor could I get it in any manner. If I confronted "E" he would not know me and the story would probably cease to be interesting to him. If I did not disclose myself, what were to be my future plans? At any moment the rightful Silas F. Quigley might appear, and I would then drop back into oblivion as quietly as a pebble would sink if dropped into the Atlantic ocean. The great overwhelming fact, however, was that another story was wanted; this time five thousand words.

Was I to continue my career of crime and deception, especially as it was not bringing me in anything? Was it within the range of possibilities for me to write another story at all? In writing the first I had exhausted all the imagination, all the ideas, all the plots, situations, and schemes I could think of. My mind was a blank—on stories. But I could scarcely find time to eat or sleep so busy was I with—I was about to say *my* affairs; still I was no less busy because the affairs were really those of Silas F. Quigley—To Arrive. I was busy straightening out a tangle of threads with a hundred ends and none of them the right one. I was trying to solve a puzzle to which there was no solution.

And then Stella! who was she? Were there to be a woman and a love story mixed up in the tangle? Already I loved Stella as much as a man could love a woman without ever having seen her. I longed to throttle this other Silas F. Quigley, who seemed to have all the good things a young man appreciates flung at him. Still, if only the other man stayed away long enough and I could surreptitiously hold my end up as a story-writer, which I did not believe possible, it was barely probable that some time in the future I could burst in upon "E" and receive recognition. He would surely listen to me and the recounting of my trials would be interesting to him. And then I might possibly, after that, secure a position with the publishing house, not as a story-writer—never that—but in some other capacity within my range.

For the first time, therefore, I began to formulate a definite plan. I would be a conspirator—a villain, probably—and the other Silas F. Quigley would be the long-lost hero, liable to appear on the scene at any moment and entirely upset my plans. I would try, as I never had tried to do anything before, to write all the stories required. I would send messages to Stella, write notes to "E" (with a rapidly improving penmanship) and so draw these unconscious victims into my net, that when disclosure came, as it surely would, they could not easily disentangle themselves. I would try to be so very wicked and withal so captivating that when I should be incarcerated the men would pity and the women bring me flowers. "E" and Stella were doomed. I was the leader now, not they. Some one else should try to solve riddles—I was through.

So I began to write with something of a lighter heart within me, thinking that at the worst I should be in no worse fix than without this farce which I seemed to be playing. If Silas F. Quigley should appear, his original letter and the fifty dollars would still be waiting for him in the "Q" box, and probably more would be to his credit at the publishing house. At all events, things seemed to brighten for me, although I could not explain why. It seemed to me that if one could only imagine some one else was taking an interest in one, it would go far towards making that one happy.

How I wrote the story of five thousand words I do not know. For an imagination, I simply had to imagine I had one. On the whole, though, when it was finished it seemed better than the first. To be sure, on reading it over, some of the parts which I had intended should be funny appealed to me as quite serious, and *vice versa*. Still I consoled myself by the theory that a doctor is never a good doctor for himself, and hoped that "E" had better judgment than I.

With the story I sent the following note:

"Dear E.—Yours at hand. My handwriting was somewhat cramped last time, but if you had known how badly my hand pained me you would have excused it. It does not hurt so badly now and I think you will notice some improvement. I will, I hope, soon get back into 'that business style' when the pain leaves me.

"Enclosed find story which I dashed off hurriedly. I have so much writing to do that I think perhaps I did not give it the time I should; if you care to, you can destroy it, and I will send you another.

"I met Charley the other day and he is not well. Asked about you particularly. I could hardly give him any satisfaction, being so busy.

"Regarding nom de plume 'Cid,' I have reasons of my own for adopting it.

"Love to Stella.

"Yours truly,
"SILAS F. QUIGLEY."

I folded this up with something of a wicked smile, thinking:

"If that doesn't mix him up, I don't know what will."

No sooner was this posted than I concluded I had overdone the matter, and that the letter was not only foolish, but would result in exposing me. I did not imagine it was possible to arrive at so many different conclusions regarding the same thing as I did regarding the effect of my letter. What was the use of attempting to arrive at any conclusion, anyway? I was in the hands of Fate, and I could not help wishing that Fate were Stella. I placed her far above all young ladies I had ever met. Sure that I should never meet her, I placed her on a little throne and prepared to worship her—some beautiful star away up in the firmament, that I might only look upon. When I remembered that I had dared to send her my love I became frightened; and yet, surely, anyone might throw a kiss at a star.

During the next few days I spent most of my time in my nook on the Hudson, where the water appeared to flow so peacefully and where the calm hills seemed to speak.

On the fifth day I received the following letter:

"Dear Sil—Yours received. Glad to hear from you and to learn your hand is getting better. It must be, for your writing is much improved. I read your new story to Stella last evening, and she was as much interested in it as I. There are a number of passages in it which might be improved, and there are some which show a depth of nature—the author's most precious gift—too rich in possibilities, to allow to remain unused. You should write more. I write simply as a friend and not to criticize. Charley met me after he had seen you and told me about your conversation.

"I have placed another hundred and fifty dollars to your credit, and am wondering why you don't run in to see me. I am a very busy man, but I will always find time to see you.

"Faithfully,
"E."

"P.S. Give me another story; say twenty-five hundred words."

This letter dazed me somewhat. My

first conclusion was that "E" was a hard man to mix; my next, that he was so badly mixed he didn't know it himself; my next, that "E" and the other Silas F. Quigley had a common friend named "Charley," and that I had stumbled on the name! I had summoned a spirit and he had stepped forth flesh and blood. But then Stella was interested in my stories, so what did I care if everything else was upside down and inside out? Henceforth, I would write for her and her alone. I would write a love story and use the name "Bella" for my heroine. Bella at first should be an ideal person and everything that was lovely. She should be worshipped by the hero at a great distance, but gradually the two should gravitate towards each other until they should meet. When they met, then Bella the ideal should become Bella the real. The hero should marry Bella. This attempt to make myself known reminded me of attempts to notify the inhabitants of Mars that we were on earth, but I concluded to try it.

So I went to work on my first love story, which I wrote at one sitting, and sent it in with this letter:

"Dear E.—Yours received. I am more than grateful to you for any suggestions or criticisms you may have to offer. You are much older than I, and I am thankful to have such a gifted critic. Enclosed find a little story inspired to some extent by the interest which Stella, the dear girl, has manifested in my stories, as reported by you.

"Mr. Schnellenheimer is not doing anything now and would like to get work. Have you anything for him to do? As you know, he is a printer by trade and he could probably be useful to you. Poor fellow, his family needs it, too.

"Yours truly,
"SILAS F. QUIGLEY."

I was getting desperate. I was in love with an ideal woman who was reading my letters and stories, but to whom I never could expect to be introduced. I was desperate in that I should be so completely balked by "E" when I attempted to mystify him and gradually win him away from his other love—the other Silas F. Quigley. I had determined on pushing matters. Therefore, I had constructed such a letter as should bring, logically, a reply something like this:

"Silas F. Quigley, Esq.

"Dear Sir—Who are you and what do you mean by sending such messages to my niece? I have never heard of Schnellenheimer and don't care to. A personal explanation is due from you! Your love story is returned herewith!

"Yours,
"EDWARD EVERETT EGGLESTONE."

Upon receipt of this letter I could understand matters, and my course of action would be plain. I would give a long, hearty, hollow laugh, then tear the returned love story and Edward Everett Egglestone's letter into a thousand pieces, pack my bag, go down and bid the clerk good-bye, take one last look at the original blue envelope, smile as amusedly as I could, as I should think of the beautiful tangle I had prepared for Silas F. Quigley—To Arrive—take up my abode somewhere else in New York, and begin life, the old humdrum, commonplace life, over again. Yes, I had settled the matter at last. I had written a love story which "E" and Stella, if they had any brains at all, could not mistake. They would see that the writer was a lovelorn fool unworthy any further attention.

I studied some time to secure a name for my new character which would not fit any being on earth. Mr. Schnellenheimer should not be disposed of as easily as "Charley" had been. There might be a million "Charleys," but there could be only one Schnellenheimer.

After mailing the love story and letter I gathered together all my effects and prepared to depart. Packing is melancholy work at best, and I would leave none of it to be done after receiving the letter, though it might be days hence. My only relief was in thinking of the next meeting

between "E" and Silas F. Quigley —To Arrive. How innocent he would be, and yet how good an actor in the eyes of "E." How I enjoyed transferring the perplexing situation to another member of the Quigley family! The drama or farce was never ending. The new actor would be as powerless to ascertain what his predecessor had done as his predecessor had been to know what the new actor would do.

The fatal blue envelope was finally delivered to me by the clerk, who made matters more interesting by asking me if I was ever going to take that other blue letter out of the "Q" box.

Alone in my room, with my top coat on my arm, hat on the table, and bag at my side, I opened and read the following letter:

"Dear Sil—Yours at hand. The love story is fine, and Stella was more than interested. She remarked that this was the first time she had ever read one of your love stories, although you seemed to have written like an old, experienced hand. By the way, your hand must be well, judging from your writing. You surely did not suppose that I had forgotten Schnellenheimer? Who would ever forget a man with a name like that? I am sorry he is still without work. Send him down, and I will see what I can do for him. I want you to go out to my house to dinner to-morrow night. Don't fail. Come to the office and go out with me.

"Faithfully,

"E."

I read this over three times, rubbed my hand over my eyes to be sure I was awake, took my hat and coat, and started out hurriedly. My steps were toward the Battery, and my destination was the office of the publishing house. I never stopped to think; the time for thinking had passed.

"Is there a gentleman here who signs 'E' to his letters?" I asked of a clerk in the editorial rooms.

"Yes, sir," he replied; "you want to see Mr. Ellicott, the managing editor, I suppose."

"Please hand him this card," said I.

"Silas F. Quigley," read a pleasant-looking man, of about forty-five, in an inner office, looking at the card. "Show him right in," said he, with something of a twinkle in his eye.

I was ushered into a nice, inviting-looking apartment, with thick rugs on the floor, and easy-chairs around the room. As the boy passed out, the door swung to noiselessly, I stood face to face with the man whom I had never expected to see.

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Quigley," said Mr. Ellicott, in a pleasant voice, rising from his chair and taking me by the hand.

"Glad to see *me?*" said I, shaking from head to foot.

"Certainly," said he; "have a chair."

"How did you know my name was Quigley?" I asked, without having moved.

"You sent in your card," said he.

"Oh, yes! Certainly—of course," replied I, rather foolishly. "Mr. Ellicott, I will not deceive you any longer, and before I sit down in your office I want to inform you that I am *not* the Silas F. Quigley you konw."

"I do not know any one else of that name," said he quietly.

"Mr. Ellicott, please believe me when I tell you that I have been acting wrongly in deceiving you; but I seemed drawn into it, and you did not seem to know that it was *I*, Silas F. Quigley, an entire stranger to you, and *not* the author, Silas F. Quigley, with whom you have been corresponding. *I* wrote those silly stories. *I* sent those messages to Stella. *I, Silas F. Quigley, of Oxford, Ohio,* impersonated Silas F. Quigley—To Arrive —the author to whom you first wrote and sent fifty dollars in a letter which is still waiting for him at the *Colonnade. I—*"

"Tut, tut, young man," said he with a kindly smile, "don't be so fast. You must remember that a criminal is not compelled to give evidence

which will tend to incriminate him."

Upon which Mr. Ellicott turned to his desk and began doing some writing, while I sank helplessly into a large chair and sat there looking at him, more perplexed than ever and no nearer knowing the truth. After a few moments, he turned in his office chair, leaned back, and said slowly:

"Mr Quigley, if you will listen to me for a little while I think I can set you straight, for you seem to be considerably mixed. And no wonder!" I remember afterwards that he added this with a chuckle, though I was too engrossed in the main issue then to notice chuckles.

I am afraid that my eyes were bulging and my mouth was open, waiting for what he had to say.

"Yes," he began again. "I think I can straighten you out. At twenty-seven years of age I married one of the best girls in the world. She was what might be called a practical girl. She was always devising some new and ingenious plan of helping people along without their knowing it. She let others sew and gossip at the sewing societies while she put into operation some plan—roundabout in its operation, but direct in its beneficial results—which would do as much for the poor of the community as a dozen sewing societies would do in the name of Charity.

She is an inventor, pure and simple; and if her efforts should be directed towards financing or military campaigns, she would surpass any man I ever knew. I had no idea of this when I married her, but found her out gradually.

"One of her efforts is called 'The Ellicott Notification Society.' It has one president and several thousand vice-presidents. She is president and every member is a vice-president. There is a vice-president in every city, town, and village of any size, in the United States. The duties of the president and vice-presidents are similar and easy to perform. In perfecting this organization Mrs. Ellicott secured through some source the name of some worthy lady in each city or town, and sent her a printed circular outlining the object of the organization, asking her to respond stating whether or not she would become a member. In almost every instance she received favourable responses, and a list of vice-presidents was then printed and sent to each one, together with the printed obligation which each one had agreed to undertake. Everything was done in the most methodical manner, all names being placed in alphabetical order in a large index. The name of the society as I have told you, is 'The Ellicott Notification Society.' Its object is for each member to do everything in her power for young men who may come to the town or city in which she lives, from some other city or town. Each member is also obligated to notify another member of the name address—if possible—and character of the young man who is about to depart to another place.

"Some time ago Mrs. Ellicott received one of the printed blanks like this one;" and turning to his desk, he took from a pigeon-hole a slip which read as follows:

THE ELLICOTT NOTIFICATION SOCIETY.

.....19

NAME (give name in full).....
ADDRESS (last permanent address).....
CHARACTER (as you know it to be)....
HABITS (good or bad).....
EASILY LED (yes or no).....
RELIGION (if any).....
WHEN START (exact date).....
DESTINATION (ultimate).....
ADDRESS (specific).....
REMARKS .....
Vice-Pres.....

This blank he handed me for inspection, and I stared at it without gathering for a moment what it all meant. When I had looked it over he continued:

"This special blank which I remarked Mrs. Ellicott received some time ago, was dated at Oxford, Ohio, and had on it the name of 'Silas F.

Quigley.' What further particulars there are about you I cannot say, but you seemed to be—''

''Hold on a minute,'' said I, all eagerness; ''this lady whoever she might have been, this vice-president living at Oxford, could not in any way have known my stopping-place in New York City, for I did not know it myself until—''

''Until my son directed you to it, for it was a peculiar coincidence that you met my son on the train between Pittsburgh and Philadelphia and wrote your name for him on a card. That's how we knew your first writing was bogus.

''To go back a little,'' he continued, ''when Mrs. Ellicott was notified that a worthy young man was coming to New York for the first time to get work, she set to work to devise some means to help him. When George—that's my son—came home from the West and showed us your card, my wife seemed perfectly delighted. She formed a plan at once to have waiting for you at your hotel a letter, which, of course, you would not understand and which you would assume at once was intended for someone else of the same name. The letter was to suggest remunerative work of some kind, and was to contain a certain sum of money. While she had explained the plan to me, I thought highly of it until she came to the money part, and then I entered a formal objection. She always wins, however, in an argument. She said you would never touch it as long as you believed it was not yours, as she had you rated pretty well up in her rating book, which she makes up from the notification slips received. Then she sketched out my work for me—for by special permission of all the V. P.'s I have been elected treasurer of the society. I was to copy in my own business style the letters which she should dictate, offer you good round sums for stories, furnish the first fifty dollars, and perform other minor duties.

''So a letter dictated by Mrs. Ellicott was sent to the *Colonnade* addressed to 'Silas F. Quigley—To Arrive—'

''I remember it,'' said I, gasping faintly.

''Its effect was just as Mrs. Ellicott had imagined, and her prophecies regarding your actions have been verified almost to the letter.

You see there are thousands and thousands of ways in this city by which a young man can get started down hill, especially when he gets discouraged at not finding work and has no friends to confide in. Mrs. Ellicott's idea has always been that if a young man can be kept busy thinking about something which to him is everything, and eventually finds work, his chances are better for passing safely through the period of depression which comes to every young man whe comes alone to New York to find work. I should judge that you have not had time to slide down hill?''

He needed only to glance at me to get a satisfactory answer.

''I have been busy,'' said I simply, scarcely knowing where I was.

''While you have been hard at work we have been amused at some of your correspondence,'' he continued, with a merry twinkle in his eye, ''and yet your stories are good enough to publish, and I guess we can find a place for you on the editorial staff of the magazine.''

''Who is Charley?'' I said, determined to clear everything up.

''What Charley?'' said he.

''The Charley you mentioned in your letter,'' I replied.

''The same Charley you mentioned in yours,'' said he, with something of a grin on his face.

''And Schnellenheimer,'' I asked earnestly, ''did you ever know a man by that name?''

''Never,'' said he, rather sternly. So much so, indeed, that both question and answer seemed to rebound on me.

''And Stella?''

''Stella is my wife; you will meet her at dinner to-morrow night.''

THE GAEL AND THE SEA

BY S. P. MACDONALD

OF the many readers whose eyes will light on the title of this article the great majority will probably ask what particular relationship there is between the ideas of Gael and sea to justify the choice of such a subject. The answer is soon given. The attitude of the Gael towards the sea is peculiar, and it illustrates, probably better than anything else, the outstanding traits of his character.

For a better understanding of the subject it is necessary to refer, briefly, to the genealogy of the Gael. The race is Keltic of course, but mingled with the predominating Keltic blood there is a strain of Scandinavian, legacy of the sea-rovers who held sway long ago in the Hebrides and Western Highlands. The modern Gael, with the blood of these two great races mingling in his veins, exhibits the characteristics of both.

Now the Scandinavian was always and before everything else a sailor. The sea was to him the "path to glory," for over it he made his way to strange countries where victories were to be won and wealth gained. It might almost be called his native element. He loved it in the majesty of calm, and loved it still more in the majesty of wrath, when he matched his skill and daring against its awful power. But in the main he loved it not so much for itself as for the fact that it gave him an opportunity to exercise his unrivalled skill as a sailor, and offered a most convenient road to the neighbouring countries, whose spoils he gathered in.

The Kelt was a sailor, too, but rather because circumstances forced him to it, for he was originally a herdsman. When, after making his way across Europe, his progress or flight, whichever it may have been, was stopped by the Atlantic, and he found himself in daily communication with the grandest object in nature, it was natural that his impressionable mind and warm fancy, always inclined towards the awful and the mystical, should connect it with the idea of the supernatural. He came to regard the sea as if it were a thinking, reasoning being. He peopled it with mysterious beings—the ghosts of men whom it had taken for its own, enchanted maidens condemned to inhabit its cold depths forever and spirits, good and bad, who were created for it. He loved it, and he feared it. He loved it for the magnificent strength and the grand simplicity that belonged to it, and he praised it for the generosity with which it often chose to repay his labour. He feared it as being almost infinitely mightier than himself, which often took away more than it gave, and he declaimed with all the passionate vehemence of which his nature was capable against its treacherous cruelty.

The modern Gael, in his attitude toward the sea, is something of both Kelt and Scandinavian. He loves the sea as the Norsemen loved it, loves it even in its wildest moods, and some

of the finest songs in the language bear witness to his fierce exultant joy in the struggle of the brave boat and skilled mariner against wind and wave. Instance the following extracts from well-known sea songs:

Theid i tro Chaol Muile ruadhor.
As a sin d'an Eilean Maine,
Air n-ais 'na deannaibh nunn do
Mhuideart,

Seach nan eilean arda uamhach,
Seach nan beaunaibh dwbha gruamach,
Seach nan sgeireau iosal fuaraidh,
Air a fairadh tro àrd-stuaidhean.
Gu h-eilean riabhach ram fear buadhor,
Gu h-innis ghranaich ram ban uallach.

O's iomadh rudha dubh a dh 'fhuar i,
Agus hairneach glas a bhuain i,
Agus faochag chrom a bhruain i,
'Si 'na deannaibh tro chaoil naignidh.

Of which the following is an almost literal translation:

Goes she through the Mull Sound fawn-like,
Then across to the Green Island,
Back in gallop, o'er to Moidart,
Past the hilly isle of caves,
Past the mountains dark and frowning,
Past the reefs so low and cold,

And athwart through mountain billows
To the brindled isle of brave men,
To the suny isle of fair ones.

Oh, many a dark point has she rounded,
Many a gray limpet pounded,
Many a curving whelk powdered,
As she gallops through the silent straits.

And again:

Chluinnteadh fuaim na daraich,
'Si 'na deannaibh 's a' chuan Eireann,
B'fhada chluinnteadh fuaim a bocail,
'S a' mhuir ghucagaich ag eiridh,
Sruth is gaoth is luthan aigein
A sior bhragail air an eudail
Thug mi'n stiuir an laimh an Leodaich,
Gur e cheol-san bairlinn bheumach.

(Far travels the noise of the boat,
Galloping through the Sea of Erin,
Far travels the noise of her leaps,
As she bounds through the swelling ocean;
Wind and tide and the fury of the deep,
Hurl themselves against the darling;
But the rare MacLeod is at the helm,
The bellowing wave to him is music.)

Gaelic verse suffers more in translation than that of most other languages, but the translations given will serve to convey some idea of the fiery energy which characterizes the originals, and for expression of which the language, by reason of its adaptability to rapid and terse but complete and accurate description, is so admirably suited.

It is not this note, however, which predominates in the Gaelic sea songs. The wail of the women of the isles for husbands, brothers, sons, fathers, or sweethearts, whom the sea has taken to itself, is heard oftener than the exulting song in which the men give expression to their "stormy joy" in the grim struggle with their relentless and terrible enemy. Here are a few examples:

Fhaoileig bhig is fhaoileig mhara,
Fhaoileig a'chuain na ceil t'ealaidh,
C'ait an d'fhag thu na fir gheala?
Dh'fhag mi iod 'san doimhne-mhara,
Beul ri beul is iad gun anail,
Cul ri cul a' si leadh fa la.

A maiden is supposed to be asking the sea-gull for tidings of her lover and his crew. The translation runs:

Little sea-gull, ocean sea-gull,
Snow-white sea-gull, what thy tidings?
Where, oh, where are the fair young lads?
I left them all in the ocean depths,
Face to face and each one lifeless,
Back to back and red blood flowing.

And then the maiden prays:

O fhaoileig bhig is fhaoileig mhara,
Siul na h-Oighe bhi 'gam chaithris,
Ma's e cluasag dha a' ghaineamh,
Ma's e suaineadh dha an fheamain,
Ma's e na roin a luchd-faire,
Ma's e 'n t-iasg a choinnlean geala,
'S a cheol fidhle gair na ma ra.

(O little sea-gull, ocean sea-gull,
The Virgin pity me to-night,
If his shroud should be the tangle,
If his couch a sandy hollow,
If the seals him make attendants,
If the fish his waxen candles,
If his harp the croon of waves.)

Another maiden laments her three brothers, who have put to sea in a boat of rare beauty, strength, and speed. When she left the shore, the

waves danced with joy, and the seals and teal-ducks followed in her wake as she crossed "to Uist and Lewis, and across to Rodel in Harris, but alas, the sea covered the beautiful boat:

Mhiannaich an Cuan Sgi an inbhrach,
Cha'n fhaodadh i tir a thathaich.

Cha ruig i Mibhist, cha ruig i Leodhas,
Cha ruig i Rodal na h-Earradh.

O mo thriuir bhraithrean tha mi 'g iargain
'S mi 'gan iarraidh anns an fheamainn.

(The sea of Skee coveted the boat,
She might not visit the shore.

She reaches not Uist, she reaches not Lewis,
She reaches not Rodel in Harris.

Oh, my three brothers, for them I yearn,
And I seeking them in the sand.)

In spite of its cruelty, however, which bears more heavily on them than on the men, who can feel the joy of combat and the exulting thrill of victory, the women love the sea, too. Is it not *Ciule Mhoire* (the Virgin Mary's treasury) and if it can be terribly cruel, can it not also be splendidly generous, and send the boats home laden with fish? And if it sometimes sounds the knell of loved ones, does it not more frequently sound a tender accompaniment to the lullabies with which they sing their babies to sleep and which have always in them a note of yearning sadness that is partly of the blood, but mostly of the sea? And it is only natural that when far removed from the sight and sound of the sea they should forget that it is cruel and treacherous and jealous, and remember only the majestic music of its motion, its playfulness and kindness. This sentiment finds expression in many a Hebridean song, of which one example will suffice, the song of the "ladylord," who married a mainland chief, but who found that romantic glens and heather-crowned mountains could not take the place of the beloved western sea in her affections. The song is very well known:

'S trom an ioundrain th' air mo shiubhal
Cha tog fidheall e no caunt;
Gair na mara 'na mo chluasaibh,
Dh'fhag sid luaineach mi sa' ghleann,
Fuaim an taibh 'gam shior-eigheach:
Tiugainn, m' eudail, gu d' thir-dhaimh.

(Deep the longing that has seized me,
Song nor fiddle lifts it off,
In my ear the ocean sounding,
Sets me roving from the glen;
And sea voices ever call me:
"Come, O love, to thy home-land.")

These are only stray examples, but they will serve to illustrate the mixed sentiments with which the Gael regards the sea. Songs of the love and of the fear of the sea they are, but permeating them all is that idea of the sea as a being personal, awful, and mysterious, a mighty friend, and an implacable enemy. This is the original Keltic trait, an it is different from the Scandinavian attitude towards the sea as is the Keltic Druidism from the cult of Woden and Thor.

With the legacy that is his by right of descent, it is no wonder that the sea should occupy a larger place in the affections of the Gael even when his beautiful lochs and glens and rugged mountains; and that even in the remotest corners of the world its roar should still sound in his ears, calling, calling the wanderer to return.

Not so many years ago a young Highlander who had emigrated to Canada used to sit by a waterfall, far in the interior, and, closing his eyes, fancy he heard in the roar of the water the various voices of his own western sea. Perhaps he sang, as he sat there, the hunting song of the nameless Highland exile:

From the lane, sheiling on the misty island,
Mountains divide us, and a waste of seas,
Yet still the blood is warm, the heart is Highland,
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides.

The blood is often warm and the heart is still Highland! The homesick singer did not know it, but he

spoke not only for the Highland exiles of his own time, but for thousands of their descendants in this country, who keep the old language and the old traditions, and maintain the old customs, and are as truly Highland as if the western sea had sung their lullaby, beating upon one of the "misty islands" which the exile beheld in his dreams. In many a farmer's and fisherman's cottage along the rugged Cape Breton coast, or in the beautiful valleys with the soft musical Gaelic names which the old people gave them out of love for their own land, the sea songs are still sung and the sea stories are still told. The fire-ship, dreaded forerunner of disaster, still sweeps along the coast with unnatural speed; the mermaid still finds a home in a few unfrequented coves, though hardly once in a lifetime does she show herself to mortals: there are still parents who will not allow their boys to go swimming of a Friday, lest some unfortunate being who knows a *rann bathaidh** should see them; and there are still stories to be heard of stout hearts that witch-created storms have sent to the bottom. "The blood! the blood! Its aye the same." The "ladylord" in the sixteenth century, the young Highland exile beside the Canadian waterfall in the nineteenth, and we in the twentieth, and thousands of miles from the land of our fathers, we are all of the western sea and the Keltic blood, and over that long bridge which spans the centuries our souls meet. Well for the Gael in this new land if he keep his heart responsive to the call of the blood. It calls to nothing that is mean or base, for he comes of a race of heroes, and meanness and baseness do not belong to it. But it calls him to the imitation of their splendid virtues, in their indomitable courage, their greatness of soul and tenderness of breast, their unswerving devotion to principle, their noble simplicity. And so, hearing these voices and attuning his soul to them, he will help to build up a structure worthy of the foundation which his ancestors laid, in privations and suffering indeed, and hopeless yearning for the land which should know them no more. They built well, with true Gaelic vision, in hope for what the future might hold for those who were to come after them, to reap the harvest of which they might not see more than the budding promise.

*Drowning song.

A MILLIONAIRE ON TOAST

BY J. J. BELL

THE telephone on the desk rang sharply, violently. As a rule it gave a discreet tinkle—a sort of preliminary apology for troubling so important a personage as Mr. Jasper Holt.

The millionaire frowned, dropped the pencil with which he had been figuring on a writing-pad, and snatched the receiver to his ear.

"What's the matter, Harrison?..

"Hullo, is that you, Harrison? Who's there?"

"Is that you, Mr. Holt?" asked a quiet voice.

"Yes—but who are you?"

"Frank Shannon."

"Who?" cried Mr. Holt, not so much because he did not hear distinctly as because he could not believe his ears.

"Frank Shannon.....How are you, Mr. Holt? Nasty war scare we're having just now. Hope it may blow over—"

Mr. Holt controlled himself with an effort. "What are you doing in my office at this time of night?" he demanded.

"'Phoning you."

"Confound you, sir! Who let you in?"

"Mr. Harrison. He was working late—or waiting for war news to send you, I presume."

"Never mind that! I tell you, I don't believe that Harrison let you in!"

"He didn't mean to, I allow. But I got my foot in the door, and found that I could push a little harder than he. So here I am. I only wanted to say—"

The millionaire was near to foaming.

"And do you mean to tell me that Harrison permitted you to use my private wire?"

"Well, no. I had to give him a whiff of chloroform—but I'll have him as fit as a fiddle in no time. Don't worry, but accept my hearty congratulations on the loyalty of your lieutenant. And now I had better give you my message, Mr. Holt. I'm coming—"

"I'll have you arrested for burglary or—or—"

"All right. That will be easily managed. I'm coming to see you to-morrow. Expect me at your island in the course of the afternoon, say about—"

"Confound your impudence! I've nothing to say to you."

"I'll do the talking, Mr. Holt."

The millionaire growled, then laughed sardonically. "You've planned your trip a day too late, my man! You ought to have come yesterday. The steamer makes her trip to the island a fortnight hence."

"Thanks! see you to-morrow. Must attend to Harrison now. Good-bye."

"Hold on!" cried Holt. "I tell you you'll be sorry if you—" He replaced the receiver with a grunt of disgust, and pressed one of the three electric buttons on the right of his desk.

He then threw himself back in his chair to await, frowning impatiently.

Within a couple of minutes a girl entered the room. She was of medium height, confident, yet graceful in her movements. Blue eyes looked out of a fair face lightly browned by sun, wind and sea. You would have admitted her attraction at first sight, though possibly you would have failed to define it in detail. She was Jasper Holt's only child, and he had been a widower since the day of her birth. She had inherited a good deal of her father's force of character, and she possessed one thing that he had not—a sense of humour. Perhaps that was why she did not quarrel with her father.

"You were just in time, Dad," she said pleasantly. "I was going to bed when you rang. How's the war? I heard the 'phone go quite excitingly."

"Sit down," he said curtly. "I have something to say to you."

She may have had some inkling of what was coming, but she smiled as she took the most comfortable chair. "Don't, please, make it a long story, because I'm awfully sleepy. The steamer left at such an unearthly hour this mornnig. Poor Lord Bracefield!—he doesn't enjoy getting up at five!" She yawned prettily.

"It is of Bracefield I wish to speak to you Christabel," he said sternly.

"Oh, dear!" she sighed. "Again?"

"Lord Bracefield informed me last night," said Holt, "that you had once more postponed your answer—"

"My dear Dad," she interrupted mildly, "I have never yet postponed my answer to Lord Bracefield. It has always been a quite definate 'No thank you.' Lord Bracefield is a nice old gentleman—middle-aged, if you insist—but I could not marry him."

"You are going to marry him!"

Miss Holt's eyes twinkled, but her lips shut firmly.

"It has come to this," said her father, "that if you do not give me your promise now—to-night—to marry Bracefield within three months from now, I shall take steps to disinherit you."

There was a short pause ere she replied gravely: "That would be horrid—but not so horrid as marrying Lord Bracefield. Now please don't be angry, dear. I'm engaged to Frank Shannon—"

"You are nothing of the kind—a beggarly electrical engineer! I've told you already that—"

"Frank is making twelve hundred a year."

"What's that?"

"It is more than Lord Bracefield makes—or can borrow," she retorted with a flash of spirit.

"There is no comparison," said Mr. Holt stiffly. "Bracefield can give you the position I desire my daughter to have." He gave her a sudden, sharp look. "How long is it since you have seen or heard from that impertinent fellow?"

"Oh, I shouldn't call Lord Bracefield imp—"

"Tut! Don't pretend to misunderstand me, Christabel! How long is it since you have heard from Shannon?"

"A year all but a day." She flushed a little. "I expect to hear from him to-morrow, but how I don't know."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, our promise to you will then have expired." The girl rose and went to her father. She laid a hand on his shoulder. "Don't you think Frank and I have been very good, Dad? It hasn't been a happy year, but we thought there might be some reward for us at the end of it. We don't want to marry without your blessing—"

"Enough!" he said shortly. "What I have said I have said. I am not to be thwarted, Christabel. You shall marry Bracefield or take the consequences—an allowance of two hundred a year. Then you'll see how far Mr. Shannon's devotion will serve you."

Her hand dropped from him. "You

are very hard and cruel," she said in a low voice, and moved to the door. "But there is no good in discussing the matter. Good-night."

"Stay! I might as well tell you that Shannon is coming—or thinks he is coming—here to-morrow—"

"Oh!"

"If he reaches the island I shall grant him an interview, if only to tell him what I think of him. It is possible that I may have him arrested later for forcing his way into my city office and chloroforming my chief clerk—"

"Father!"

"He had the impudence to use my private wire—"

"Oh, was that all? How clever of him!"

"Silence! I shall inform him, however, of my intentions in the event of you refusing to obey my wish."

Christabel bowed her head and laid her fingers on the door handle.

"One moment! Your promise, if I remember correctly, does not expire until seven o'clock to-morrow night."

"Seven-thirty," she said quietly.

"Very well. From seven-thirty you are at liberty to make your own choice. Good-night."

He picked up his pencil and bent over his papers.

She opened the door, hesitated, and said: "I do not want to disobey you, my dear Dad, but I had better tell you that I intend to marry Frank —within three months." She went out closing the door softly.

"We shall see!" the millionaire mutteretd grimly, and rang the telephone bell. He was anxious to know about Harrison, but more anxious still to know the latest war news.

*

When Jasper Holt built a house on the island some ten years ago he had intended it for an occasional residence, but of late he had made it his home for the greater part of the year. For all his huge fortune, however, he had no thoughts of retiring from business. He was as keen as ever on making money. But it pleased him now to sit aloof and make his influence felt on markets hundreds of miles away. The cost of his long-distance telephone line—thirty miles of which was under the sea—had been nothing to the profits he had earned. He had no partners at the other end, but he had men who found it worth while to obey his commands to the letter, men who knew exactly what items of the day's news to repeat to him. And Holt at this time was finding that he was actually making more money than he had done in the days when it had seemed necessary for him to be always "on the spot."

Nevertheless, he was at present extremely anxious. Rumours and threatenings of war in the East were making stock markets exceedingly sensitive and wayward. He and his lieutenants were continually on the watch. Things had to be learned, reported, considered, and done quickly. For the first time Holt had allowed himself to suffer qualms regarding his long-distance telephone. If anything were to go wrong there!

He had almost decided to take the steamer to the mainland that morning. He would have done so had not his steam yacht, which had been undergoing her autum overhaul, been due to return to her anchorage at the island twenty-four hours later. The only tenants of the island besides himself were a couple of sheep farmers, and their leaky old fishing boats could not survive much of the voyage save in the finest weather; moreover, Jasper Holt was afraid of the sea even from the deck of his own handsome yacht.

With the telephone at his bedside, he slept little that night. Another man had taken Harrison's place in the office, and much of the news that the public would read hours later was spoken into the ear of the millionaire. It was conflicting, irritat-

ing, insufficient news—news to weary the brain and upset the nerves of the ordinary speculator. But this man listened to it carefully, patiently, unemotionally, taking shorthand notes of such items as he deemed too important to entrust to memory. And for the time being he forgot all about his daughter, Lord Bracebridge, and the impertinent Frank Shannon.

He rose at eight o'clock and breakfasted in his study. The telephone was working again—hard. Among other things it informed him that there had been some little delay in getting his yacht out of dock, but that she would leave for the island as soon as possible.

Later his daughter came in to inquire whether he would lunch with her or where he was.

"Here," he said briefly, then kindly enough, "What are you doing with yourself to-day, Chistabel? I thought you might have taken a cruise in the *Pharos,* but she hasn't turned up."

"Thank you, Dad, it's a nice day for a cruise, but"—she smiled whimsically—"but I've decided to stay in my room until seven-thirty." She kissed his gray head and fled.

"Confound it!" he muttered. "I had forgotten about *that!* I suppose he'll come in a motor-boat. Pity it isn't a storm."

From time to time he permitted himself to look across the water dividing the island from the mainland. From an upper window his daughter did the same, only oftener, and used a powerful pair of marine glasses.

*

It was after five o'clock when Frank Shannon reached the island, having made the passage by himself in a motor-boat ridiculously small for the open sea. But, as he declared afterwards, he would have chartered a liner had the weather rendered that necessary. He was too well pleased with his life to trifle with it.

His actual landing was not visible to the watchers in the great house. Had they been able to see through the ridge of rock guarding the shingly cove, they would probably have been amazed to witness his treatment of the clever little engine that had brought him to his destination. He did other things, too, that would have caused Jasper Holt wonderment if not positive indignation. And apparently he was in no hurry to come to the house.

"Funking it, after all," thought the millionaire with a grim chuckle as the clock struck seven. He was about to ring up the office to inquire respecting the yacht, which had not yet arrived, when a servant opened the door and announced "Mr. Shannon."

The dark and debonair young man was seemingly quite unaffected by the cold stare and curt nod vouchsafed him.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Holt," he said pleasantly, offering his hand, "you see I have arrived."

Mr. Holt ignored the hand. "You may sit down," he said, indicating a chair. "And now that you have arrived, what do you want? I can give you five minutes."

"Thank you," was the cheerful reply. "Five minutes will be enough for me. I want your kind permission to marry your daughter. A year ago—"

"I refused my permission."

"Yes, but you put us on probation."

"Did I? I rather think the probation was your suggestion."

"Well, we desired to prove to you that we were in earnest, Mr. Holt. And now—"

"Your being in earnest does not affect my plans for my daughter. But if it will satisfy you, I refuse my permission once more. Pray consider the refusal final this time."

The young man looked straight at his senior "I am sorry you make it final, Mr. Holt," he said gravely. "I should so much prefer to have

your permission—before marrying your daughter."

Mr. Holt restrained himself. "Are you aware, sir," he asked with a forced calm, "that I have the right to have you arrested for a very serious offence?"

"I am aware that you have the right, but I feel sure that you would never seek to exercise it against a prospective son-in-law even though he does not happen to meet with your approval."

"Enough," snapped the millionaire. "Let me tell you, however, that if my daughter marries you without my permission I disinherit her. She shall have two hundred pounds a year—not a penny more!"

"Then why not grant her your permission to marry me?"

"Young man," said Mr. Holt in an awful voice, "your impudence is certainly colossal, but—"

"It is nothing to my love for your daughter," said Shannon quietly. "But permit me to say that to disinherit Christabel would be cruel as well as unjust—"

"I am sure *you* think so," was the sarcastic reply.

"You know very well that your money is nothing to me," said Shannon calmly. "Had you been a poor man, or one of moderate means, Christabel and I would have been married a year ago. But I should be sorry to be the cause of Christabel's losing any of the good things of this world, and therefore I would once more ask your permission to marry Christabel—"

"You make me tired," said Holt angrily. "Have the goodness to consider this interview at an end. Your five minutes are already expired."

The young man rose. He looked at his watch. "Mr. Holt he said gently, "I have waited for a year all but fifteen minutes. Do you think I am going to give in without a fight for it?"

The millionaire actually smiled. "So you would pit yourself against me, young man? Well go ahead and do your worst."

There was a slight pause. Then Shannon said slowly, distinctly, "I have already done my worst—you forced me, please remember—and now, Mr. Holt, I think I may say without exaggeration, and very respectfully, that I have you—*on toast.*"

Holt sat up with a jerk. "You have *me on toast!*" he exclaimed. "Confound your cheek! See here! Get back the way you came. I am going to phone the police. If you do not reach the mainland in three hours—well, say four—from now they shall come over and arrest you. I'm in earnest. You may wait and hear my instructions." He picked up the receiver.

"Pardon me," said Shannon, "but the wire is not working."

"Not working? Nonsense!"

"Try it if you like, Mr. Holt. But half an hour or so ago I took the liberty of cutting the cable."

"You *what?*" Jasper Holt flushed and went white with wrath. "You dared to cut my cable!"

Shannon bowed. "And 'phone the office that you were taken seriously ill, and must not be disturbed."

"Hah!" said Holt, after trying the telephone without result. "I see your game. You would isolate me—cut me off from the city at an anxious time. Well, you shall pay dearly for an action that shall profit you nothing!" He wiped his brow and laughed. "You have forgotten my yacht, which is due to arrive immediately."

"No, Mr. Holt," Shannon gravely returned. "I took the liberty of 'phoning and wiring the repairers yesterday that you wished her to remain with them for another fortnight. I also caused a message to reach you this morning to the effect that—"

An oath escaped Holt's lips. He appeared about to spring on his visitor. He controlled himself with difficulty. "You fool," he said thickly, "there are boats on the island that will serve the purpose."

"I'm afraid they won't, Mr. Holt," said Shannon dryly. "An hour ago I purchased the two boats belonging to the sheep farmers, and rendered them even more unseaworthy than they were. I fear I took liberties also with the two boats belonging to you. I shall be glad to pay for the damage at your convenience—"

"You'll pay sweetly, and go to jail as well, you madman!"

"You see now, Mr. Holt." the other continued equably, "that bar accidents, you are isolated for a fortnight. If war is declared you won't know anything about it. If the political atmosphere clears, you will be none the wiser. A panic or boom will—"

"Shut up!" snarled Holt, who had pressed one of the electric buttons on his right. He was not yet beaten. "If you think to force my hand—"

"You rang, sir? A discreet-looking servant stood in the doorway.

"Hallowes," said the millionaire, "doesn't James, the second gardener, understand motor-boats?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then will you take James and another man to the landing-place, where you will find a motor-boat. You will take possession of the boat, and in no circumstances yield it up to any person. You understand?"

"Perfectly, sir."

"Then let it be done at once."

The door closed and Holt turned with a grin to his visitor.

"Who's on toast now, Mr. Shannon?"

The young man shook his head. "I'm afraid James, the second gardener, will be puzzled to make the motor go," he said, almost sympathetically. "You see, I took liberties with it also."

He turned to the window. "I wonder," he murmured, "what is the latest news from the East?" He kept gazing out of the window.

To tell the truth, he was rather afraid to look round. A beaten man is always a sorry plight, and this man had never been beaten before.

Jasper Holt's emotions would be difficult to describe. The blaze of wrath was quenched by a flood of anxious, fearful thoughts. Isolated for a fortnight! Bad enough at any time, but with war a possibility.... The man was not beaten—he was simply crushed. Shannon could never have dreamed he was going to strike so hard.

There was a long silence until the clock chimed the half-hour.

"Mr. Holt," he said softly, diffidently.

The millionaire lifted a worn, white face. Yet there was dignity in it.

"Well, you seem to have won," he said coldly. "The chances are that I shall be ruined. If so, my daughter shall be poorly provided for. I ought to have thought of that long ago. But I happen to have some little affection for Christabel, and rather than see her in danger of poverty, I will give you permission to marry her. But I beg to be excused from meeting you again."

He turned away and took up a pencil. His fingers shook. "Yes," he muttered, as though he were alone, "if war were declared now it would go hard with me."

It was too much for Shannon. "Mr. Holt," he cried, "take back your permission! We must do without it somehow. And I can repair your cable within an hour—temporarily, at any rate. I have sufficient knowledge for the job, and I brought the necessary appliances with me."

Holt rose. He was trembling. "You can repair the cable!" he gasped.

"I am going to do so now," said Shannon reassuringly.

"And you give me back my permission?"

"I have done so." The young man spoke ruefully.

The millionaire's finger wandered to one of the electric buttons. "I am not sure that you have the right to give it back, nor I have the right to take it. I must think about it. But excuse me for a moment. Kindly

remain here," he said and left the room.

When the door was reopened a minute later it was to admit Christabell.

⁂

It was considerably more than an hour ere the cable was repaired. Still the delay was not entirely Shannon's fault. Mr. Holt's patience was really admirable. He countermanded the eight o'clock dinner, and ordered supper for ten o'clock—for three persons.

But his face was pale and his hands shook, when in response to the request of Shannon, who lacked decidedly the air of victor, he lifted the receiver to communicate once more with his office.

"That you, Harrison?" he asked with his old sharpness of tone.

"Yes, sir. Anything the matter? I've been ringing and ringing—"

"Never mind that. Give me the latest in as few words as possible."

Presently Jasper Holt put back the receiver. He looked from his daughter to Shannon, from Shannon to his daughter.

"The war is off." His smile was rather pathetic.

"Forgive me, sir," whispered Shannon.

"He says the war is off," said Christabel gently, and joined their hands.

IN MEMORY OF ERNEST DOWSON

By ALFRED GORDON

CONTEMN me not with scornful strength
Because my songs are light as air,
Because the perfume of a flower
Invades my soul with gray despair.

Ah, mock me not with rude, rough words,
Because my songs are like a shell,
And in them like a murmuring wave
Sad sounds of sighs and sorrows dwell.

For love's fair angel came to me
With no great deathless, glorious word;
His feet no burnished sandals shod,
Nor pulse of flame his pinions stirred.

He came on me all unaware,
His wings half woke me with a kiss,
So tenderly, and then he fled—
How can I sing of more than this?

CURRENT EVENTS

WHETHER or not the Canadian Senate is a useful body it at least can make itself felt. This fact has been quite evident again this session, particularly in the instances of the killing of the bill intended to give relief to the depositors in the defunct Farmers' Bank, and the bill to place under the control of the Postmaster-General and the Treasury Board the postal rates on newspapers and periodicals, as well as the salaries of employees in the Post Office Department. The latter bill was not thrown out, but was amended to an extent that induced Senator Lougheed, the Government leader in the Senate, to say that the whole bill, as a result, would be abandoned. One would suppose that the merits of these bills were regarded by the Senators, and that they were not taken up as party issues. At least the division was not on so-called straight party lines. The Toronto *Star* criticizes the action of the Senate for throwing out a bill that would recoup depositors in a chartered bank for their losses sustained by the failure of the bank at a time when the public has much reason for believing that the supervision of banks by the Government was trustworthy, while during the same session they pass a bill to provide many millions of dollars to prevent a railway company from realizing much the same fate as the bank. Because of this, which it regards as inconsistent, *The Star* sees no use for the Senate. But if anyone wishes to know why we have a Senate and why it is likely to survive let him read Mr. George Clarke Holland's article entitled "The House Impregnable," which appeared in *The Canadian Magazine* for May of this year.

*

Apart from differences as to temperance legislation and woman suffrage, the election campaign in Ontario is being fought on straight party lines. The leader of the Liberal Opposition would abolish the bar, while the leader of the Government would make treating unlawful. Deputations of women who have interviewed members of the Government in Queen's Park have received but scant encouragement; the leader of the Opposition, on the other hand, has pronounced his sympathy. Apart from these differences, which to an onlooker have no grave aspects, the discussion involves questions of administration. And while there are charges of maladministration, happily so far there has not been any grave scandal. It is to be hoped therefore that we have at least an indication that in Ontario the stage has been reached when our political leaders have to advance schemes for the amelioration of the condition of the people rather than abusive charges and attempts at sensational revelations.

*

At the biennial convention of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, held recently at Chicago, one of the members spoke in part as follows on the subject of present-day dress:

"No matter if the neck be exposed nearly to the waist line and the limbs nearly half way to the knees, if only the style be

followed, health and suggestiveness are lost sight of in the craze to be in fashion.

"As the fashions are to-day a woman would have to design nearly everything for herself if she would not wear immoral clothes. The reason is plain enough. Fashions, especially French fashions, are not designed for good women. They will not spend enough money to suit the merchants. That is the reason that every new fashion is designed originally for the demi-monde of Paris. It is an unpleasant thought that it is the latter who set the standard which our fashionable women follow with naive avidity."

Many women, as well as many men, overlook the fact that our ideas of dress are governed largely by occasion. Thus there are occasions when exposure is accepted as permissable. At balls and evening receptions it has long been regarded as quite the acceptable thing for women to expose their arms and bosoms while at bathing resorts the lower limbs from the knees to the ground are at least open to criticism. If it is correct to expose by night, it is correct to expose by day. And if it is permissable at bathing resorts it ought to be permissable in the streets of our towns and cities. In these things time and place should make no difference. But they do make difference, and that is where all the trouble comes in.

*

Quite recently the Canadian Institute had conferred on it the right to use the word "Royal," so that it is now the Royal Canadian Institute. Many persons have only a vague idea of what the Institute is and does. In the building up of the nationality of Canada there is evidence of the active intellectual life of the people in the condition to which learning and the arts and sciences have attained in the country generally. Everywhere in Canada this evidence is to be found in the universities, schools, colleges, libraries, societies and other combinations for the advancement of learning. But in older countries learned societies through many generations have given the opportunity and the place for the announcement of results of study, of investigation, of travel and of discovery while these results are new, as well as the opportunity for the discussion of the topics involved and the preservation of the records. The opportunities thus afforded for such announcements have been appreciated to the extent that a learned man in one country will use the learned society of another as a means of communicating his ideas or his discoveries where they may be applicable or where he may wish them to be recorded.

These learned societies publish the papers thus placed before them by having them read at their meetings or printed in the records of their transactions, or by both. In this way begins a regular channel of intellectual communication, completed by the interchange among these learned societies of the records of their transactions.

The demand for these exchanges has grown to large dimensions. Many people have a general but indefinite consciousness that these things are being done in Canada. So they are, in various fields, by different societies. But the ideas involved have been most efficiently carried out by the Canadian Institute at and from Toronto, since the year 1849. The records of exchange now number 10,000 volumes, and the recorded transactions of the Institute itself form a library of thirty-four volumes.

These volumes are sought after to-day by students from every quarter of the globe, on account of their recognized value as works of reference by scientific investigators everywhere.

The 300 or more persons who are members of the Institute are members because they know what has been done and what is being done, and because many of them take a personal part in the actual production of papers on scientific subjects and in the giving of the weekly free lectures and reading of papers at the meetings.

These meetings are of inestimable value as a means of conveying in a direct way to those who are minded to attain it a knowledge of what is current in the world of art and science. The industry of some of the scientific members of the Institute has enabled the publication of the valuable book already reviewed in this magazine entitled "The Natural History of the Toronto Region."

It is remarkable that the several articles embraced in the book, covering a wide range of work in divergent fields of research, are all by members of the Institute—men foremost in the learning of the subjects they treat of. It is a tribute of appreciation of the objects of the Institute by those whose appreciation is of the highest value. In its work in the past and in the present and the promise of its continuance for the future the Canadian Institute should be widely known and recognized in Canada as a most important factor in the intellectual life of the country and in its communication with the scientific world everywhere. Its objects are:

1. To promote scientific research in Canada.

2. To form in Canada a library of the publications of all the scientific societies of the world.

3. To engage and have the attention of the people to questions of public interest and utility on which scientific opinions may have an important bearing.

4. To bring into co-operation all the scientific workers of Canada.

With one important amendment, which was introduced in the Senate, the bill repealing the Panama Canal Tolls Act has been passed by the United States Congress. The bill as at first introduced was an absolute repeal of the Act, which exempted from tolls all United States vessels engaged in the coastwise trade. Since the passage of this Act public opinion against it has been greatly aroused, particularly by such eminent advocates as the President and the Honourable Elihu Root, but nevertheless the bill to repeal it had a stormy career in both houses. It looks now as if the amendment is an out-and-out compromise, because while United States vessels engaged in the coastwise trade are not exempted from the payment of tolls, the right has been reserved to so exempt them should it be found advisable. The difference is that the United States Congress practically asserts the right to exempt, but magnanimously avows the intention not to enforce the right. The end is the same, if they do not enforce it, but the other countries interested would feel better if the tolls should be levied on all vessels alike, not because of any generosity on the part of the United States, but because of the terms of the several treaties under which the canal was built. It is about the same as if Congress were to say: "We do not intend to exempt our own vessels from payment of tolls, but we have the right to do so, and, moreover, we might do so if we should find it advisable."

In *La Revue des Deux Mondes* (Paris), M. Jacques Bardoux, who is regarded as a well-informed journalist, writes an intimate and exceedingly interesting contrast of King George V. with his father, the late King Edward. He says in part:

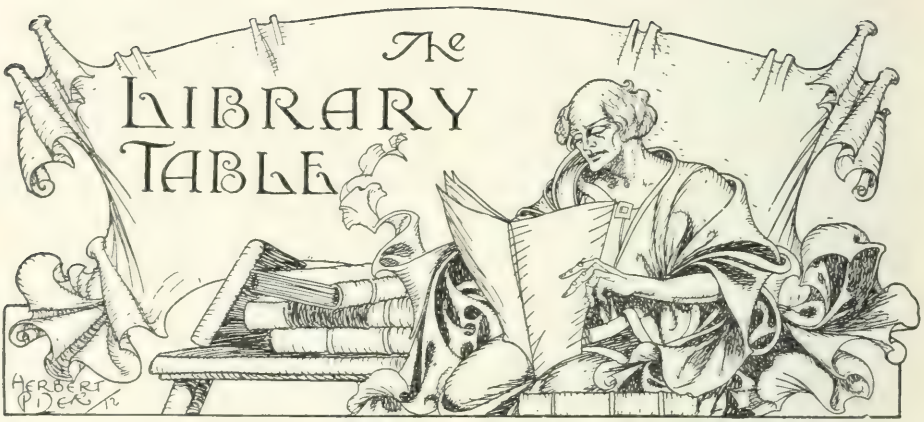
"Horse-racing, as all the world knows, was a passion with Edward VII. To this feverish sport, aristocratic and elegant, George V. much prefers his solitary wanderings through wood and field with his gun on his shoulder and his faithful dog at his heels. The father rarely missed a great occasion on the turf. He was proud of his stables and sought prizes and pennants eagerly. The son was with difficulty brought by his advisers to maintain even the existence of the royal stud. George V. prefers infinitely to jockeys and trainers the society of Rugby football champions and even the prowess of the boxer. Regularly every year he attends a football match between teams chosen from

the army and navy. Quite recently he went eagerly to a baseball game in London between two American "nines," remaining to the end of a long and not very interesting game. Later still he actually presided over a contest in the prize ring between an Englishman and a Frenchman, for boxing is with him a cherished sport. To his father it was altogether too vulgar.

"Of these two kings, again, the elder had a delight in cards which the younger has escaped. Edward VII. was a master at bridge whist, keeping count himself and regretting to the last the introduction of poker and the uncertainties of baccarat. George V. is strongly opposed to card playing in any form. His intellectual diversion is reading. Never did a sovereign pore with such delight over the periodical literature of his time or lose himself with such ecstasy in a tale of adventure. The passion of Edward VII. was for the theatre. He encouraged the adaptation of Paris plays for the London stage and he was a familiar figure behind the scenes. He tolerated the seriousness of a problem play as well as the lightness of French farce. George V. is too true a sailor not to find joy in the theatre, but in his simplicity of mind he affects the most roaring melodrama and the active horseplay of old-fashioned farce. The least sophistication makes him yawn. The whole court was amused by his choice for a performance at Windsor a few years ago, when William II. was there, of Bulwer Lytton's "Money"—a bourgeois and sensible production in which vice is flayed and virtue rewarded in the fashion of 1840. Nothing is easier than to get above the King's head in a play or a book. Even the music he enjoys must have its perfect simplicity. He shrinks in positive alarm from Wagnerian opera. His favourite composers are Mendelssohn and Gounod. He even fishes for salmon and for trout, forms of diversion absolutely intolerable to his father, who, moreover, was quite at home amid the complexities of Bayreuth and the themes so dear to Brunehilde and to Kundry.

"Even in their travels, these two shine by contrast, George V. visiting the continent of Europe seldom and then only on formal tours in state. He has circumnavigated the globe and spent many days in remote climes, whereas his father clung to Europe all his life, making himself at home in Nice or at Cannes, in the German 'baths' or on the boulevards. Edward VII. spoke French like a native. George V. mangles it horribly and, although he can read German, he never is heard speaking it. Edward VII. seemed unable to comprehend that he had a domestic circle. George V. is always at home in the simple, bourgeois sense of the term. His domestic circle is quite narrow indeed, for, unlike his father, he does not make friends in all directions and in every sphere. Edward VII. had delightful intimacies with groups of friends and acquaintances whom he met at dinners and in clubs. Musicians, artists, playwrights and millionaires found him sociable and sympathetic, a man of the world, free in the exchange of ideas, a diner out. George V. is locked up within the four walls of his wife's building, with no 'chums' and no social life. He cultivates the seriously inclined now and then by asking them to dinner, with the Queen's permission, and some of his old friends in the naval service get a glimpse of his fireside. Otherwise, apart from the social duties imposed by his sovereign station, George V. is a recluse, living respectably at home with the mother of his children, going out with her to church or to the theatre, visible to the public only at a football match or an opening of parliament.

"George V., indeed, distrusts the tendency of the time as irreligious. He never seeks the advice of the type of man so attractive to his father. He dwells in an atmosphere created for him by the piety and correctness of Queen Mary. They are alike in a Puritanical proclivity which has revolutionized the life of the court in our time."



RECOLLECTIONS OF SIXTY YEARS IN CANADA

By Sir Charles Tupper. Toronto: Cassell & Company.

NOT as a piece of literature, nor as an important historical document, can it be hoped that this volume will ever take a high place. But nevertheless it contains many interesting passages, and is, indeed, one of the noteworthy publications of the year. The recollections of a man who has been Premier of the Dominion, and who is as frank as Sir Charles, could not be without value or significance. And Sir Charles is frank even to the verge of being imprudent. He recalls, for instance, the incident that led to Sir Hector Langevin's retirement from public life. Mr. Israel Tarte had discovered what he claimed was sufficient evidence of corruption to force Sir Hector to retire, and when Sir Charles called on him he expressed his determination to prefer his charges in Parliament. Sir Charles asked Tarte whether he would object to Langevin's appointment as Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec, and there seems to have been no objection. But when Sir Charles made the suggestion to the Premier (Sir John A. Macdonald), Sir John replied by asking how could he make the appointment when the charges were denied. Sir Charles then had a conference with Sir Hector, who protested his innocence. The charges were at length preferred, and Sir Hector was forced out of the Cabinet.

This incident gives rise to certain wonder, not wonder because the arrangement was suggested, but wonder because Sir Charles admits that he was a party to it and that he tried to bring it about. It does not seem to occur to him that a man who was guilty of the corrupt acts charged against Langevin was not a desirable person for the important position of Lieutenant-Governor. It was a device to get him out of the Cabinet gracefully. And, on the other hand, Mr. Tarte, who was keen to oust him from an active office, was willing to see him enter a passive office. If every public man were as frank as Sir Charles the devious paths of the politicians could

be traced by the man in private life.

We sometimes think that men who are at the head of great corporations such as banks and railways have some influence in Parliament, and in these recollections we are informed that Sir George Stephen (now Lord Mountstephen) went to Sir Charles, who had announced his intention to return to London as High Commissioner, and told him (Sir Charles) that it was his duty to remain in Canada, that if anything were to happen to the Premier Sir Charles ought to be chosen as the successor. Sir George communicated this view in a letter addressed to the Honourable John Henry Pope, Minister of Railways, who gave the letter to Sir John A. Macdonald. Sir John sent for Sir Charles, and told him that if he would consent to remain "I will publicly recognize you as my successor." But Sir Charles urged Sir John to abide by the understanding he had had as to the succession of Sir Hector Langevin, to which Sir John complied, provided Sir Charles would "give me Charlie." This little incident marks the advance of Sir Hibbert Tupper to the front benches.

There is much in the book that is too personal to the author to be of great public interest. However, it is on the whole to be commended. It is well printed and bound.

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THE COMPANY OF ADVENTURERS

By Isaac Cowie. Toronto: William Briggs.

THE author had no cause to offer an apology for the writing of this book, for many a writer of reputed literary attainments has produced a work of much less credit. Great credit, indeed, is due to this one-time "servant" of the Hudson's Bay Company for setting down in dignified print his recollections and experiences in the service of the company during the period of years from 1868 to 1874. His account is invaluable as a historical document, especially because it gives something of the "other side" of the story. A great deal has been written about the Hudson's Bay Company, but this narrative gives one a vivid impression of the actual machinery, of those instruments that carried out the will of the company from the time of "recruiting" in the far-away Orkneys to the time when the pelts received in trade were shipped to the markets of the world. Indeed, so carefully and apparently so exactly has Mr. Cowie related his experiences that one feels as if one has had an intimate, even private, observation of the inner workings of the greatest organization of traders in the New World. There are more than 500 pages, with forty-three illustrations.

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POEMS

By James B. Dollard. Toronto: The Catholic Register-Extension.

ALTHOUGH it is more than a year since this volume of poems by Father Dollard appeared, we feel that our readers are not yet as well acquainted with them as they should be, for the author is a real poet and his book contains real poetry. The volume is divided into three parts: I., Irish ballads and poems; II., sonnets; III., religious and occasional poems. It is worthy of an extensive review, but we must be content to end with these first two stanzas from "The Haunted Hazel":

Adown a quiet glen where the gowan-
berries glisten
And the linnet, shyest bird of all, his
wild note warbles free;
Where the scented woodbine blossoms o'er
the brooklet, bend to listen,
There stands upon a mossy bank a
white hazel tree.

But when the day is ended, and the solemn moon is shining,
And shadows grim and ghostly fall on
grove and glen and lea.
Then godless elves their fairy paths with
glow-worm lamps are lining,
And potent spells of magic bind the
white hazel tree!

TWO IN THE WILDERNESS

By Stanley Washburn. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

THIS adventure in the Canadian West, along the present line of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway through the Yellowhead Pass, is in conception much the same as "Two on the Trail," by Hulbert Footner. It is, however, not so melodramatic, and the obstacles against which the man and woman in this book have to contend are forces of nature rather than, as in the other, forces of man. The adventure begins with a young man named Smith, who, with a dog and horse as his only companions, is making his way through the wilderness, coming suddenly upon the camp of a young woman who has engaged two men to take her out to civilization. That very day both men are accidentally drowned, so that Smith, by the demands of chivalry, finds himself the sole escort of the girl. They have many amusing experiences and narrow escapes, but throughout the journey they maintain toward each other a rigid formality. Of course, such an episode in the lives of two young persons should have but one ending, and indeed such ending it has, for on the evening of the last camp we see them standing in each other's arms, with the dog nearby, wagging his tail as if in approval.

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PLAYING WITH FIRE

By Amelia E. Barr. Toronto: William Briggs.

ALL who read this book after having read "The Inside of the Cup," by Winston Churrhill, although they will see a purpose common to the two books, will recognize in "Playing With Fire" a note of optimism that is not so strong in the other. Mrs. Barr selects Glasgow as the scene of of this her latest novel, and there has her hero, a Calvinist preacher, attract a great congregation by virtue of his religious convictions and strong personality. But the preacher at length is misled by books on free thought and modern philosophy, and consequently for a time he leads a life of estrangement from his church and even his family. His efforts, however, to regain his lost faith are successful, and the ending justifies the happiness it brings.

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THE FOUNDATIONS OF INTERNATIONAL POLITY

By Norman Angell. Toronto: William Briggs.

THE author of "The Great Illusion" makes in this book another important contribution to the exposition of modern politics. The so-called international law is something that the average person is not equipped to understand, but here Mr. Angell devotes much of his space to showing the interaction of material and moral forces in politics, the relation of nationality and political idealism to those theories with which the author's name is identified. No person who has not read this book should discuss international affairs.

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DIANE OF THE GREEN VAN

By Leona Dalrymple. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

THE reading of a prize novel often leaves one with a feeling of uneasy wonder as to the sufferings inflicted upon the judges by the rejected manuscripts. But in the case of "Diane of the Green Van," by Leona Dalrymple, one fancies that it may not have been so bad after all. Diane herself is a lady of fascinating caprice, while "Philip," who plays hero to her heroine, is a really delightful person whose humour leavens the whole. Without Philip one might complain of an excess of the "melo" portion of the drama. Intrigue and mystery follow close upon the wheels

of the Green Van; the air, even the air of the summer forest, is thick with the whisper of plot and counter-plot. Nobody seems to know exactly what it is all about, Diane least of all, but a stray bullet and a stealthy knife-thrust suffice to keep the reader's suspicions stirring. Diane is certainly not what she appears to be. Neither is the musical hobo who dogs her camp; neither is Keela, the Indian girl who is her friend—indeed, one almost expects to see the Green Van turn into something else after the manner of Cinderella's pumpkin. But with patience much mystery may be made plain. We know, because we have read the book. Believe us, the only one who gets really hurt is one who doubtless deserves it—and a menial and a foreigner at that. The Green Van protects Diane; Philip protects the Green Van, and circumstance protects Philip. The author is not going to allow needless catastrophe. One is slightly disappointed in the end to learn that after all—but why disappoint the reader in anticipation?

THE FAITH OF JAPAN

By Tasuku Harada. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THIS is the work of a Christian Japanese scholar who presents to Western readers his interpretation of the elemental beliefs which are the common property of all the Japanese no matter what their religious or irreligious affiliations. The work was first delivered as a series of lectures to students of Hartford Theological Seminary. Dr. Hadada, who is President of Doshisha University, of Kyoto, Japan, says that by "The Faith of Japan" he has in mind "that union of elements from each and all that have taken root in Japanese soil and moulder the thought and life of her people." He observes that "her only indigenous religion is Shinto. But as soon as she came in touch with the mainland of Asia, religions, philosophies, arts, and literatures from the Continent began to flow into the Island Empire. The principal philosophical and ethical ideas may be grouped under the name of Confucianism, while by far the larger part of the religious customs and beliefs come under the name of Buddhism."

MARY MAGDELENE AND OTHER POEMS

By Laura E. McCully. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THIS volume seems to reveal a strange, weird, searching personality, a restless spirit seeking something that cannot well be defined. We do not know that it contains much poetry, but it is splendidly issued by discriminative publishers and is at least an interesting volume. One example of the verse must suffice here:

IMMACULATI

Whom do the waters call
To the deep,
Out where the shadows fall,
Down where the silent sleep?
Not we of the forge and the loom and the wheel, not we,
Are the children she calleth home at dusk, our mighty mother, the Sea.

Forth they come from the lands
Of strife,
Beating with unstained hands
The doors of the house of life.
Oh, strayaway child of dreams, not us, but thee,
She calleth home to her bosom at dusk, our mighty mother, the Sea.

THE SUBSTANCE OF HIS HOUSE

By Ruth Holt Boucicault. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

THE average reader will be greatly attracted by this powerful study of what a fundamentally good woman can do to restore an un-

worthy man to a sane purpose in life. Lady Mary Stanhope and a brilliant young English politician fall in love with each other, and after some obstacles have been removed they are able to marry and leave England. Together they begin a new life in California. Then comes the aftermath, bringing its revelation of unsuspected qualities and hidden weakness, its readjustment of values, and the final great crisis that tries both their souls. The way in which they eventually work out their salvation is a fine tribute to the power of a great love and its ability to override all obstacles of Fate.

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GENERAL JOHN REGAN

By George A. Birmingham. Toronto: Hodder and Stoughton.

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that many readers will fancy they are traversing familiar ground when they read this book by the author of "Spanish Gold" and "The Search Party," it is, nevertheless, quite as amusing as any of the exceedingly entertaining novels by this clever Irish writer. The story is, as one might expect, pure farce comedy, but it comes with peculiar zest just now, touching, as it does, upon the Ulster problem. The idea centres around the erection of a bronze statue to a mythical Irish general in the town of his supposed birth, and in connection therewith there develops a succession of most ludicrous situations.

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—"Ireland and Canada," an address delivered by Mr. Henri Bourassa before the Ancient Order of Hibernians at Hamilton, and "French and English," a few reflections on frictions and misunderstandings, with preface and letters from Mr. C. H. Cahan and Mr. J. C. Walsh, have been issued in booklet form. (Montreal: Imprimerie du Devoir).

—"The Industrial Ascendancy of Nova Scotia" is the title of a beautifully illustrated brochure issued by the Nova Scotia branch of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association. (Halifax: The Secretary, The Publicity Committee, Canadian Manufacturers' Association).

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—*The Studio* for May contains a refreshing novelty in the form of an article entitled "Mr. Geoffrey Blackwell's Collection of Modern Pictures," by J. B. Manson. There are as well articles on Jessie Bayes, painter and craftswoman; the prints of Percival Gaskell, the jewellery of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Gaskin, Norman Wilkinson's decorations of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," with a note on the Japanese process of painting called "Ishizuri," all of which are abundantly illustrated. (London: The Studio.)

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—"Overland Red" is a real tale of the "wild and woolly." There is plenty of gunplay, furious riding, "clean-ups" and the like to arouse the most jaded reader, and there is also a touching Western love story, in which "Overland," a characteristic gold hunter, plays an expeditious part. The author's name is not given. There are a number of full-page illustrations in colours. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.)

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

From the Painting by George Henry in the National Art Gallery of Canada

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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THE CALGARY VENUS

BY CHARLES STOKES

WITH those of us who know him intimately, Mr. J. Henry Paxter has never posed as a connoisseur or even humble admirer of the fine arts. Mr. Paxter is, of course, the well-known real estate agent—J. Henry Paxter, Limited, of the McSporran Block, Calgary, and also of Saskatoon and Moose Jaw. The fates who presided at his birth gave him liberally of those qualities so essential to success in his chosen calling, but left him totally ignorant of the finer feelings. A patent medicine calendar is as good to him as a Corot landscape, but neither is so wonderful as the blue print of a new subdivision.

To understand his solitary and ill-fated excursion into art, therefore, we must go back to last summer. Mr. Paxter's then newest sub-division, Mount Tuxadora Heights (only half a mile from the end of the projected green-and-white carline) had, as all the world knows, panned out remarkably well. It enabled Mr. Paxter to advertise himself as "the" real estate man; it bought him a brand new limousine; it landed him in a twelve-roomed house on Thirteenth Avenue West, the Park Lane of Calgary, and it sent his wife and daughter on a three months' vacation to Hawaii. Things, decidedly, were looking up for Mr. Paxter about that time.

To him entered, one sunny afternoon in September, a discontented client. This client was from Ontario, but his language was Missourian.

"You told me," he said, "that Lots 9 to 15, Block 28, would be worth a cool thousand each in a year."

"Did I?"

"I only wish to say—and I will speak plainly—that you are a shark."

"In other words—?" inquired Mr. Paxter, tapping on his desk idly.

"I want you to return my money."

"I think you said Lots 9 to 15, Block 28?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Romford," said Mr. Paxter, "them lots is going to sell the quickest and at the biggest profit."

"That, sir, is pure bunk. My opinion is that Mount Floradora Heights —"

"Tuxadora," Mr. Paxter corrected him mildly.

"—Is a big swindle."

"Look here, Mr. Romford, I don't like this bad feelin' with a client. I've got my reputation, 's much as anyone, and I don't sit here to be—to be—to be abused. So please don't let there be any more misunderstandin'. Your land may look to you, who are not familiar with our great and constantly expandin' West, a long way out. But when the John A. Zachary Transporter Company, of Joyceville, Nebraska, locate their Canadian factory two hundred yards from your Lot 9, yours and all the others are out for a rise."

"Why didn't you hold it yourself, then?"

"Hold it myself? Do you think I am a rich man, Mr. Romford?" The pathos in Mr. Paxter's voice was intense. "You look at my office, and think I am made of money, perhaps. It's part of the trade. A real estate man has to keep up appearances, though he ain't got a cent in real business—just like a lawyer or a doctor. Why, the very date pad is being bought on instalments," concluded Mr. Paxter dolefully.

"You are not going to return my fifteen hundred?" said Romford, rising.

"I don't think, Mr. Romford, that on more mature consideration you would want me to."

"I shall go round to a solicitor, then—and right now!" No effect. "I'll expose you, you old humbug!" The door banged. Mr. Paxter, in some relief, pressed the button for his stenographer; then the outer door reopened, and Mr. Romford's head suddenly re-appeared round it. "A solicitor, you thief!" snapper Romford, and as suddenly withdrew his head.

"Take a letter to—" began Mr. Paxter, in great mildness of spirit, to his stenographer.

"Swindler!" said Mr. Romford, looking round the door again.

"'Dear Sir: We are in receipt of your esteemed favour—'" dictated Mr. Paxter.

"Solicitor!" shrieked Romford.

"'Of sixth instant'—aw, get there, you!"

But the Ontarian had finally departed, and Mr. Paxter was left in peace. By the late mail he received a letter from his wife that she would be home Friday. This was Tuesday. When the office closed, he dropped into his favourite bar, as was his amiable custom, for a cocktail.

Kendrick Evans was there. Paxter disliked Kendrick Evans, who was his only serious rival for the "the" rank. Kendrick Evans was telling a story.

"He was clingin' to it—positively clingin'. Quite pathetic, Hallo, Pax. Have one on me."

Their business rivalry did not extend this far. "Thanks, Ken., make it a bronze."

"Two bronzes, chum," said Kendrick Evans to the knight of the white apron. Then, resuming his story, he went on: "Yes, clingin' to it."

"Who was clinging to what?" inquired Mr. Paxter.

"Gee, must I go over the spiel again?"

"If it's worth hearing."

"It is."

"If you don't mind, then."

"Well, there was some sort of a dago down in the East End—forget his name—put in a lot of effects to raise money—just junk, of course. Except one thing. And that—pardon, do you know Mr. Romford?"

"Mr. Romford is a business acquaintance," said Paxter, beaming on the man from Ontario, who was glowering into a G. and W. and ginger-ale.

"As I was sayin', it was all junk except one thing. That was a picture."

"That all?"

"All? Listen here. He took it to the junk store man, an' just as the junker had his hands on it, he drew back. 'Hallo,' says the junker, 'changed your mind?' 'Me no sell,'

says dago. 'Whaddyer come here fer?' says Junker. 'No sell,' says dago. A friend of mine—Bud Stevens, you know him, Pax—was in the store, and he told me about it. He asked the dago to show him—and you know Bud thinks he's some cheese on pictures, huh?"

"He has that idea," Mr. Paxter allowed. Bud Stevens was a lesser light, and not to be grudged praise.

"An' Bud says it was a real old masterpiece."

"That all?"

"So he told the dago to take the picture to auction."

"And—?"

"Well, if it's really what he says, it's little old picture for mine."

"I must look at it myself," said Romford, in a depressing voice.

Now Mr. Paxter's sentiments were mingled. As has been remarked, he knew nothing of art, but then, he reflected, neither did Pierpont Morgan. If it had been Pierpont Morgan's hobby to collect old masters, why should it not be his, J. Henry Paxter's? And here was Kendrick Evans claiming to be going to possess it!

"What's it a picture of?" he demanded.

"Some ancient dope—Venus, or something. Here's Bud." Mr. Stevens had sauntered in. Say, Bud, what is that blamed picture called?"

"'The Venus of the Urn,' by Michael Angelo," Bud replied.

"Oh!" grunted Mr. Paxter. The title did not sound promising; he had hoped it would be "Sunrise in Switzerland" or "Father's Coming," because either of these, he knew, would please his wife.

"It's a beaut," said Bud. "Recognized it from the newspaper pictures. Stolen from a church in Italy."

"Gen-u-ine?"

"You betcher."

"What's it worth?"

Bud drew the little knot of men together, and said, very solemnly and softly: "Two hundred thousand—to the Italian Government."

"Whew!" cried Mr. Paxter.

"But, of course, you would never pay that. Might clinch for two hundred."

"Two hundred's a lot for a picture, anyway."

"Not for a genuine Michael Angelo, you bonehead."

J. Henry thought a little while, and then inquired, "And where does this dago live?"

"Don't know."

"Say, Pax," objected Kendrick Evans, "cut that out, y'know—going to buy it privately. Come down with the rest of us to-morrow afternoon, to the auction. Have another?"

"Guess I'll be there," Mr. Paxter remarked. "No, no more for me. Guess I'll be there, surely."

"And keep your claws off that durned picture!" he added mentally. Honest, he didn't want any Venus of any Urn for himself, but Kendrick Evans wasn't going to have it if he could help.

Possibly the Acme Auction Emporium has scarcely contained, at any one time, so distinguished a concourse as that which gathered the next afternoon. Paxter was there, of course, and Kendrick Evans. Bud Stevens, Shotover (of Shotover and Miller), Mr. Romford, ex-Alderman Brasted, and other real estate men to the number of fully a score. Auctioneer Peabody smiled with great inward satisfaction. Things promised well for the "bankrupt stock" (a special consignment from the factory) that day. But, to his disgust, hardly a soul seemed to care for silver tea services or diamond rings.

"I have here, gentlemen," he said, in desperation, "a most magnificent and massive—"

Kendrick Evans, in the front row, drew him down, and whispered in his ear.

"Very well," replied the auctioneer, brightening. "Tom, bring on the Venus."

Tom went to the office and staggered back with a big canvas, unframed,

about five feet high by four feet wide.

"Turn her round, Tom," commanded the auctioneer; and Tom turned her round, and the room gasped.

I will not attempt to describe the "Venus of the Urn," better known as the "Calgary Venus." Suffice it to say that Michael Angelo must have painted it for some naughty, naughty person 'way back in the old master period. Bud Stevens has since told me that Salome had nothing on Venus for—call it ventilation; it would, said Bud, have made a moose blush.

"Somewhat—you know," suggested the auctioneer.

"Wouldn't please my wife," said Mr. Paxter.

"Hang it in the den, old man," chortled ex-Alderman Brasted, who had been president of the Moral Reform League. But Mr. Paxter was somewhat upset by the Venus-ness of that Venus.

"We have here," said Auctioneer Peabody, "a magnificent work of art of the sixteenth century—the celebrated 'Venus of the Urn,' by Michael Angelo. It was stolen from a church in Rome, by someone unknown. The Italian," (he pronounced it Eyetalian) "government has offered, gentlemen, a reward of one million francs for its return—and no questions asked—two hundred thousand dollars in our money, gentlemen."

"Are you sure," inquired Mr. Paxter, "that no questions will be asked?"

"Yep. This picture is absolutely priceless. Look at it—what a work of art, with its wonderful colouring, its wonderful—er—" He sniggered a little. "Ab-so-lutely priceless, gents. The guy who stole it couldn't get rid of it in Italy without getting pinched, so he traded it with my client Baptisto Mascagnito, who brought it to Calgary. What offers, gents, for the 'Venus of the Urn'?"

There was quite a spell of silence, and Peabody was about to reiterate his demand, when a small, still voice at the back of the room said, "Twenty dollars."

"Twenty dollars!" repeated Peabody, more in sorrow than in anger. "Twenty dollars for a genuine Michael Angelo!"

"Twenty-one," said someone else.

"Gentlemen, you astonish me! Why, twenty-one dollars wouldn't buy the canvas, let alone the paint! Come on, gents—let us have a serious bid."

"Twenty-two."

"There's a humourist in the room," said Peabody. "Such a sum, for a Venus. Twenty-two dollars wouldn't keep her in clothes." Whereat ex-Alderman Brasted laughed. "Come," said Peabody, "I see my old friend Brasted offering twenty-five."

"Sure thing, boss."

"Twenty-six," said the humourist.

"Thirty," said Bud Stevens.

"Offered thirty dollars, gents, for the Venus—the great Calgary Venus. Any advance on thirty dollars?"

"Forty," said Knedrick Evans quietly.

J. Henry Paxter started, as if bitten by a mosquito. "Fifty," he cried instantly.

"Offered fifty. Fifty—going—going—"

"Seventy-five," said Shotover.

"One hundred," said Kendrick Evans.

"One hundred and twenty-five," said Mr. Paxter, wiping his forehead with his handkerchief.

Auctioneer Peabody beamed on them.

"One hundred and twenty-five bid! Any advance for the Venus?"

Kendrick Evans immediately offered one hundred and fifty. Mr. Paxter replied with two hundred. Two hundred he had fixed as his limit, but, ah, the well laid schemes of mice and men! Stevens bid two hundred and fifty, Evans three hundred—and what could "the" real estate man do but go fifty higher? Before he knew where he was, he was bidding one thousand.

"Careful, careful, Pax.," whispered ex-Alderman Brasted. "One thousand cold, hard, solid plunks is a lot of money. And—your wife."

"Twelve hundred and fifty!" shrieked Kendrick Evans.

Mr. Paxter paused but a second before he said, "Fifteen hundred!"

Auctioneer Peabody had an uneasy idea that it was all a dream. Surely he had read of this kind of thing in books? But there, undoubtedly, was the unmistakable figure of Mr. Paxter, and those of Kendrick Evans, Bud Stevens, and the rest.

"Fifteen hundred bid!" he screeched, to see if a screech would wake him up. "Fifteen hundred, gents!"

At the back of the crowd a dirty but enthusiastic Italian, who had, it seemed, been there all the time, cheered. "'Ear, 'ear!"

"Seventeen, fifty," said Kendrick Evans.

"Two thousand," snapped Bud Stevens.

Did Bud Stevens possess all that money? thought Mr. Paxter. Anyway, he wasn't going to be beaten by him, while Kendrick Evans was in the field. "Twenty-five hundred!" he uttered pompously.

"Twenty-five hundred!" cried Peabody on high. Such had been the remarkable events of the last quarter-hour that he seemed to think this kind of thing was going on for ever. "Twenty-five hundred for the Calgary Venus. What next, gents?"

But there seemed to be no next, and Peabody looked round as much as to say, I *am* waking up. "Twenty-five hundred! Any advance on twenty-five hundred?"

Dead silence. Mr. Paxter looked round a little apprehensively.

"Going, going, at twenty-five hundred. . . . Gone!"

Mr. Paxter seemed to collapse, now the effort was concluded. "Mine!" he wheezed.

"'Ear, 'ear!" shouted the Italian, who did not apparently understand that it was all over.

"Yours, Mr. Paxter—and cheap at the price. Let me congratulate you. Show him the Venus again, Tom—little gem, ain't it?"

"Lor!" said someone who had only just come in, and had not seen the picture before.

"Trifle cold for her, eh, in the winter?" said Peabody. "Never mind, sir—a great picture, that."

"What *will* your wife say, Pax?" asked ex-Alderman Brasted, leering on him. "Oh, fie, fie!"

Mr. Paxter smiled, the indulgent smile of the victor. "Quit jollyin', boys. Anyway, I got it. Beat old Evans, didn't I?" He turned to Kendrick Evans, expecting to find chagrin depicted on that gentleman's face; but to his amazement he found only a broad grin.

"Beat you, Ken., didn't I?" he repeated, a feeling of foreboding coming over him, in spite of himself. But Evans only laughed the more. "Beat you, you old humbug, I say!" But strange to relate, Bud Stevens, Shotover, Brasted, and all the rest, even that despicable Romford, were all grinning, too! Kendrick Evans cackled out loud.

"You dub!" he gasped at length. "You almighty mutt! Why, it's a *fake!*"

"A fake!"

"Of course! What the deuce did you think I wanted it for? Twenty-five hundred—oh, help!"

"A fake!" said Mr. Paxter, still not comprehending it fully.

"Stung!" shouted Stevens. He was guffawing in a most unseemly way.

"You mean," demanded Mr. Paxter, "that it's a plant — that you bunch ran up the bidding to make me buy a fake?"

"Right first guess, Uncle Mawruss," spluttered Bud Stevens. Even Auctioneer Peabody was grinning now.

"Here's the man!" said Kendrick Evans, pushing forward the dirty Italian, who was, it seems, Baptisto Mascagnito. "Tell him, Bap."

"I paint it," explained the dago. "I paint. I vair good paintairr. I dam good paintairr. I son of a gun —yes, no?"

"Oh, dear," said Brasted, "what *will* your wife say?"

"Twenty-five hundred! Two thousand five hundred! Say, Pax., but you're stung!" cried Shotover.

"You set of swindlers!" Mr. Paxter rejoined. "A fake!"

"What about Mount Floradora Heights?" demanded a voice, whereat all laughed again. Mr. Paxter did not recognize the voice as Romford's.

"As it is a plant," he said, with great dignity, "I shall, of course, refuse to pay for it." (Auctioneer Peabody's smile vanished instantly). "Yes, refuse to pay!" repeated the indignant purchaser. He pushed his way through the crowd, and, standing by the door, added: "Put that in your pipes—and smoke it!"

Caveat emptor, says the Latin proverb—let the purchaser beware! Mr. Paxter walked away in the highest anger. Yes, he would refuse to pay, and they could go to law about it! They and their Venuses! Venus be hanged! Yes, he would refuse to pay, and Kendrick Evans and his crew could go to pot.

But he reckoned without his host—or rather, his friends. When he reached home—after a spell during which, believe me, his clerks felt the influence of Miss Venus—and, dragging out a chair on the porch, began to review the day's catastrophe in a dispassionate way, a big wagon drove up. Paxter knew it was going to stop at his gate before it actually did.

"Go away!" he shouted.

"Picture, name Paxter. Sign here."

"Don't want it!"

"Are you Paxter?"

"Yes—no, I'm the caretaker. Paxter's away."

"Y' kin sign for it, can't you?"

"Can't sign for anythin' without orders."

"It's a picture," said the man.

"Really? Take it away, like a good feller."

"Where 'm I to take it, anyway?"

"Keep it yourself."

"Gee, I'm a married man, with two kids."

"Well, sell it, then."

"And get pinched by the Reform League? Not for mine."

Mr. Paxter sighed desperately. He understood that Kendrick Evans, in a refinement of cruelty, had forwarded the picture without wrapping it up.

"It's yours, ain't it?" persisted the expressman.

"Yes—no, it's Mr. Paxter's—no, it isn't."

"Why won't you take it, then?"

"Don't want it. Look here—take it away—burn it, whatever you like, but take it away. Say, could you use a ten-spot, right now?"

"Sure."

"Then hike off with that blamed Venus."

"It's Venus they call the dame? Dunno what I'll do with it, but—come on, gimme the bill."

Greatly cheered, Mr. Paxter handed the man a ten-dollar bill, and, with marvellous gratification, saw him drive away. He was saved.

But was he? That was the harassing thought. Was the Venus gone, or would she turn up elsewhere? Possibly the expressman would lose his job, because Mr. Paxter had forgotten to sign; but that was nothing. The thing was—would the Venus reappear? A troubled night was Mr. Paxter's.

Sure enough, Miss Venus did reappear. When Mr. Paxter sat in his inner room next morning, a boy lurched in, and said, "Picture for you."

"Get out!" roared Mr. Paxter. The boy got out quickly. Mr. Paxter pushed his button, and the boy came in again.

"Where's that picture?"

"Gone," said the boy. Mr. Paxter smiled on him. But twenty minutes later the boy lurched in once more.

"Picture come back," he said.

"Where?"

"Here."

"Well?"

"Guy said he wasn't goin' to be flamdoodled. Orders was to leave it, and if it was refused again he'd make trouble."

"Well?" said Mr. Paxter.

"So I signed for it."

"Jimmy," said Mr. Paxter, "you're fired."

Jimmy turned on his heel. "All right," he replied, and was gone. Five minutes afterwards Mr. Paxter rang again.

"Where's Jimmy?"

"Just left."

"Chase after him and bring him back."

In a few minutes the unrepentant Jimmy stood before him.

"Jimmy," said his boss kindly, "you needn't go. . . . Say, would you like the picture for yourself?"

"Whaddud I do wiv it, anyway?"

"Why, you fool, hang it up."

"No," said Jimmy, "maw wouldn't let me."

"Jimmy," said Mr. Paxter, you can stay fired." He sat for several minutes after Jimmy's final exit; then, in a spasm of fear, he darted into the outer office. All his clerks plunged into work immediately, but Mr. Paxter heeded them not. There, in the corner, by the door, was the picture, still unwrapped, and Jimmy, in a flash of inspiration, had turned its incriminating face to the wall!

It was a hot morning, and the picture, as well as being heavy, was large and awkward. Nevertheless, and despite the fact that he had fourteen clerks, Mr. Paxter caught hold of it and lifted it.

"Can I help you, Mr. Paxter?" inquired one clerk.

"No!" shouted his irate boss, through whose mind flitted the conviction that perhaps Jimmy had introduced the staff to Venus before reversing her. The clerk hung back, surprised. Mr. Paxter struggled alone with Venus. His way led past the young stenographer's desk, and at one moment he had a scare that she would rise to let him go by, as he carefully carried the picture with his back to her. But at last the hated thing was safely in his room, where he swore at it something fearful.

Strange, the number of visitors Mr. Paxter had that morning! Not only Kendrick Evans, Shotover, Brasted, Stevens, and many others, who came in on the most transparent excuses, but also unexpected ones, all of whom glanced pointedly at the unusual spectacle, a picture with its face to the wall in a real estate agent's room. Finally Mr. Paxter hung a big blue print over it.

Instead of going to lunch at 12.30, as usual, he waited until one o'clock, when he knew that all but two of his staff would be out. He telephoned for a wagon, and, having wrapped the Venus, carried her out himself and instructed the driver to take the parcel to the railway station, and leave it in the parcels office till called for. As he went to lunch, immediately afterwards, he passed Kendrick Evans, who laughed in his face.

The adventures of the Calgary Venus (accelerated, no doubt, by Messrs. Evans *et al*) were exceedingly rapid thereafter. Instead of leaving her at the station, the driver—instigated, possibly, by Evans—took it to Mr. Paxter's house. Mr. Paxter's servant telephoned her master to know if she should accept it, and being told "no," back came the picture to the McSporran Block, whence it was re-directed to the Acme Auction Emporium. Mr. Peabody deemed it desirable to return it to its owner, who then gave it in succession to his chief clerk, a Presbyterian minister, and an insurance agent, all of whom, when they saw it, refused it indignantly, the insurance agent especially. At 5.27 it was still in Mr. Paxter's office, re-hidden under a blue print (for the brown paper had given out long since), and at 5.30 Mr. Paxter went

out to dinner. At 7.30 he came back, let himself in with his private key, and carried the Venus out to a waiting motor car. At 7.49 he had, spurning the good offices of his servant, struggled under its weight and deposited it in his garage.

Mr. Paxter had, to speak the truth, accepted the inevitable. It seemed impossible that he should ever lose his "Michael Angelo," and he had concocted the hideous idea of burning it! But, just as he was ready, he saw he could not do so without probably burning down his new garage. Likewise it was too big to poke into the furnace, and his only open grate—in the swell drawing-room—was not in running order. What was he to do—burn it in the garden? Hardly, on Thirteenth Avenue West. Mr. Paxter was in a dilemma until an entirely original and striking solution occurred to him—he would bury it!

He went so far as to get a spade, when he remembered the impossibility of interring anything in his back garden without incurring a great deal of most undesirable publicity. He must go farther afield—farther afield to regions unscanned by human eye. And which particular region would—why, in a flash, he remembered Mount Tuxadora Heights!

It was the work of only five minutes to call in next door and borrow a wheelbarrow—for he could not drive his new automobile himself. On the wheelbarrow, he loaded his dreadful burden, securely swathed. The shades of night had fallen fast; his servant was entertaining her "steady" in the kitchen; and he slipped off unobserved.

Possibly if some of us could have seen him that night, we might have voted for him in greater numbers in his recent unsuccessful attempt to run for alderman, for we should have recognised him as a man who could put his back into a task! From his house to Mount Tuxadora Heights it is four and three quarter miles as the crow flies. Mr. Paxter weighed two hundred and one pounds when he started. When he reached the last house he had reduced it to one hundred and ninety three; when he paused at the end of the projected green-and-white car-line, it had receded to about one hundred and eighty-eight. Any other man would have stayed right there, and buried the Venus near the projected loop; but Mr. Paxter was going the whole hog. He went on. By the light of the moon he read his own signboard in the distance, and very soon he stood on Mount Tuxadora Heights.

"Now you—!" cried Mr. Paxter, using a horrible word. The last spurt had winded him badly, but he still had breath for the imprecation—"In you go!"

Very methodically he measured out a space six feet by four. Twelve inches would be deep enough to dig.

"Take your last look on the dear departed!" cried Mr. Paxter to the gophers. He turned the first sod.

As he did so someone touched him on the back.

"Help!" he shrieked.

But it was only Kendrick Evans, who, with Mr. Romford of Ontario, had stalked him all the way.

"Damn you both!" snarled Paxter.

Mr. Evans smiled amiably.

"Before you commit the dear departed to the vasty deep," he remarked, "and before its—er—corruptible shall put on the—er—incorruptible—can't we help?"

"Damn you!" said Paxter again. "You fixed this plant on me, Ken., and I'm storin' up something for you as it is."

"You fixed a plant on Romford here. Dust to dust, fake to fake—eh?"

"So that's why?"

"Of course. Billy Romford is my brother-in-law—didn't know that, did you? See here, Pax., we don't want to be hard on you. You planted some especially bad real estate on Billy—well, give him back his fifteen hundred dollars."

"What's that I hear?" said Paxter.

"Just fifteen hundred dollars. And two hundred to Paptisto What's-His-Name—he deserves something. Seventeen hundered altogether—and cheap at the price."

"You'rs mad, Ken.," said Paxter, making as if to resume his digging. But Kendrick Evans caught him by the arm.

"It's your last chance."

"And if I refuse?"

"Listen. I rigged up this plant to get even with you, but none of the boys know why. They thought it was just a joke. I can easily shut their mouths, Pax., with a few drinks, and no one will be any the wiser. But it's the women, Pax., the women."

"The women?"

"Yes. I shall tell my wife, as a strict secret. She'll tell her sister-in-law, and she'll tell Mrs. Someone-Else, and so on all the giddy-go-round. Nice tittle-tattle for Mrs. Paxter to hear at a pink tea—what?"

"You're trying to blackmail me, Ken."

"Gee, you'll have a time. They'll hear in Edmonton, In Red Deer, in Ponoka! Some newspaper guy will publish it, and then all the exchange editors will lift it." Kendrick Evans was thoroughly enjoying himself! "It will provide amusement for Montreal, for Toronto, for Halifax. The toilin' masses of South Dakota will read it and snigger—the employees of the John A. Zachary Transporter Company at Joyceville, Nebraska, will devour it with their meals! The comic papers in Australia will have it in full, Pax. The natives of the South Sea Islands will read it when the steamer leaves the next missionary. D'you get me, Pax.?"

Mr. Paxter grunted—it may have been a sigh. "All right," he said.

"Want a pen?" inquired Mr. Evans.

"Got my fountain pen," Mr. Paxter replied, with a ghastly smile. With faltering fingers he wrote out, by the light of the moon, an I. O. U. to K. Evans for the sum of seventeen hundred dollars.

"Leave it here for to-night," said Mr. Evans kindly, placing the I. O. U. in his wallet. "I'll see it gets sidetracked somewhere."

Mr. Romford, who had witnessed the signature in silence, now struck in. "There's one thing I notice," he said, "and that is, as a cemetery for your Venus, you seem to have selected Lot 9, Block 28!"

A BREEZE FROM BEYOND

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF WINDOWS"

MARTIN TELFAIR closed the door of his father's house behind him and leaned against it, drawing a long breath. The light, the sweet air surprised him. He had forgotten that it was June.

It was very early. Bilberry Street, reminiscent only in name of an Arcadian past, seemed strangely unfamiliar. There was no one in sight, not a policeman, not a prowling cat. The rows of blinded houses stretched mysteriously into silence and emptiness. Was every morning like this? What happened to the world overnight?

Another deep breath, and the young man straightened himself and ran down the steps. Now was not the time for questioning the universe. He was in a hurry. His errand, he knew, was in the nature of a race. He might return to the gloomy house in time—and he might not. His adversary was swift, and already, behind the closed door, the wind of his coming was in the air.

"Shouldn't wonder if the old chap pulled out while I'm away," thought Martin, hurrying along. The reflection did not pain him, but caused rather a perplexed surprise that anyone so forehanded as his father should have run this thing so close. Perhaps the old man was not so near death as they had imagined. A rather grim smile flitted across his lips as he paid tribute to his father's fighting qualities, and his pace slackened. If the papers for which he sent were really important and if old Robert Telfair wanted them badly enough it seemed quite likely to Martin Telfair, his son, that death would have to wait until he got them.

He recalled the look upon the old man's face as he whispered the few curt directions which accompanied his halting command to fetch the papers. It was not a dying look, although he was undoubtedly dying; it held purpose in it, strength and a desire which might be trusted to hold death at bay until it was satisfied. Martin had hastened to obey as he was not accustomed to hasten. He had not paused even to wonder why he and not Basil had been chosen as messenger. But the wonder awoke now. Basil had been there, waiting. Could the filming eye that had once been so coldly keen have mistaken the faces? Could the weakening brain have juggled with their names? He had said "Martin" clearly enough. Perhaps his memory was going, and as memory always frays first at the nearer end it was quite possible that Robert Telfair had forgotten that for fifteen years his eldest son's name had never been spoken by him save in formal necessity.

Any one of these explanations was possible, but Martin shook his head at them all. There had been depth and meaning in the eyes which had beckoned him from beside his brother. There had been a crafty smile on the thin lips which was not the smile of senility. Even in death it

was hard to imagine Robert Telfair at the mercy of anything save his own distinct purpose. Yet if purpose he had, what was it?

The conventional answer might be that old Robert had softened, that he had perhaps experienced a change of heart, that on his deathbed he had repented of his hardness to his elder son and had sent him on this mission (important or trifling) as a sign and seal of restored confidence.

Martin laughed aloud as this explanation formulated itself. Applied to Robert Telfair it seemed quite funny. The son knew well how ingrained was the father's stubbornness, how impregnable his self-belief. Having once become convinced that he had done right, repentence, as of possible wrong, was impossible. Could death, which changes so many things, change the very nature of the man? Martin thought not.

What did the purpose matter after all? His busy brain ceased to look for it, losing itself in bitter memories. Hatred, which he had thought safely buried under indifference, stirred and began to speak. It babbled endless memories of those fifteen years through which he had been pariah—not to the world, indeed, but to that hard old man on whose errand he was hurrying. It had been in that room where he now lay dying that Robert Telfair had "found out" his son Martin. "Found out"—horrible phrase! There had been no scene. A scene would have been too human; a scene might have contained elements of hope. Had old Mr. Telfair raged or denounced or threatened, his son's soul might have lived through the ordeal. But he had done none of these things. He had looked the boy in the eyes and turned away.

And he had never turned back.

From that day Martin the idol had become Martin the pariah. It had been rather a small affair—a question of honesty. But it happened unfortunately for Martin that honesty was the Telfair family god. "Be honest" composed the Telfair decalogue, and the Telfair prayer was a heartfelt rendering of, "Lord, we thank Thee that we are more honest than other men."

So, you see, Martin's lapse had been nothing less than a catastrophe. It had been the sin of the High Priest, for Martin was the first-born and the hope of the house. There was Basil, of course. But Basil—was Basil. As a second son he was very well in his way, but he had no shining qualities. He did not show off well. He lacked the Telfair nose. His mouth was wide and plebeian; his eyes blue and girlish—not office eyes, not business eyes, by any stretch of the imagination. Furthermore, he had no ambitions. He did not want his brother's birthright; he had no desire to be a high priest; he shrank visibly from being a pride and hope. But what else was there for it? Basil was honest. He was as honest as the day—honester, since there have been known days which have neglected to fulfil their promises. His brother's place he must take, willy-nilly.

"Beastly shame!" growled Basil, and "beastly tyrant," he directed toward his respected parent. But with it all there was something in his clear gaze when he had looked at Martin, which had never been there before. It was wonderment; for Basil was quite terribly honest and could not understand—

Because of this wonder Martin, who was not blind, hated Basil forthwith. He was hating him now as he hurried along, hating him for his kindly, rather stupid ways, for his firm determination always to act as if there were no great gulf fixed. Basil had always been so beastly decent! He tried, he was always trying, to patch things up. He was pitifully afraid that Martin might suspect him of playing Jacob. One of his great anxieties was lest his father should cut Martin out of his will. His very anxiety showed that he thought this possible, an attitude which awoke a

controlled fury in the elder brother.

The estrangement of father and son had never been advertised. The world knew nothing of it. Pride had dictated this, pride and the reverence for the honour of the Telfair god. To all outward appearance the elder son was an honoured person in his father's house. When the time had come for him to set himself up in business he had lacked none of the usual advantages and if there were a few who wondered why young Martin Telfair did not enter the firm of Telfair, it was a passing wonder. These old-fashioned firms are a back number anyhow! No one, save Martin, knew that the partnership had not been offered him.

Those years, Martin's bitter memories told him had been rather horrible. At first he could not believe that he was really an outcast. At first he had hoped. Then the knowledge had begun to eat its way in, spoiling and corrupting. His mother had died when he needed her most; her death, hastened no doubt by her constant and futile efforts to reconcile the father and son. Cecille Telfair, being only a Telfair by marriage, had wept over the boy's fall from grace, but had been quite ready to forgive and forget before her tears were dry. The cold rancour of her husband's exactitude she shuddered at; whatever love she may once have felt for him died in its bitter shadow. Then, as she was gentle and could not live with hatred, she, too, died, and at her death Martin, with a great bitterness, masked by indifference, accepted the breach as final and went his own way.

Now the end had come. Martin knew that he would feel nothing but relief when it was all over. Absurd as it might seem, he still, after fifteen years, hated to come into his father's presence. Time had brought to him an armour of hard indifference, but he had only to look into his father's cold gray eye to burn once more with bitter rage. With the old man dead the world would be a sweeter place to live in.

There were other considerations, too —money, for one. Trade had been in a panic of late, but a share of the Telfair fortune would put him beyond the reach of that sort of worry. Basil would get half, of course, but the old man could scarcely give him more without causing that storm of scandal which all these fifteen years he had laboured to avoid.

Martin smiled a somewhat ugly smile as he thought of the foundation upon which his hopes of inheritance were based. "He'd leave me without a cent if it weren't for the look of the thing," he mused. "Basil would get it all only that the "dear public" would insist upon knowing why."

He had almost reached the offices now, and his thought shifted again to the query concerning his errand. The few words which his father, always sparing of words, had considered necessary, contained small information. He was to fetch as quickly as possible two blue envelopes contained in the private box marked "T" in the office vault. The envelopes were precisely similar save that one was marked in the left-hand corner with a small red cross. He had the key of the box in his pocket, and in his pocket also was a slip of paper containing the vault's combination. Old Robert changed the combination frequently, for in an office it is necessary to employ clerks, and for such an honest man he had a very poor opinion of honesty in others. Young Martin fingered the open sesame in his pocket, set his lips grimly. There had been a time when even so slight a trust would have lifted him out of the pit of despair—now it meant just nothing at all.

The old-fashioned building where his father still kept his offices boasted no night-service elevator, so Martin attacked the echoing stairs on the run. He knew his way well. These were the offices which had been familiar to him in the old days when he was still

Martin the idol. They had faced the street on the third floor—large, somewhat gloomy rooms, with narrow windows, but clear and prim and very commonplace. Not at all the kind of offices where one would expect a young fellow to lose his soul. Martin turned a little white as he fitted the key in the door. He tried hard to feel nothing save contemptuous pity for that young fellow. He had been rather a duffer, poor chap, took things seriously and all that! As the door opened the familiar, dry-leather smell of the office caught him by the throat. Was it really fifteen years since he had worked there? That had been his desk over there by the window; next to him had sat Billy Stibbings, the clerk who ate peanuts (Martin remembered how their faint odour had mingled with the dry-leather smell) and talked continually about some girl designated as "my little friend." What a figure of fun Billy had been! . . . In the far wall was the glass door marked with its big, blank "Private." Behind this had been his father's desk and another, smaller, desk intended for the Telfair hope and pride when he should have graduated from the outer office. Martin wondered idly if Basil used that desk now? He crossed over and peeped through a hole in the frosting to see—yes, it was the same desk.

But this was not getting on with his errand! The door of the old-fashioned vault opened easily, and the finding of the private box was the work of a moment. It lay in its same place placidly unrecking of years and changes. There were not many papers in it. The two blue envelopes lay on the top. Martin picked them out hastily, so hastily that the nemesis which attends haste tipped the box out of its nitch and sent its contents scattering upon the floor. With an exclamation of annoyance Martin replaced the papers by the simple method of throwing them back, and again nemesis halted him by wedging a packet which was stiffer than the others crosswise so that it had to be taken out and put back properly. It was a photograph, an old-fashioned print of a laughing, frank-eyed boy with the Telfair nose. Martin's cynical smile flickered as he recognized it; then mechanically he turned it over as if to shut out the clear gaze of his one-time self. On the back of the card there was a line or two of writing in his father's small, precise hand. The light from the vault door fell upon it and he read:

"Martin Fillmore Telfair. 1875—1895."

The date of his birth and the date of his disgrace! Martin turned a grayish white, and the photograph slipped from his fingers. Even a thoroughly callous and indifferent man is shocked a bit by the sight of his own tombstone!

He relocked the box, relocked the vault, relocked the office, and with every key that he turned he locked his unusual emotion more securely into the depths whence it had come. By the time he reached the clear light of the corridor window he was ready to inspect the envelopes he carried, with no trace of feeling whatever. It was evident that he had made no mistake in the papers. He held in his hand the plain blue envelope and the blue envelope with the cross in the corner. There was writing on both of them. On the plain one:

"Last Will and Testament of Robert Telfair."

On the other:

"Last Will and Testament of Robert Telfair."

Was he seeing double? What was the meaning of this absurdity? How could there be two last wills? Martin was conscious of a distinct shock. He forgot his haste, forgot that death is arbitrary and will not wait. Here was something which it seemed imperative that he should understand. The envelopes stared at him, commonplace, unilluminating. It was possible,

of course, that they were as commonplace as they looked. One might be simply a duplicate of the other. But if a duplicate, why the precise command to fetch both packets? Why the cross on the corner? And why the dying man's desire for haste?

Martin's shock-stimulated brain raced rapidly to the other possibility. What if the wills were not the same? What if the old man, unable to decide, had made two wills, intending to destroy one later when his course became clear? Suppose he was lying there at home now with a mind irrevocably made up—waiting!

Somehow it had never entered into Martin's calculations that his father might disinherit him. The cleavage between them had been a cleavage of the soul. Money had not entered into it. In the outward aspect of things it did not exist. Was it possible that death would prove less reticent than life had been? He knew, with the sure knowledge of instinct, that his father's bitterness toward him had grown with the years, but he had trusted to the unbending Telfair pride to protect him from tangible injury. Supposing he had trusted too far! Supposing—he thought of the two dates upon the back of the photograph and his mouth hardened.

Basil's anxiety about the will seemed suddenly to take on new significance. Perhaps Basil had not been unnecessarily disturbed after all. Perhaps, he being daily with his father, had seen something or heard something which gave good foundation for his fear.

What if the old man really intended to make Basil his sole heir?

For the first time a possible solution of the problem of why he had been chosen to fetch the envelopes flashed upon him. A far-off recollection stirred. He remembered how the indignity of his childish punishments had been made more unendurable by his being sent to fetch the cane himself. A slow flush stained his cheeks at the memory.

Then standing close to the clear light of the window he deliberately examined the seals of the envelopes. They had been fastened with nothing save the ordinary glue on the flaps, and that had not been of the best. A moment's manipulation with skilful fingers and a lead pencil, and the envelopes were open. Martin drew out their contents, his fingers shaking ever so little. Then once more the dull red flooded his face. The packets were each enclosed in a second envelope taped and sealed with the firm's seal! It seemed to him that from the silence of the deserted offices he could hear his father's rare, grim laugh.

With a feeling of suffocation he threw up the window. It was all a huge joke then! His father had calculated that he would do exactly as he had done. The sealed packets were at once comment and condemnation. A burning flame of shame and hatred burst through the smouldering indifference of years. Fierce tears started to his eyes and then—something strange happened.

A little, morning breeze blew in at the window and with it came a perfume, faint, elusive. He would not have recognized it save that with it there came, for apparently no reason at all, the vision of an open drawer with piles of delicate lace-edged handkerchiefs. He saw himself, a little boy, holding out his own grubby "hanky" in confident appeal for exchange "because they smelled so nice." He heard his mother's soft gay laugh—felt his face smothered in warm lace where lingered the same delectable smell. A kiss fell on his forehead—"Mother!"

It had all been so real that when it passed he leaned against the window frame, faint, bewildered, like a man who had survived a miracle. The envelopes and the papers lay on the floor where the intruding breeze had blown them. They rustled faintly in the quiet of the hall. Martin stopped unsteadily and gathered them up. Without another glance he replaced

them in the envelopes and left the building. All the way home he thought of them not at all. His painful interest in their contents was gone. Gone, too, was all that flaming rage of hate. He felt incredibly young and happy and confident. For, of course, if *she* knew, if *she*—if, in fact, *she* were still loving him, believing in him, life was a very different thing. It did not occur to him to question the reality of his experience. It is only those who never have experiences who question their reality.

In Bilberry Street the lemon-coloured light had turned to bright yellow. It was going to be a hot day. Martin paused to wipe the beads of haste from his forehead before he ran up the stone steps. But inside the house it was deathly chill, and dark. Martain felt rather than saw the old butler standing in the gloom of the staircase.

"Well, Benson?"

"He's waiting for you, sir."

Martin hurried up the stairs. In the sick man's room a small fire was burning, but the chill was there crowding out its warmth.

"I have brought the papers," he said briefly, and, going over, he placed them in his father's hands.

The dying man roused himself, signing for the stimulant which Basil anxiously administered. For a moment he lay silent, collecting his small strength, then his eyes opened full upon his elder son. In their hard malice there was a twinkle of hateful understanding.

"You opened the envelopes, eh?"

"Yes," said Martin.

The dying man gave a croak of mirth.

"Too bad, too bad! It didn't do much good, did it?"

"No," said Martin.

"Father!" began Basil in distress, but the old man warned him to be silent.

"Your mother," he went on, still smiling his ugly smile at Martin, "didn't know a rogue when she saw one. She said you were honest. She said all you needed was a second chance—she was soft, soft."

He swallowed some more stimulant with difficulty and continued with longer pauses between the words.

"I promised her you'd have it. I always keep my promises. Here are the wills. The one I made and the other one—the one she wanted me to make. She wanted you to have your share—all of it—every penny. The will that gives it to you is in the envelope with the red cross on the corner. The other leaves you nothing—not a cent—d'y understand?"

Martin nodded.

The malignancy of the old man's gaze flamed.

"I said I'd give you a second chance. Burn the will with the red cross in the corner! She said you were honest—prove it!"

The glances of the brothers met across the bed. Basil's face was very white. But he did not hesitate. He picked up the plain envelope and handed to his elder brother.

"This passes reason," he said. "Between a just and an unjust will there is no question. Burn this. You are fully justified."

"Soft, soft," mocked the old man, "soft like his mother! Yes, burn it, who will know? Only Basil, and he won't tell. Burn it; take the money and be damned to you! I always knew I was right and she was wrong."

For a moment, Martin saw things clearly. He saw his need of the money; he saw his possible failure without it; he saw his right to a son's just share; he saw the injustice, the fantastic cruelty of this preposterous trial. Yet he felt no temptation to take the envelope which Basil held out to him. Strangely enough none of these things seemed to matter very much. The only thing that mattered at all was the justification, at whatever cost, of his mother's belief in him. Wicked, unreasonable and foolish as the test was, he felt no inclination to shirk it. Without a word he

waved Basil's hand aside, picked up the red-marked envelope from the bed and threw it into the smouldering fire. The flame leaped up.

"Oh, Martin!" Basil's voice held anger and despair. Tears of disappointment stood in his clear eyes. Martin forgot that he had ever hated Basil's eyes.

"Don't you worry, old chap," he said cheerfully; "I'll pull through alright."

Impulsively their hands met, and in that moment of reunion, while each thought only of the other, the old man on the bed went out into the loneliness which he had created.

*

When the brothers met in the library for the reading of the will they were more nearly at one than either would have thought possible. Martin's cold manner held a new cordiality to which Basil responded with timid eagerness. It was so good, so awfully good of Martin, not to blame him, Basil, for a catastrophe which was after all not his fault. And, of course, he would divide with Martin. He had told Martin so and Martin, instead of being angrily repellant, had smiled and said, "I know you would like to, old chap," which, although not committing him to an acceptance, had seemed to hold out hope for the future.

Basil had exhausted his adjectives in trying to express just what he thought of his father's action.

"I couldn't believe it. I can hardly believe it now," he said. "He was always hard and stern, but I never thought he was like that—cruel, you know, and—mean!"

Martin answered thoughtfully. "I don't believe he was like that in the beginning. But he couldn't forgive. His disappointment in me just got underneath somehow and festered and rankled and grew more poisonous every year. It changed his nature. I know—because it was doing the same with me, until—"

He paused so long that Basil ventured an inquiring "Well?"

"—Until I seemed suddenly to get a new viewpoint," said Martin soberly. "I can't explain it properly."

The family lawyer, a lawyer as old-fashioned as the House of Telfair, shook hands gravely with both the young men. He knew that old Martin had made two wills and he did not know which one he would be called upon to read. He hoped, he sincerely hoped, that his old friend had not carried out his mad intention of disinheriting his elder son—such a fine young fellow!

It was a short will, dividing all the Telfair property, real and personal, without comment or restriction, between the two sons.

"A very proper will," said the lawyer cheerfully, "a most proper will, I'm sure. I congratulate you both."

He wondered afterward why the brothers had been dazed and silent, as if they had expected something different.

When he had gone, Basil caught Martin by the hand.

"I'm jolly glad," he said. "I'm *jolly* glad! It went against the grain to think the old man was such a Tartar. But, you see—he didn't mean it."

Martin nodded. There was perplexity on his face, but also a dawning softness, the faint beginning of what was later to become a healing belief that his father had not hated him after all.

Yet they were both wrong. Old Robert Telfair had indeed died obdurate, glorying in the thought that he had left his elder son destitute; for he did not know, even as Martin and Basil never knew, that when that sudden, strangely perfumed breeze had blown in at the corridor window and scattered the papers upon the floor it had so changed the position of the packets that the one which Martin restored to the red-marked envelope was not the one which he had taken out of it!

CANAL, ST. MARTIN, PARIS

From the Painting by W. Edwin Atkinson
Exhibited by the Canadian Art Club

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

THE NEW CANADIAN WEST

BY W. McD. TAIT

Behind the squaw's light birch canoe
  The steamer rocks and raves,
And city lots are staked for sale
  Above old Indian graves.

I hear the tread of pioneers,
  Of cities yet to be—
The first low wash of waves where soon
  Shall roll a human sea.

IN these words of Whittier is pictured forth the West that was to be and that which now is. The old has given place to the new. The home of the rancher and the cow-boy, the scene of the round-up and the beef drives, has encountered the inevitable. For the cow-boy has dropped the lariat to guide the plow, the Indian brave discarded the war-paint and the buckskin to don the broadcloth. The romantic West is no more.

The first slight impetus toward modern development did not come from the East. It was not the westward roll of the tide of immigration. It did not come from the overflow of more populous centres. It came from the south, across the boundary, and was the result of the commercial spirit of the Americans, who had no intention, no desire, to further the development and colonization of the country. Their one ambition was to get hides and furs from the Indians as cheaply as possible and to maintain an open range for their own great herds of cattle.

It is a curious fact, but a fact nevertheless, that the elemental reason for the settlement of all countries has been cupidity. Trace every conquest of the wilderness the world has ever known, and lust for gold will be found to be the actuating motive. Caesar conquered Britain for her mines. Columbus held forth the glorious riches of Cathay. For plunder Cortez ransacked Mexico, and avaricious Pizarro ravished Peru. The Pacific coast of the United States was peopled first by argonauts. Montana was opened by the hungry seekers for glittering gold. Alaska and the Yukon still would be uninhabited if the lust had not urged people to the north. The spirit of adventure and the lust for gold always cut the trail for the settler and the farmer.

All Western Canada once received its supplies from Fort Benton, the end of navigation on the Missouri River. Restless prospectors left the mining camps of the State of Montana, and coming by coach from Fort Benton, panned all the streams in Western Canada in search of another Alder or Last Chance. These prospectors, returning, told of their failure to find the glittering gold, but related tales of broad prairies where buffaloes made their breeding-grounds and where their hides could be secured from the Indians.

These traders debauched the Indians with whiskey, which they brought with them from Fort Benton, but they did not obtain possession of the coveted land without many a hard-fought encounter with the aborigines. While there were many individual or small traders, the firms of T. C. Power and I. G. Baker were the most prominent and plied a steady

trade in furs with the Indians. They had their own hunters and made tri-weekly raids upon the shaggy bison, but they obtained the majority of their pelts from the redskins.

The traders were the first "old-timers" in Western Canada. Until the coming of the Mounted Police, they were a law unto themselves. They entered upon mutual agreements, something after the practice of modern trade combinations or trusts, to regulate the prices of hides, and anyone caught breaking the compact was tried and sentenced by a court and jury of his associates in the agreement.

As an illustration of the method followed in such cases, the following story is told and vouched for by pioneers. It was at Whoop-up, on the Old Man River. Smith had been accused of cutting prices. Possibly he had put more water in the whiskey than the agreement permitted. No one seemingly knows or cares to remember the exact nature of the offence. The trial was held in the post store, where whiskey, powder in kegs, flour, and everything else pertaining to a trader's stock was jumbled about in a disorderly hodge-podge. The evidence appeared conclusive that Smith had broken the compact, and Brown delivered the sentence, which was to the effect that Smith should be taken out and shot.

The accused, who was sitting upon an up-turned powder keg, listened calmly to the decree, which did not suit his idea of justice. He jumped to his feet, seized a lighted brand and holding it over a keg of powder loudly declared that before he should be shot, he and his partners would go together to — or heaven. By unanimous consent of the jury the sentence was suspended indefinitely.

Smith was somewhat of a daredevil, with all the daredevil's nerve, and once after a friendly argument with his partner, when he received a charge of buckshot in the shoulder, he rode away and extracted the leaden pellets himself with a knife, while his pony loped across the prairie.

A BLOOD SQUAW

Mrs. Little Johnnie-on-the-Hill

In years somewhat later Fred Kanouse ran counter of a band of hostile Indians. He made a stand in a bend of the Old Man River, near Macleod, and when the Mounted Police arrived seven dead Indians marked the pioneer's skill with his gun. Kanouse was, however, badly wounded in the shoulder. At this spot there are excavations of a dugout or log cabin where early settlers resisted repeated attacks of the Blackfoots.

A LESSON IN MORAL SUASION

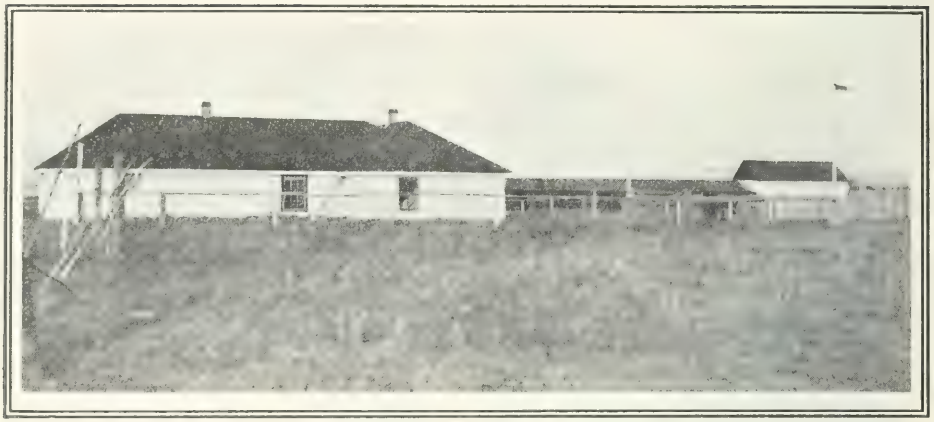
The movable corral as used during the round-up. A rope is strung from one light stake to another, about the height of a horse's knees, and the horses remain confined on the inside of the circle almost the same as if it were a high, impassable fence.

The Blackfoots, the Bloods, and the Peigans are friendly now with the settlers, against whom they used to wage war.

The passing of the buffalo is one of the greatest calamities of the West. Out of the one-time vast number of bison that roamed and held the plains as their own, there remain but few. From Great Slave Lake on the north, away to Mexico on the south, "roamed the majestic brute, in herds that shook the earth with thundering steps." But in the plains the bison feeds no more. It is charged that traders from the United States sent men into Canada to burn the grass, so that the buffaloes would not return north to breed. The buffalo meant everything to the Indian. He was his

CHARLIE GOOD-RIDER

A type of cow-boy that is rapidly disappearing from the Western plains



A TYPICAL RANCH HOUSE ON THE OLD COCHRANE RANCH

house, his food, his clothing, his implements of war—hide, flesh, and bone, he belonged to the Indian. But the buffolo disappeared, and the range cattle came. In 1870 there were hundreds of thousands of buffaloes in what is now Southern Alberta. In 1874 the I. G. Baker Company shipped from their post at Fort Benton, Montana, a total of 250,000 prime buffalo hides, in order to secure which the hunters had slain and left to rot tens of thousands of young stock or aged bulls. It is known that in consequence of prairie fires, incendiary or natural, the buffaloes did not return to Canada to breed during their last free years, but wandered the prairies of Yellowstone Park, in Montana, where they were finally wiped out, except in widely segregated bands.

With the disappearance of the buffalo the cattle barons began to use

INDIANS BRANDING CATTLE IN THE BIG RIB CORALL, BULL HORN COULEE, BLOOD RESERVE, ALBERTA

A BUCKING BRONCO

the prairies as ranging-grounds. The event of the arrival of the first cattle to come into the West is somewhat dimmed by the passage of time. From recent investigations made by L. V. Kelly in his work of preparing a live-stock history of Alberta, it would appear that the McDougalls were the first to bring cattle to the far West. Peter Gunn took a small band into the Peace River country forty years ago; Kanouse wintered several head near Calgary in 1871; then came the Oxley outfit, the Cochrane, the Waldron, and the Circle.

With the cattle came the cow-boy, and with the passing of the cattle industry in Western Canada he goes, too. In that choice assemblage of kindred spirits the composite result produced a type that must stand by itself for all time. Probably the only accurate conception of the real cow-boy that can now be obtained may be seen in the pictures of Russell and Remington; the one a cow-boy himself, with an artist's eye and skill; the other a man of schools, but with the instincts of an out-of-doors lover of Western life.

The cow-boy stood in a class by himself always, but he was a good fellow at every stage of the road. His day is past, for the open ranges of the north are gone, and the cattlemen of Argentina and Mexico are no more like the real article than a cayuse is like a nerve-strained thoroughbred.

One of the regrettable things about the westward trend of civilization is the shutting out of the range and the broncho that has graced it so long. There is not a phase of Western history that has not been influenced by this animal. Pioneer, cow-boy, sheriff, mounted police, prospector—all have used him. The mustang is undoubtedly the nearest descendant of the three hundred Arabian and Span-

ish horses that Cortez brought to Mexico. He is very tough and wiry, and cannot be broken to domestic service. Combined with the ordinary horse, however, he has produced the bronco, the animal used for many years in Western Canada, a rugged, steady and useful little piece of horse flesh. The working of the economic law is rapidly eliminating the mustang and bronco types. There is no longer demand for the tough pony that can travel all day and live on next to nothing, and so, having passed the period of usefulness, he is vanishing, but as a reward for his fidelity he is reappearing in a higher type.

All these things are past, so far in the past that only a few remember; yet in the mind of the world to-day the West is a ranching-country. The mind's eye sees only countless herds of cattle ranging the broad prairies; it sees the roundups and the drives; it sees displays of marvellous horsemanship; it sees cow-boys astride bucking broncos, disdaining to "touch leather," although blood may be flowing from ears and eyes; it sees steers roped and branded; it sees thousands of cattle driven yearly to a railway point for transhipment to the market; it sees isolated ranch houses in sheltered coulees, with the owner in Europe spending easy money and the swarthy foreman left in charge; it sees feuds between the employees of different ranches; it sees cattle barons resisting the advance of the iron horse and the encroachment of settlers, who wish only to make homes for themselves and their children; it sees the cattle-men tear down the barbed-wire fencing of those who would despoil the range by turning the grass upside down.

What the world's eye does not see to-day is smoke coming from the chimneys of innumerable farm-houses, the flags floating from the school-houses; it does not see the children trudging the roads in perfect safety or racing upon their ponies along the lanes on the way to their daily lessons; it does not see the countless thousands of prairie acres with the sod broken by the plough; it does not see the miles of growing wheat ripening in the glow of the warm rays of the Western sun, fields of wheat that disappear into the sky-line of the horizon; it does not see old trails abandoned because wire fences cross and recross; it does not see homesteads on every quarter-section; it does not see the church upon the favourite site of the round-up; it does not see the binder and the thresher, the loads of wheat hauled to the elevator; it does not see the locomotive bearing eastward to Britain, and westward to the Orient, train-load after train-load of the best and cleanest wheat known to the world; it does not see mills grinding the hard berries and producing flour second to none. The eye of the mind sees none of this, and the mind itself cannot conceive that conditions have changed; that one more pet tradition has been upset. The glamour of the past enshrouds the actuality of the present.

THE SACRED MOUNTAIN OF JAPAN

MOUNT FUJI

By R. E. MACNAGHTEN

NO wonder that of old they deemed divine
This mountain, as it tower'd from out the sea
In all the pomp of cloud-girt majesty!
No wonder that it still remains the sign
Of unimpair'd devotion, and the shrine
That consecrates a nation's unity,
When alien hearts are stirr'd to fealty,
And alien eyes are filled with joy like mine—
Though many a temple fill each hallow'd spot,
And God, 'neath myriad forms, be owned by man;
Not in these outward monuments, and not
In all the art and cunning of Japan,
But from this temple of the Master-hand
Breathes the true spirit of her ancient land.

THE ADVENTURES OF ANIWAR ALI

III.—WIT AND OUTWIT

BY MADGE MACBETH

FRANK Chisholm was not a stranger in Pultanabad. He had spent some of his boyhood days there during the time that his father had been magistrate of the district, and its streets were still familiar to him. It was fortunate also, considering the work he had in hand—that of apprehending the Thugs and putting a death-blow to the infamous practice of Thuggee—that an old friend, Sidney Morgan, had been recently appointed District Superintendent of Police, and to him Chisholm was confiding the object of his sojourn in Pultanabad.

"You see, Sid, Bradley, the Commissioner of Munshi Nugger, who gave me this billet," Frank was explaining between long-drawn puffs, as he sat in the sheltering dryness of his friend's verandah, "warned me that I should have my hands full. But, hang it all, that's the trouble—they are not full enough! These Thugs, under Aniwar Ali, are so slippery they make an eel look like a sticky cactus plant; they slide through my fingers with the most discouraging ease and frequency!"

"You have seen the leader?" asked Morgan, after a thoughtful pause.

"I saw him, without doubt, at Baum. I set two spies on his camp, and they, with the camp and a greedy old merchant whom I saw inveigled there, disappeared from the face of India."

"If they were at Baum, what makes you think you will find them here?"

"That is a long story, involving many false scents and broken threads. Naturally, I have not been idle between then and now; I've tracked them to Hondeer. As you know, they could only have gone from there to Chatara, or come here. The two Eurasians, whom Bradley gave me as assistants, and I kept up the farce of surveying the road all along the route of travel both ways from Hondeer, and as they are not in Chatara, they must be here. The Eurasians made inquiries in the bazaar this morning, and there was nothing known of the party, so I feel that I somehow have the lead of them and that they will be here to-day."

"Perhaps," assented the other, "although I must say that the whole thing sounds as utterly impossible to me as the Arabian Nights! Why, do you think," he cried excitedly, "that I would sit here and do nothing when a whole band of cut-throats and murderers are camping at the village outskirts? The idea of such pillage is preposterous. Otherwise the authorities would have put a stop to it. Just prove to me that these men have committed half the crimes you accuse

them of, and I'll string them up tomorrow!"

Chisholm shook his head.

"But that is just what I cannot do," he said. "The more you know of Thuggee, the more you realize that it is worse than we can imagine. I did not believe Bradley; you do not believe me. I know absolutely that Aniwar Ali made away with Peer Khan and my two spies, but I can't prove it. There is the beauty of their system. I know, too, that if he comes here selling cloth and jewels or trading horses, bullocks and carts, that yet another list of victims will have been added to his record, but I can't prove it. At least, not yet!"

"Prove it!" shouted Morgan angrily. "Why I will send a hundred men to dig up the whole damn road between here and Hondeer, if you think any such crimes have been committed lately—I will! Rather than sit quietly here, and abet—"

"No, old man, you won't do anything of the kind," said Chisholm earnestly, "not if you really want to help. Those are not the proper tactics, at all, to my way of thinking. Instead, you might put me in the way of employing a keen, intelligent fellow who can be trusted and who will serve but one master at a time."

Morgan considered for a moment.

"You mean a broker," he said, "a sort of go-between, who does business with the merchants living here and those coming in with caravans."

"Exactly! If I can find such a person I will have him haunt the bazaar, where Aniwar Ali is bound to do his trading, and place himself in the Thug's way, as he will doubtless be looking for such a person to aid him in disposing of his booty, and then I swear not to let the devil out of my sight until I have the handcuffs on him. I can certainly fasten the evidence of guilt upon him, by means of the things he is selling."

"I know a man, a Hindu," remarked Morgan, after a pause, "who has done some work for us. He is a very clever informer. He did some very useful work, I remember, in the way of putting the Department on the track of a local gang of thieves—all of which have not been caught, by the way—men who disguised themselves as fakirs and robbed the neighbourhood thoroughly. I do not think he would play you false," mused the Superintendent, "although you never can tell. The beggars not only sell their souls for rupees but their lives, as well."

"I must take the risk," said Chisholm. "Send for him, will you?"

Mohan Lal was an intelligent man who immediately grasped what was required of him. Chisholm, naturally, forebore to mention the exact profession of the Thugs, but he made the fellow understand they were highwaymen—a class of people all too common in those days. The goods they were trying to sell were stolen, he said.

After giving the Hindu a minute description of the two Mussulmanns he had seen in the bazaar at Baum, Chisholm impressed upon him the necessity of reporting immediately they came into Pultanabad, of keeping him constantly informed as to their movements and of gaining their confidence in any manner possible.

In the evening, as the muezzin called all the faithful to prayer, Mohan Lal espied his men, who were easily distinguished from the more commonplace Pultanabad inhabitants. The quasi-detective watched them spread out their waistbands and kneel devoutly upon them. It did not strike him as being ridiculous that highwaymen about to offer stolen goods for sale should first invoke the assistance of the gods. Later he put himself in their way, deliberately, and his anticipation was realized when they accosted him.

"Mashalla!" cried Aniwar Ali, as he and Hossein paused in the open street. "Canst thou tell us where to meet with one who will arrange the sale of some goods for us? We are

strangers in the city and know not the houses of the merchants.''

''I am such, at your service, noble sir,'' answered the Hindu salaaming profoundly. ''There is not a dealer in the city who will not give me a character for sobriety and trustworthiness. May I see the goods you have to offer and make a memorandum of the same?''

''Come with us,'' replied Aniwar Ali shortly, ''and be sure that thou rememberest who is thy master, for the time being!''

The three strode toward the house of a wary old Thug, Ganesha by name, where the party was making its temporary home. Mohan Lal could not refrain from uttering an unguarded note of surprise at the amount of goods the highwayman had there for sale; for they not only included jewels, gold cloth and brocade—the ordinary plunder one might expect to see—but household effects as well.

''Well,'' demanded Hossein with a keen glance at the man's astonished face, ''Hast thou never seen the like before? Is not one permitted to sell his poor dead brother's effects, the while he offers a home to the widow and her children?''

''But certainly, my noble lord,'' replied the Hindu quickly, realizing his mistake. ''I was but startled at the magnificence of the outlay. I can easily arrange the sale of much of your goods, but there is so much more than I thought, it may take a little time. Will you remain until it is disposed of?''

Hossein was about to answer, when Aniwar Ali shot him a warning glance.

''Our stay depends upon circumstances quite beyond our control, fellow,'' said he. ''Take your memorandum and return as soon as possible to-morrow.''

It was well for the Hindu that his previous imprudence had put him on his guard against any further exclamation of surprise. For on his way out of the room, he recognized on the edge of a table where several jewels and trinkets were collected together, a seal of remarkable shape and size. Suppressing his emotion, he hastened away on his errand, which was to inform Morgan sahib and his surveyor friend of the result of his interview.

''They are the highwaymen you suppose, without a doubt, sahib,'' he exclaimed as he entered the police bungalow. ''I have seen and recognized a seal of peculiar shape belonging to one Subzee Khan, a merchant of Hondeer, with whom I have had dealings on several occasions. This must have been stolen from him.''

It was Chisholm's turn to avoid showing surprise. He knew that Subzee Khan and his whole family had removed from Hondeer but a few days since.

''You are doing very well, Mohan Lal,'' he said. ''Here are twenty-five rupees as a reward for your diligence. You will receive one hundred more when these men are delivered over to justice.''

To Mohan Lal the thing looked easy. He would receive one hundred and twenty-five rupees from the European sahib for acting as an informer, and as an agent he would receive from Aniwar Ali a handsome percentage on the sale of his goods. From the dealer he might also hope to make a slight commission.

''God is good to me,'' the man thought piously.

On the following morning he managed to interest the assistant in a very wealthy house, and this Roop Singh accompanied the Hindu to Ganesha's establishment. He said he thought his firm would buy all that Aniwar Ali offered. He would confer with the principals and return shortly with definite news.

When he departed, Mohan Lal turned to the Thug chieftain.

''What is your price?'' he asked.

''Get as much as you can,'' was the answer. ''And remember that the more the goods you sell for, the higher will be your commission.''

"I will ask forty thousand rupees," suggested the agent. "We will probably get thirty."

"Oh certainly, thirty," interposed Hossein. "They cost my poor brother nearly twice that sum."

Mohan Lal reached the door, salaamed, and lingered a moment.

"And will my noble lord leave our poor Pultanabad immediately the goods are sold?" he asked.

"What business is it of thine, dog," spat Hossein.

"No offence, no offence, sir, cringed the other after the manner of his profession. "I was only going to suggest that the Rajah has a magnificent durbar this evening which is well worth attending, and it is reported that some lovely dancing girls are coming from Hyderabad for the occasion."

"We have our business to attend to and no time for idle pleasures," replied Aniwar Ali sternly. "Arrange the transaction as quickly as possible, if thou wouldst have thy commission in full."

Mohan Lal retired at once to Morgan's office and detailed all circumstances. One of the brigands, he explained, seemed inclined to listen to the proposal regarding the durbar, but the other was angry at his seeming interest and would answer no questions.

"Looks as though they intended to clear right out," said Morgan.

"I wonder if you could get that seal, Mohan Lal, without arousing their suspicions."

The Hindu said it would be a simple proceeding and departed to close the deed of sale.

Before mid-day he again presented himself before Aniwar Ali.

"I have been more successful than I anticipated," he said. " I have got thirty four thousand rupees for the whole, and here is the acknowledgment."

"How am I to be paid?" inquired the leader, taking the paper offered him.

"In any way most convenient to my lord, gold or bills; the dealer will arrange that. See, here he is now, with porters to carry away the goods."

Aniwar Ali and the dealer had some parley regarding the payment, and it was finally decided that Hossein should accompany him to the banker, after which Mohan Lal should be paid his percentage—when the gold and silver were brought back to Aniwar Ali.

"You won't have notes?" asked the dealer for the fifth time. "They are much easier to transport and the exchange is favourable."

"No, no! cried the leader decisively. "No bills! We will have gold and silver! We leave for Chatara tonight, and I have sufficient escort, in case we are attacked."

The idea pleased Mohan Lal, that brigands should have sufficient escort to protect them from thieves, and he smiled slightly. That unguarded moment cost him dear, for the watchful eye of the Thug noted the expression, and his cunning brain sought a reason for it.

Reassuming his habitual deference, the agent asked, "Will my noble lords not tarry one night more, that they may attend the durbar?"

"I am afraid we shall miss the occasion," said Aniwar Ali, in a tone which caused Hossein to look at him furtively. But the Hindu detected nothing unusual about it.

"I shall return shortly for my commission and to say farewell," he said in parting.

Aniwar Ali was as alert as a beast of prey scenting his quarry. Danger was an incentive which quickened his best efforts. No sooner had Hossein departed with Roop Singh to execute their business at the banker's than he stepped over to the table by which Mohan Lal had tarried, talking, as he passed out.

"Mashalla!" he cursed, to himself. "I thought something had happened! He has taken Subzee Khan's seal! That is the most incriminating piece

of evidence he could have found. Fool that I was to leave it there!"

Quickness of decision was the Thug's most essential safeguard. He summoned Gopal from a back room.

"Thou knowest Mohan Lal, our agent, dost thou not? He has but this moment left me, and I fear treachery. Follow him, and bring me news of his slightest movements. The matter is urgent; thy life may depend upon the result."

Unaware that he was being shadowed to the police bungalow or that his treachery was even suspected, Mohan Lal returned to Ganesha's house after his report to Chisholm. Hossein had also returned with several porters carrying gold and silver, and the Hindu's eyes brightened as he thought of his substantial commission.

"Now," said Aniwar Ali, presently. "thy commission is one per cent. of the price of the goods. Art thou satisfied?"

"Abundantly, my noble lord. You are generosity itself."

"Then write me a receipt for the amount," commanded the other, with a grimness which Hossein noted wonderingly.

Mohan Lal took a pen from his turban and did as directed. As he handed the slip of paper to the great Mussulman towering above him, the first presentiment of impending disaster surged over him.

"Have I my lord's permission to depart?" he asked falteringly.

"One moment, and you shall certainly depart," answered Aniwar Ali in so suave a tone that the man's flesh crept. "Perhaps you can tell us of a safe place—a cave or the like—in which to store something that is better hid?"

The Hindu concealed his surprise badly. Since the goods were disposed of he could think of nothing the highwaymen would want to hide, but he said there was a place secure from intrusion, except perchance from two or three thieves whom the police had been unable to locate.

"There was a band of them, and for a time they disguised themselves as fakirs, my lord, but most of them were apprehended, and there are only a few at large."

"And how dost thou know all that?" asked Hossein sharply.

"All the town knows it."

"And does all the town know the spot of which you speak?"

"Inshalla, no! The first one who knew it would doubtless end his days at the hand of one of the fakirs. Did he find the secret held by another, he would fear information would be taken to Morgan sahib, who would pay well for it."

"Ah," sighed Aniwar Ali enviously. "Morgan sahib is free with the rupees, is he? And what would he pay for the information concerning—thieves, let us say? Fifty rupees?"

"I—I—I—don't know, my lord," stammered the agent.

"Seize him, Hossein!" cried the chief. "Tear off his turban, and let us see how many rupees are hidden there!"

In an instant the wretched creature was helpless in the powerful grip of the Thug. His money but lately received from the sahibs fell clattering to the floor, and its jingling noise held in it, for Mohan Lal, all the grimness of Aniwar Ali's smile.

"Thou dost not know?" he asked. "How dost it happen then that thou hadst this money in thy turban after coming from the office of the Feringhi sahib, may his mother and sisters be defiled?"

The terrified Hindu was too paralyzed with fear to answer, and the Thug continued:

"Look, you wretch! I am the leader of the band of thieves in yonder cave you spoke of; I am the leader of the band of thieves who disguise themselves as fakirs, and who will end the days of a man who knows too much! Because thou hadst found out our hiding-place and because thou hast informed Morgan sahib thou shalt surely die!"

Mohan Lal threw himself at Aniwar Ali's feet, as Hossein loosened his hold, and with loud cries and protestations sealed his miserable fate.

"Hear me, O my lord!" he prayed. "It was not thou that I did spy upon! By the grace of Alla, that I swear! Thou art as safe as though thou wert in heaven; the sahib Chisholm fancied to discover in my lord a certain brigand who committed odious crimes on the highway between here and Hondeer. As Alla hears me I speak the truth! He expected to follow their party to Chatara to-night, my lord! See, poor Mohan Lal has unwittingly saved you. For if you belong to Pultanabad, and will repair to the cave—which, even as I lie here, can be seen surrounded by the tallest bamboo trees—no one will be the wiser except myself, and from me you need have no fears."

"Dost thou speak the truth, wretch?" thundered Aniwar Ali, in a voice terrible to hear.

"By Alla, I do!"

"And no one knows of this spot which we can see from here—surrounded by the tallest bamboo trees?"

"No one, my lord."

"And Chisholm sahib expected to follow the highwaymen to Chatara to-night?"

"It is true, noble sir."

"Then we will take your advice, Mohan Lal. We will repair instead to the mountain cave."

"And I?" interrupted the Hindu.

"Thou shalt go upon a longer journey, Mohan Lal. Quick, Hossein!"

A minute later Hossein stood erect, and kicked the lifeless body aside.

"Bah!" he spat. "Ismael, but lately made a strangler, should have been here to end the life of yonder meddling fool. Such writhing and such gurgling! 'Twas beneath *me!*"

"Pick up the money," commanded Aniwar Ali, with a look of disgust at the contorted form at his feet. "And prepare disguises immediately. We will investigate this mountain fastness and see whether as much profit can not be made by staying near Pultanabad as that to be had by leaving to-night for Chatara!"

And on the verandah, of the District Superintendent of Police, all this time, Chisholm sat smoking his pipe, waiting for a messenger and information which never reached him.

In the fourth story of this series Chisholm arranges a trap, into which he expects Aniwar Ali will fall, but the result is something of a surprise all round.

THE STORY OF LITTLE MARY

BY OCTAVIO ROBERTS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY LAURA E. FOSTER

IT was one of those mornings in early spring when the earth and sky seem to have been bathed in radiant light and newly dressed for the season. Like a blue dome the heavens curved over a green earth on whose breast the spires and roofs of Griggston showed behind shimmering veils of foliage. Her hand clasped tightly in her mother's, Little Mary skipped blithely all the way to her grandparents.

The prospect of seeing their beloved faces, of rambling over their spacious house and grounds, was always reason sufficient to arouse a joyous expectancy; but this morning, in addition to these familiar pleasures, Little Mary was eagerly looking forward to showing these second parents her first coloured dress. She looked down repeatedly at the block plaid whose straight waist and gathered skirt gave her the outline of a dinner-bell, wondering if they would know her when the glories of her costume burst upon them. Two other facts increased her spirits. One was that her mother, a tower of protection, came with her, cowing even the dog who barked at the corner store. The other, that her father would return in a few hours from a two weeks' visit in a city where they were soon all three to live. He was the tallest, greatest, most wonderful person in the whole wide world. Naturally, the sun shone and hearts bubbled over on the day of his home-coming. It was in honour of this event that mother had made the plaid dress, in the consciousness of this common joy that their blue eyes were continually meeting, their pretty lips parting in happy smiles.

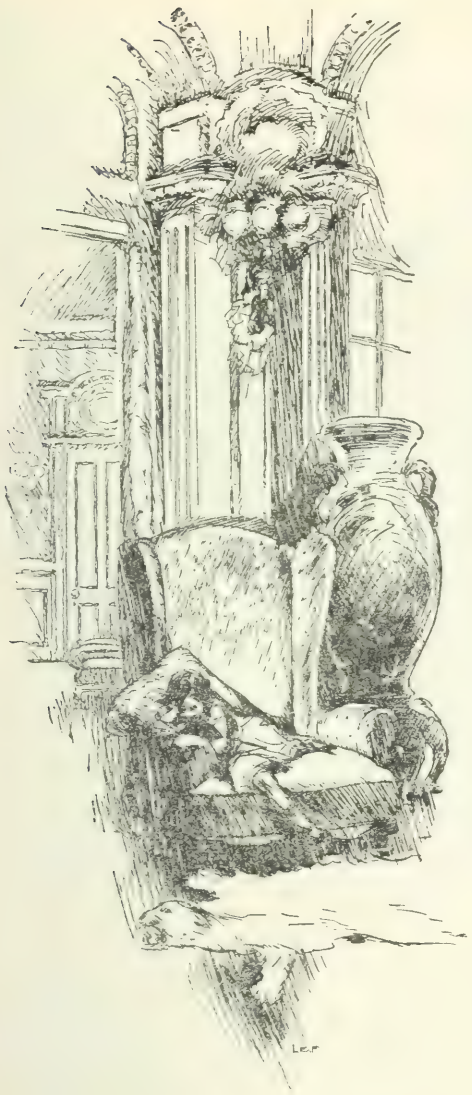
Grandmother Gardner's expressions of astonishment in the new costume seemed to eager Little Mary long delayed. Their entrance was the signal for an interminable grown-up conversation with the mother, in which the child divined dimly that they were speaking of the coming departure, Ethel Gardner in its defense, Mother Gardner attacking it from every point.

"Walter leaves a certain living here," she kept repeating, "for a chimerical scheme."

Weary of waiting, Little Mary at last ventured to pluck her sleeve and exhibit the plaid dress. In tardy atonement Mrs. Gardner gathered her on her knee.

"A coloured dress! It's *beautiful.*" She examined her daughter-in-law's hem. "You've really made it very neatly, Ethel. Yes, pet, show it to grandfather if you wish. He's with Adam in the garden."

The kitchen garden on a spring morning was almost as beautiful as the grounds that surrounded the house. Little Mary tripped down the gravel walk, past the barn and the chicken coop, to the spot where grandfather directed old Adam, the gardener. As far as their sex permitted, the two old men were as impressed with the plaid gingham as Mary



could have desired. Old Adam, leaning on his spade, recollected stories of *singen feste* in Germany when he himself had been resplendent. Grandfather overflowed with reminiscence of his first pair of bright-blue pantaloons, which he had worn on the long trip by river and stage that brought him to the unbroken prairies. Little Mary, her hand in his, drank in their words as the soil drank in the morning dew. It was thus, in a small circle suited to her needs, that her ideas of place and time expanded, gently and slowly. Her mind opened daily to new wonders, wider conceptions of life, just as the flowers on tree and bush about them were opening leaf after leaf in order and beauty.

The business opportunity that took Walter Gardner to the great city was, as his wife had urged to his people, an unusual one. Otherwise they would not have felt justified in settling themselves even temporarily in a hotel as expensive as the Winchester. Their stay there, they agreed, should be no longer than the time necessary to find a pernament home, and their search for that abode was to begin the moment Walter felt assured that he was a fixture in the new life. Until that happy moment they must content themselves in the great hotel whose soft-carpeted corridors, perpetual electric lights, and rows of numbered doors oppressed them with a sense of unaccustomed strangeness and loneliness.

The mother and child spent their long days in wandering aimlessly about the halls and office where women rocked the hours of the morning away. Or from some corner they timidly watched the fortunate ones who rustled out to waiting automobiles ready to carry them, presumably, to distant points of delight. After a luncheon which the long menu and their abundant leisure tempted them to make elaborate, they would walk about strange streets until dusk ended the day. Soon after, the father returned to the crowded bedroom, not a little nervous and weary. A little later, they all three faced the noise of the great dining-room, where above the din of the orchestra they shouted their family confidences.

After the first week, the mother and child began to distinguish the more individual faces of the hotel guests and to look at certain tables with the expectation of finding fam-

"Little Mary watched this little girl with open admiration"

iliar figures. Occasionally they caught the strangers' names, and this gave them the sensation of almost an acquaintance. Mrs. MacLean and her little girl were among the first they identified. Twice a day the lady would rustle richly by their table, her handsome face and figure and extreme style of dressing demanding admiration and exacting remark. In her wake came the little girl in a very short frock, her hair much frizzled, caught to the side by a bow so enormous it threatened the sight of one eye. With an air of perfect assurance the child would bounce into her chair, settle her starched skirts about her, and spell out the menu, to the laughing admiration of the waiter. "Don't forget the *sauce Espagnole* for my chops, Charley," she would shrilly warn the attendant. "And see that they are hot, do you hear?"

Little Mary watched this little girl with open admiration. She had never dreamed that a contemporary could be so assured and important. Used to the love and tenderness of her little world at home, she envied the little girl the attention she excited. Once or twice in the halls enthusiastic young ladies had stopped to caress chubby, demure Little Mary, but she had timidly buried her face in her mother's dress. The new little girl

would, she felt, have been equal to the occasion. She watched her constantly and begged her mother to shear her own locks until they should hang in frizzled curls about her ears, as the stranger's did.

One day her excitement knew no bounds when Mrs. MacLean and this marvelous child stopped before their table and asked her mother to buy a ticket for a card party whose proceeds would go to charity. Ethel Gardner purchased the ticket with alacrity, but demurred at playing, explaining that she could not leave Mary. As she spoke she lifted her long lashes, so like the child's, and gazed upward into the lady's face, which with all its shallowness wore a look of habitual good nature. Her natural kindness now made her quick to read the longing for human companionship written on Ethel's upturned face.

"Let the little thing play with Doodles." She indicated her own offspring. "Doodles is a little older and will take care of her, won't you, *cherie?*"

"Sure," said Doodles shrilly, and so the friendship had its beginning.

The afternoon of the card party, Doodles appeared promptly and relieved the mother of Little Mary's presence. With no misgivings, Ethel stooped to kiss the eager little face in farewell, for Mrs. MacLean had assured her that Doodles never left the hotel without permission and that one reason they lived at the *Winchester* was because it was so homelike and safe for children. Ethel's only feeling was one of elation that a happy afternoon lay before them both. Indeed, the afternoon for Little Mary was one long series of heretofore unimagined delights. It commenced with their entry into the elevator, always idle at this hour.

"Jim," said Doodles shrilly, "let us in and give us a good ride."

The boy, a good-natured mullato, obligingly sent them several times from roof to basement. He stopped at length, in spite of Doodles's protestations, at the office floor.

"I ain't goin' to go up an' down no mo'," he said decidedly. Little Mary obediently trotted out, but Doodles beat him lustily on the back.

"Aren't you mean," she shrieked. "What are you here for, anyway, but to serve the guests of this hotel."

Helpless with laughter, Jim bent his broad back from the blows. "Come heah, Jesse, come heah!" he cried to a bell-boy loitering in the empty office. At the first signs of the bell-boy's interference, Doodles sprang at him. "Dry up and blow away!" she cried, stamping her tiny foot. The bell-boy in his turn laughed uproariously. "She's the cutest kid in this hotel," he said audibly. "Come here, Doodles, I've some more cigarette pictures for you." He handed out a gay assortment of lightly clad actresses. But when they turned, Jim grinned from behind the closed grating. "No, you can't ride no mo'," he said firmly.

Doodles, apparently baffled, seized Little Mary's hand and ran down the hall, followed by the derisive laughter of the two coloured boys. Once out of sight she whispered rapid instructions to her companion. "I guess that will fix him all right," she said aloud.

Panting with excitement, the children ran up two long flights of stairs, where they paused to ring the elevator bell, watching the car's swift ascent with muffled giggles. When Jim mechanically opened the door they sprang in, dancing like Indians. Even Little Mary, in the excitement of the moment, joined Doodles in pounding Jim on his broad back. When he sheepishly lowered them to the office floor, they stepped out in triumph, to the admiration of the row of bell-boys who leaned from their bench to applaud this cunning in outwitting Jim.

For the next half hour the game continued; from floor to floor the children ran, ringing the bell that

"'Pert, badly reared children,' they heard Helen's mother say."

Jim dare not ignore. His anger, when the elevator's position allowed him to identify the children, his savage mutterings as he sent the car downward without admitting them, prolonged the pleasure of the game. Not until legitimate calls became frequent did they weary of the sport, abandoning the corridors for the store-room to play among the trunks.

Here they climbed to perilous heights and played hotel in close imitation of the life about them. A porter who had left the door open by mistake appeared at the climax of their play and drove them out. He was a florid, angry fellow, and his words were coarse and harsh. The children fled before him to the upper regions where the euchre party were being served with refreshments.

Doodles, with Little Mary trotting at her side, peeped in the door; she beckoned a waiter to draw near. "Look here, Benny, can't you snitch us something?" she teased. Little Mary envied her her immense acquaintance among the hotel employees. Heretofore she had seen the coloured boys in the mass; under Doodles's instructions she began to know the ones to wheedle, the ones to avoid. Benny, who was very black, with a loose, good-natured laugh, soon afterwards dropped, in passing, a small bundle. He winked at Doodles as he did so and Doodles winked back. With her little charge she now ran from the room of chattering ladies and dived under a stairway, where an empty desk and typewriter screened them from the public gaze.

"Let's play it's a grape arbour," whispered Little Mary, but Doodles's knowledge did not embrace arbours. "We're hold-up men," she said, "un-

der the subway." They opened the paper napkin to find a bunch of raisins and a dozen assorted cakes.

"Sh!" said the older child suddenly, as they giggled and munched the sweets. "Here comes the stenographer. What do you know about her hair!"

The stenographer, a young girl elaborately coifed, with a bow of such dimensions under her chin that she looked, Little Mary thought, like the mother of the kittens who lost their mittens, now approached and, unconscious of the children's proximity, seated herself behind the table. A moment later she was joined by a showily-dressed man. "That's the drummer who came last week," whispered Doodles, and Little Mary wondered innocently why he did not wear brass buttons and beat his instrument. A conversation now ensued between the man and the girl that kept Doodles straining her ears to hear.

"Sh! Sh!" she hushed Little Mary's prattle. "This is just rich."

Little Mary, growing tired of the dark, twisted and squirmed. Suddenly they both saw the man lean over and playfully attempt to draw the letter the girl feigned to write from her pretty hands. A struggle ensued, in which he kissed her on her cheeks' perpetual bloom. At this point Little Mary yawned. Instantly the stenographer leaped to her feet.

"Lord!" she whispered, "somebody is under the stairs." A moment later an angry man drew out Doodles, grinning impishly, and startled Little Mary. He jerked them to their feet.

"Freshest kid in the hotel," he said roughly to Doodles. "I'll tell your mother." He dusted his hands angrily with his handkerchief.

"I'll tell your wife," retorted Doodles, on the chance that he had one.

The man blanched, as the stenographer turned in quick reproach. To cover his confusion the commercial traveller seized Little Mary, who still stared fixedly at them, pinched her arm in his grasp and cried, "Get out of here, run along, do you hear?"

The pinch, the angry tone, roused an answering resentment in the child. Her experience heretofore had taught her no retort such as the occasion required; her lip curled in trembling agitation, then stiffened as she saw Doodles grinning from a safe distance. "Dry up and blow away," Little Mary said with quiet dignity, and ran swiftly and proudly to the crowing Doodles.

Little Mary, young as she was, was able to understand many of the reasons that led her mother to abandon the intention of forming a new home and settling at the *Winchester* instead. For instance, as little Mary was made to realize, the new home was not easy to find and she herself was the obstacle. The owners of furnished apartments, to her wondering consternation, looked upon her as a determined smasher of vases, scratcher of furniture, a colliding, evil, noisy spirit, a vicious destroyer of property. "You wouldn't take my little girl, then, under any circumstances?" Ethel would ask, and Little Mary arrived at the conclusion that her parents, in taking a flat, would perforce abandon her. She tugged at her mother's hand at each interview, whispering craftily, "Let's stay at the hotel." Mrs. MacLean, who had taken them all under her wing, joined her persuasions to the child's. Little Mary heard her urge the freedom from all care at the *Winchester*, the chance to show their pretty new clothes, the advantages in dancing lessons for Mary, the recreation for Walter Gardner after a day's work, to say nothing of the freedom for them all.

"I don't know," Ethel said dubiously, "Walter has always thought a great deal of a home."

A smile hovered on Mrs. MacLean's cherry lips. "If you want to stay, I believe I can coax him to," she said. "I've never seen yet the man I couldn't manage."

"The amorous words on her innocent baby lips made everyone shout with laughter.

She twined her arm around Ethel's waist for a saunter, and drew Little Mary's moist palm in hers. "You'll be buried alive in a flat, alone all day long. You must stay. Doodles and I can't let you go. Little Mary has improved so much"—she peeped into the child's face—"she's not half as shy. I really wouldn't know any of you."

Indeed, the Gardner family were making strides, both in their own estimation and that of the inmates of the hotel. Now, when they entered the great blaze of the dining-room and sauntered nonchalantly to their table, the waiters hastened to draw out their chairs while people nodded and smiled on every side.

"That's the fellow that made such a killing on wheat last week," they would whisper of Walter. "That's his wife. Did you ever see such a change for the better?" ladies murmured of Ethel. "The child's a perfect cherub; she's the pet of the hotel."

All this was due largely to the offices of Mrs. MacLean, who when Ethel had appealed to her for advice had good-naturedly taken them all three in hand. It was she who chose a school for Little Mary, led them to the fashionable shops, enlarged their acquaintance, amused

and flattered Walter Gardner when he came home out of sorts, had even suggested his tailor and confided into his sympathetic ears the reasons that had led her to seek a divorce. They would have been lost, Walter and his wife agreed, without their new friend.

What Mrs. MacLean did for Walter and Ethel Gardner, Doodles accomplished for Little Mary. Under her care the child's acquaintance now embraced every guest and employee of the hotel. Her new and stylish frocks and the support of a companion lent her self-confidence. When young ladies stopped to curl her hair about their fingers, telling her openly she was the sweetest tot in the hotel, she no longer hid her face, but answered their questions glibly. When men tossed her in their arms and drew her into conversation, her repartee won their laughter. Percy Nelson, the leading man in "Beauty and the Beast," to the admiration of a flock of girls, taught her a song, one idle Sunday afternoon, and put her on a cigar-stand to sing it. The amorous words on her innocent baby lips made everyone shout with laughter. Walter Gardner, to be sure, frowned when he heard of the publicity of the cigar-stand, but Little Mary caught him laughing at her rendition of

"You must acknowledge, at the very least,
If I am the beauty, you are the beast."

He saw no objection to his wife filling the box that Percy Nelson sent Little Mary for a matinée, and made a point of dropping in late himself to see his little girl's joy and excitement in the performance, though his view was somewhat restricted by the brim of Mrs. MacLean's dashing hat.

The pleasures of the theatre were so new to Little Mary that she actually had thought the extent of the entertainment was the sight of the curtain and had cried out in alarm when its glories suddenly rose upon the brilliancy of the stage. Mrs. MacLean made Walter laugh that night with her account of the child's surprise. "I suppose, of course, there *were* no theatres in Griggston," she said, as if Little Mary's education had been heretofore neglected.

After that the child went frequently to public performances, sometimes with Ethel, but oftener with admiring young ladies in the hotel. Ethel's engagements were so frequent that they had talked seriously of a nurse, but that meant, Little Mary knew, many restrictions, a separate elevator, and the servants' dining-room.

She wept so bitterly at the prospect that they compromised by having a chambermaid for occasional service. Indeed, Little Mary wept frequently. No one could imagine why. She cried when her sash was too small, pouted to wear certain dresses, teased for the candy on sale at the office, screamed for an hour when Ethel insisted on her wearing a coat.

When Ethel related these changes to her husband one night, he drew the child to his knee, saying, "She's sleepy, Ethel. I think seven o'clock is too late for a little girl to dine. Suppose after this you see she has something early; don't let her wait for me."

He kissed the flushed little cheeks, smoothing her hair with nervous fingers. "Put her to bed," he continued; "then we can dine with Mrs. MacLean and her friends, as she suggests. She's spoken to you of it, hasn't she?"

"Yes," Ethel said faintly, "and I told her we couldn't consider it. Think of how little we three are together already, Walter. You'll never see Little Mary at all, and you and I won't have time for a word of family affairs if we dine with those noisy people."

"I don't want to hear anything of family affairs," Walter said irritably. "I want to be amused; I'm all on edge." He put the child smartly on her feet and started for the dining-room.

"You hurt my hand," Little Mary bawled, as they entered the elevator. The tones of her parents' voices had startled her to new whimpering. She was so sleepy at the table that their faces became mere blurs; the rattle of Mrs. MacLean's tongue at a table nearby and her sudden gay laugh were all that kept her from complete unconsciousness. As it was, she kept awake until after the soup. This was the Gardners' last family dinner—next evening they accepted Mrs. MacLean's proposal to join her friends.

As a rule, after dinner this group of table companions came to the Gardners' sitting-room for cards. Little Mary, meanwhile, was asleep in the adjoining room. She responded unconsciously to the noise of elevators, the boys in the corridors with trays of tinkling glasses, and the laughter of the card-players in such close proximity, by tossing restlessly on her bed. Sometimes she cried out in her sleep, "Now you stop," in the fretful tone of waking hours. Sometimes she could not sleep at all and cried lustily. Upon such nights Ethel stole from her guests, turned on the light and gave the child a picture-book in the necessity of inducing silence. The book was painfully familiar, for in their crowded suite Little Mary had small place for toys. The few she possessed were kept high on the closet shelf.

Sometimes her mother would soothe her to sleep by merely smoothing her hands while kneeling by the bed. As the year advanced she used to slip to her child's side with greater frequency, certain of not being greatly missed in the other room. One night as she wrapped her arms lovingly around her child, Little Mary, weary of much promiscuous fondling, cried out sleepily, "Go away; leave me alone." And Ethel sharply whispered, "Oh, darling, you haven't turned against me, too," and knelt with her face in the pillow until she gathered composure to return to the outer room. The situation was working itself out to its inevitable conclusion.

Little Mary, all unconsciously, in the great circle of hotel life had ceased to attach any particular importance to the more intimate group of the family. Her old need of her parents the hotel largely supplied. When she drifted in to her meals, any one of the waiters brought her food; a ring of the bell summoned a chambermaid glad to assist her into a clean frock or with a toilette for the night. If her parents went out for the evening, she was not alone among so many.

Even her little dresses Mrs. MacLean ordered with Doodles's, and her taste everyone recognized as perfect. She was the prettiest lady in the hotel; everyone said so, even Walter Gardner, who had written it in a note which Doodles had not scrupled to read. If Little Mary wished a story, a dozen young ladies would tell her one. If she wished to play, any place was better than the narrow bounds of their rooms, where Ethel entertained, perforce, the ladies trailing from room to room. Little Mary always made her escape as soon as possible.

The great hotel offered endless diversion. If Mary and Doodles, whose liberty was absolute, tired of play, they called from room to room on the older people, sometimes consulting the register for new acquaintances. Each closed door was the entrance to either accustomed pleasures or possibilities of new delight. In one room a lady kept a jar of candied fruit; in another they were always offered afternoon tea; in still a third a severe little spinster kept a canary, and the children used to press close to his cage and pity the little fluttering life deprived of his natural heritage. Sometimes they planned to help him escape back to trees and flowers.

Some of the inmates of the rooms where the children boldly knocked did not make them very welcome. One lady, especially, upon whose obedient little daughter they sometimes shed the light of their presence, was decidedly cool. She never left the room during their visit, checking her Helen's every movement as if to give an example to her guests of watchful motherhood. "Helen, fingers," she would whisper sharply, "Helen, elbows down," in a voice so refined it had lost all natural timber. In her fear of hotel influences, Helen was never for an instant alone. An old nurse took the mother's place if she by chance was absent.

The children pitied Helen deeply. She fascinated them as the captive canary did. Her wan little face often peered out at them between the mother and nurse as she left them romping behind the cigar-stand. "Pert, badly reared children," they heard Helen's mother say as she passed. "Nurse, see that Helen has nothing to do with them."

A year passed by. Little Mary had grown taller and thinner and shed her first milk teeth. No one petted her any more, though she posed and pirouetted and bridled in her hunger for admiration. Other favourites, younger and more unconscious, had replaced her. One night when she pushed her way into a group about the piano and cried, "Don't sing so loud, no one can hear me," no laughter greeted her sally, as would have happened a year since. Instead, she heard repeatedly, "A spoiled, disagreeable child"; and once, "Neglected little thing. Isn't it dreadful the way her father carries on with Mrs. MacLean! They say the manager has asked for her rooms."

Little Mary's knowledge of life was like a forced plant, so that she had a fair understanding of these words. When Doodles and her mother left the hotel soon after she asked no questions. Nor was she openly more curious when evening after evening her father in his big French machine (Fortune had continued to prosper Walter Gardner) drove away for parts unknown, leaving Ethel white and dry-eyed in the luxury of their handsome suite. When Walter two months later removed to his club, a chambermaid informed Little Mary that her mother had sued for a divorce. Ethel, handicapped by the fineness of her instinct, which even two years of hotel life had not served to blunt entirely, had been playing a losing game almost from the first. Mrs. MacLean, with no such handicap, had made a nonchalant capture of her husband's affections.

The days that followed were days of acute misery for the child. Deprived of Doodles's society, avoided by many of the more carefully rear-

ed children, she stole about the long corridors, sensitively shrinking from the comments that greeted her appearance. Curled up in the great chairs in the huge echoing hotel parlours, under high electric lights, she devoured the novels which the boy at the cigar-stand let her take. The silence of their suite was intolerable. Her mother was always out, or was locked in her own room face downward on the bed.

One day during this dreary period of time, Little Mary learned from her friend at the news counter that there had been some kind of a failure and that her father had gone down in the crash. It was the subject of conversation everywhere that morning. The child, stealing awkwardly about from group to group, felt herself again the object of attention. One old gentleman had said carelessly in her hearing, "The best thing that ever happened to him. That vampire will let go fast enough now."

Little Mary, with some instinct of protection, rushed back to their rooms, where her mother ate her breakfast.

"Mother," she said, "everyone says father has lost all his money. Oh, mother, everyone is talking about us downstairs." The nervous child caught at her mother's hand convulsively.

"Mary!" the mother said. "Are you sure?"

The child nodded, trembling.

Her mother buried her face in her hands, but when she lifted it, it was rosy, almost smiling. "Oh, Mary," she cried, "I'm so glad, for father will come back. I know he will!"

For three days Little Mary ran directly back to the hotel from school and peeped expectantly into their room, but no father came. Once the man at the desk was there with papers, speaking gravely while her mother made some trembling plea.

It was on the fourth day that Little Mary found him there. He sat beside an elderly man on the sofa who, Mary divined, was her grandfather. In the inner room her mother and grandmother were busily packing. Mary kissed her grandparents indifferently; they seemed to her simply elderly people like many others in the hotel. She sat by the window trembling and crying, worn out from all the excitement. Suddenly her mother, whose face was bright and cheerful again, came to the door. She held up a little plaid dress. "Mary, do you remember this? I made it for her, Walter, to wear when you came home."

In some inexplicable way the funny, crude little dress drew them all close together, with all the tender memories it invoked. The man, remembering that night, his loyalty and tenderness for his wife and child, their adoring love and belief in him, raised his eyes contritely to Ethel's face. Her own, tender and forgiving and wet with tears, met his in silent vows for the future. Then they both looked at Little Mary, in one instant realizing what the years had done to her. Begin over as they would, something had gone forever of childish bloom and innocence. Her round, chubby face was thin and strained. Her look of innocent wonder, which she had turned upon the world, had gone forever. A sharp inquisitiveness had taken its place.

"Where are we going?" she asked pertly, noting their attention.

"Home," said the man gently, and even Little Mary, who had almost forgotten what it meant, was thrilled by the word.

From the Etching
by Dorothy Stevens

ST. JACQUES CATHEDRAL,
DIEPPE

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

BROOD OF THE WITCH QUEEN

BY SAX ROHMER

III.—THE MASK OF SET

THE exact manner in which mental stress will affect a man's physical health is often difficult to predict. Robert Cairn was in the pink of condition at the time that he left Oxford to take up his London appointment; but a tremendous nervous strain wrought upon him by a series of events wholly outside the radius of normal things had broken him up physically, where it might have left unscathed a more highly strung, though less physically vigorous man.

Those who have passed through a nerve storm such as this which had laid him low will know that convalescence seems like a welcome awakening from a dreadful dream. It was indeed in a state between awakening and dreaming that Robert Cairn took counsel with his father—the latter more pale than was his wont and somewhat anxious-eyed—and determined upon an Egyptian rest-cure.

"I have made it all right at the office, Rob," said Dr. Cairn. "In three weeks or so you will receive instructions at Cairo to write up a series of local articles. Until then, my boy, complete rest and—don't worry; above all, don't worry. You and I have passed through a saturnalia of horror, and you, less inured to horrors than I, have gone down. I don't wonder."

"Where is Antony Ferrara?"

Dr. Cairn shook his head and his eyes gleamed with a sudden anger. "For God's sake don't mention his name!" said he. "That topic is taboo, Rob. I may tell you, however, that he has left England."

In this unreal frame of mind, then, and as one but partly belonging to the world of things actual, Cairn found himself an invalid, who but yesterday had been a hale man; found himself shipped for Port Said; found himself entrained for Cairo; and with an awakening to the realities of life, an emerging from an ill-dream to lively interest in the novelties of Egypt, found himself following the red-jerseyed Shepheard's porter along the corridor of the train and out on to the platform.

A smart drive through those singular streets where East meets West and mingles, in the sudden, violet dusk of Lower Egypt, and he was amid the bustle of the popular hotel.

Sime was there, whom he had last seen at Oxford, Sime the phlegmatic. He apologised for not meeting the train but explained that his duties had rendered it impossible. Sime was attatched temporarily to an Archaeological expedition as medical man, and his athletic and somewhat bovine appearance contrasted oddly with the unhealthy gauntness of Cairn.

"I only got in from Wasta ten minutes ago, Cairn. You must come out to the camp when I return; the desert air will put you on your feet again in no time."

Sime was unemotional, but there was concern in his voice an in his glance, for the change in Cairn was very startling. Although he knew something, if very little, of certain happenings in London—gruesome happenings centering around the man called Antony Ferrara—he avoided any reference to them at the moment.

Seated upon the terrace, Robert Cairn studied the busy life in the street below with all the interest of a new arrival in the Capital of the Near East. More than ever, now, his illness and things which had led up to it seemed to belong to a remote dream existence. Through the railings at his feet a hawker was thrusting fly-whisks and imploring him in complicated English to purchase one. Vendors of beads, of factitous "antiques," of sweetmeats, of what-not; fortune-tellers—and all that chattering horde which some obscure process of gravitation seems to hurl against the terrace of Shepheard's buzzed about him. Carriages and motor cars, camels and donkeys mingled upon the highway. Voices American, voices Anglo-Saxon, guttural German tones and softly murmured Arabic merged into one indescribable chord of sound; but Robert Cairn was unspeakably restful. He was quite contented to sit there sipping his whiskey and soda and smoking his pipe. Sheer idleness was good for him and exactly what he wanted, and idling amid that unique throng is idleness *de luxe*.

Sime watched him covertly, and saw that his face had acquired lines—lines which told of the fires through which he had passed. Something, it was evident—something horrible—had seared his mind. Considering the many indications of tremendous nervous disaster in Cairn, Sime wondered how near his companion had come to insanity, and concluded that he had stood upon the frontiers of that grim land of phantoms, had only been plucked back in the eleventh hour.

Cairn turned around with a smile, from the group of hawkers who solicited his attention upon the pavement below.

"This is a delightful scene," he said. "I could sit here for hours; but considering that it's some time after sunset it remains unusually hot, doesn't it?"

"Rather!" replied Sime. "They are expecting *Khamsîn*—the hot wind, you know. I was up the river a week ago, and we struck it badly in Assouan. It grew as black as night and one couldu't breathe for sand. It's probably working down to Cairo."

"From your description I am not anxious to make the acquaintance of *Khamsîn!*"

Sime shook his head, knocking out his pipe into the ash-tray.

"This is a funny country," he said reflectively. "The most weird ideas prevail here to this day—ideas which properly belong to the middle ages. For instance"—he began to recharge the hot bowl—"it is not really time for *Khamsîn,* consequently the natives feel called upon to hunt up some explanation of its unexpected appearance. Their ideas on the subject are interesting, if idiotic. One of our Arabs (we are excavating in the Fayoum, you know) solemnly assured me yesterday that the hot wind was caused by an Efreet, as sort of Arabian Nights demon, who had arrived in Egypt!"

He laughed gruffly, but Cairn was staring at him with a curious expression. Sime continued:

"When I got to Cairo this evening, I found news of the Efreet had preceeded me. Honestly, Cairn, it is all over the town—the native town, I mean. All the shopkeepers in the Huski are talking about it. If a puff of *Khamsîn* should come, I believe they would permanently shut up shop and hide in their cellars—if they have any; I am rather hazy on modern Egyptian architecture."

Cairn nodded his head absently.

"You laugh," he said, "but the active force of a superstition—what we call a superstition—is sometimes a terrible thing."

Sime started.

"Eh!" The medical man had suddenly come uppermost; he recollected that this class of discussion was probably taboo.

"You may doubt the existence of Efreets," continued Cairn, "but neither you nor I can doubt the creative power of thought. If a trained hypnotist by sheer concentration can persuade his subject that the latter sits upon the brink of a river fishing when actually he sits upon a platform in a lecture-room, what result should you expect from a concentration of thousands of native minds upon the idea that an Efreet is visiting Egypt?"

Sime started in a dull way.

"Rather a poser," he said, "I have a glimmer of a notion what you mean—"

"Don't you think—"

"If you mean I don't think the result would be the creation of an Efreet, no, I don't!"

"I hardly mean that, either," replied Cairn; "but this wave of superstition cannot be entirely unproductive; all that thought energy directed to one point—"

Sime stood up.

"We shall get out of our depth," he replied conclusively. He considered the ground of discussion an unhealthy one; this was the territory adjoining that of insanity.

A fortune teller from India proffered his services incessantly.

"Imshi! imshi!" growled Sime.

"Hold on," said Cairn, smiling; "this chap is not an Egyptian; let us ask him if he has heard the rumour respecting the Efreet!"

Sime reseated himself rather unwillingy. The fortune-teller spread his little carpet and knelt down in order to read the palm of his hypothetical client, but Cairn waved him aside.

"I don't want my fortune told!" he said; "but I will give you your fee,"—with a smile at Sime,"for a few minutes' conversation."

"Yes sir, yes sir!" The Indian was all attention.

"Why"—Cairn pointed forensically at the fortune-teller—"Why is *Khamsîn* come so early this year?"

The Indian spread his hands, palms upward.

"How should I know?" he replied in his soft, melodious voice." I am not of Egypt; I can only say what is told to me by the Egyptians."

"And what is told to you?"

Sime rested his hands upon his knees, bending forward curiously. He was palpably anxious that Cairn should have confirmation of the Efreet story from the Indian.

"They tell me, sir,"—the man's voice sank musically low—"that a thing very evil—" he tapped a long brown finger upon his breast—"not as I am—" he tapped Sime upon the knee—"not as he your friend—" he thrust the long finger at Cairn—"not as you, sir; not a man at all, though something like a man! not having no father and mother—"

"You mean," suggested Sime, "a spirit?"

The fortune-teller shook his head.

"They tell me, sir, not a spirit—a man, but not as other men; a very, very bad man; one that the great king, long, long ago, the king you call Wise—"

"Solomon?" suggested Cairn.

"Yes, yes, Suleyman!—one that he when he banished all the tribe of the demons from the earth—one that he not found."

"One he overlooked?" jerked Sime.

"Yes, yes, overlook! A very evil man, my gentlemen. They tell me he has come to Egypt. He come not from the sea, but across the desert—"

"The Libyan Desert?" suggested Sime.

The man shook his head, seeking for words.

"The Arabian Desert?" said Sime.

"No, no! Away beyond, far up in Africa—" he waved his long arms dramatically, "far, far up beyond the Soudan—"

"The Sahara Desert?" proposed Sime.

"Yes, yes! it is the Sahara Desert! —come across the Sahara Desert, and is come to Khartoum—"

"How did he get there?" asked Cairn.

The Indian shrugged his shoulders.

"I cannot say, but next he come to Wady Halfa, then he is in Assouan, and from Assouan he come down to Luxor! Yesterday an Egyptian friend told me *Khamsîn* is in the Fayoum. Therefore *he* is there—the man of evil—for he bring the hot wind with him."

The Indian was growing impressive, and two American tourists stopped to listen to his words.

"To-night—to-morrow," he spoke now almost in a whisper, glancing about him as if apprehensive of being overheard—"he may be here in Cairo, bringing with him the scorching breath of the desert—the scorpion wind!"

He stood up, casting off the mystery with which he had invested his story, and smiling insinuatingly. His work was done; his fee was due. Sime rewarded him with five piastres, and he departed, bowing.

"You know, Sime—" Cairn began to speak, staring absently the while after the fortune-teller, as he descended the carpeted steps and rejoined the throng on the sidewalk below—"you know, if a man, anyone, could take advantage of such a wave of thought as this which is now sweeping through Egypt—if he could cause it to concentrate upon him, as it were, don't you think it would enable him to transcend the normal, to do phenomenal things?"

"By what process should you propose to make yourself such a focus?"

"I was speaking impersonally, Sime. It might be possible—"

"It might be possible to dress for dinner," snapped Sime, if we shut up talking nonsense! There's a carnival here to-night; great fun. Suppose we concentrate our brain-waves on another Scotch and soda?"

*

Above the palm trees swept the jewelled vault of Egypt's sky, and set amid the clustering leaves gleamed little red electric lamps; fairy lanterns outlined the winding paths and paper Japanese lamps hung dancing in long rows, whilst in the centre of the enchanted garden a fountain spurned diamond spray high in the air, to fall back coolly splashing into the marble home of the golden carp. The rustling of innumerable feet upon the sandy pathway and the ceaseless murmur of voices, with pealing laughter rising above all, could be heard amid the strains of the military band ensconced in a flower-covered arbour.

Into the brightly lighted places and back into the luminous shadows came and went fantastic forms. Sheikhs there were with flowing robes, dragomans who spoke no Arabic, Sûltans and priests of Ancient Egypt, going arm-in-arm. Dancing girls of old Thebes, and harêm ladies in silken trousers and high-heeled red shoes. Queens of Babylon and Cleopatras, many Geishas and desert Gypsies mingled, specks in a giant kaleidoscope. The thick carpet of confetti rustled to the tread; girls ran screaming before those who pursued them armed with handfuls of the tiny paper disks. Pipers of the Highland regiment marched piping through the throng, their Scottish kilts seeming wildly incongrous amid such a scene. Within the hotel, where the mosque lanterns glowed, one might catch a glimpse of the herds of dancers gliding shadowly.

"A trememdous crowd," said Sime, "considering it is nearly the end of the season."

Three silken ladies wearing gauzy

white yashmaks confronted Cairn and the speaker. A gleaming of jewelled fingers there was, and Cairn found himself half-choked with confetti which filled his eyes, his nose, his ears, and of which quite a liberal amount found access to his mouth. The three ladies of the yashmak ran screaming from their vengeance-seeking victims, Sime pursuing too, and Cairn hard upon the heels of the third. Amid this scene of riotous carnival all else was forgotten and only the madness, the infectious madness of the night, claimed his mind. In and out of the strangely attired groups darted his agile quarry, all but captured a score of times, but always eluding him.

Sime he was hopelessly lost, as around fountain and flower bed, arbour and palm trunk he leapt in pursuit of the elusive yashmak.

Then, in a shadowed corner of the garden, he trapped her. Plunging his hand into the bag of confetti, which he carried, he leapt, exulting, to his revenge, when a sudden gust of wind passed sibilantly through the palm tops, and glancing upward, Cairn saw that the blue sky was overcast and the stars gleaming dimly, through a veil. That moment of hesitancy proved fatal to his project, for with a little excited scream, the girl dived under his outstretched arm and fled back towards the fountain. He turned to pursue again, when a second puff of wind, stronger than the first, set waving the palm fronds and showered dry leaves upon the confetti carpet of the garden. The band played loudly, and the murmur of conversation rose to something like a roar, but above it whistled the increasing breeze, and there was a sort of grittiness in the air.

Then, proclaimed by a furious lashing of the fronds above, burst the wind in all its fury. It seemed to beat down into the garden in waves of heat. Huge leaves began to fall from the tree tops and the mast-like trunks bent before the fury from the desert. The atmosphere grew hazy with impalpable dust; and the stars were wholly obscured.

Commenced a stampede from the garden. Shrill with fear, rose a woman's scream from the heart of the throng:

"A scorpion! a scorpion!"

Panic threatened, but fortunately the doors were wide, so that, without disaster, the whole fantastic company passed into the hotel; and even the military band retired.

Cairn perceived that he alone remained in the garden, and glancing along the path in the direction of the fountain, he saw a blotchy drab creature, fully four inches in length, running zigzag towards him. It was a huge scorpion; but, even as he leapt forward to crush it, it turned and crept in amid the tangle of flowers beside the path, where it was lost from view.

The scorching wind grew momentarily fiercer, and Cairn, entering behind a few straggling revellers, found something ominous and dreadful in its sudden fury. At the threshold, he turned and looked back upon the gaily lighted garden. The paper lamps were thrashing in the wind, many extinguished; others were in flames; a number of electric globes fell from their fastenings amid the palm tops, and burst bomb-like upon the ground. The pleasure garden was now a battlefield, beset with dangers, and he fully appreciated the anxiety of the company to get within doors. Where chrysanthemum and yashmak, turban and tarboosh, wracus and Indian plume had mingled gaily, no soul remained; but yet—he was in error——someone did remain.

As if embodying the fear that in a few short minutes had emptied the garden, out beneath the waving lanterns, the flying débris, the whirling dust, pacing sombrely from shadow to light, and to shadow again, advancing towards the hotel steps,

came the figure of one sandalled, and wearing the short white tunic of Ancient Egypt. His arms were bare, and he carried a long staff; but rising hideously upon his shoulders was a crocodile mask, which seemed to grin —the mask of Set, Set the Destroyer, God of the underworld.

Cairn, alone of the crowd, saw the strange figure, for the reason that Cairn alone faced towards the garden. The gruesome mask seemed to fascinate him; he could not take his gaze from that weird advancing god; he felt impelled hypnotically to stare at the gleaming eyes set in the saurian head. The mask was at the foot of the steps, and still Cairn stood rigid. When as the sandalled foot was set upon the first step, a breeze, dust-laden, and hot as from a furnace door, blew fully into the hotel, almost blinding him.

A chorus rose from the crowd at his back; and many voices cried out for the doors to be shut. Someone tapped him on the shoulder, and spun him about.

"By God!"—it was Sime who now had him by the arm—"*Khamsîn* has come with a vengeance! They tell me that they have never had anything like it!"

The native servants were closing and fastening the doors. The night was now as black as Erebus, and the wind howling about the building with the voices of a million lost souls. Cairn glanced back across his shoulder. Men were drawing heavy curtains quickly across the doors and windows.

"They have shut him out, Sime!" he said.

Sime stared in his dull fashion.

"You surely saw him," persisted Cairn irritably; "the man in the mask of Set—he was coming in just behind me."

Sime strode forward, pulled the curtains aside, and peered out into the deserted garden.

"Not a soul, old man," he declared. "You must have seen the Efreet."

This sudden and appalling change of weather had sadly affected the mood of the gathering. That part of the carnival planned to take place in the garden was perforce abandoned, together with the firework display. A half-hearted attempt was made at dancing, but the howling of the wind, and the ominpresent dust, perpetually reminded the pleasure-seekers that *Khamsîn* raged without —raged with a violence unparalleled in the experience of the oldest residents. This was a full-fledged sandstorm, a terror of the Sahara descended upon Cairo.

But there were few departures, although many of the visitors who had a long distance to go, especially those from Mena House, discussed the advisability of leaving before this unique storm should have grown even worse. The general tendency, though, was markedly gregarious; safety seemed to be with the crowd, amid the gaiety, where music and laughter were, rather than in the sand-swept streets.

"Guess we've outstayed our welcome!" confided an American lady to Sime. "Egypt wants to drive us all home now."

"Possibly," he replied with a smile. "The season has run very late this year, and so this sort of thing is more or less to be expected." He tapped with his fingers on the table.

The orchestra struck up a lively one-step, and a few of the more enthusiastic dancers accepted the invitation, but the bulk of the company thronged around the edge of the floor, acting as spectators.

Cairn and Sime wedged a way through the heterogeneous crowd to the American Bar.

"I prescribe a 'tango,'" said Sime.

"A tango is—?" asked Cairn, rubbing his eyes.

"A tango," explained Sime, is a new kind of cocktail sacred to this buffet. Try it. It will either kill you or cure you."

Cairn smiled rather wanly.

"I must confess that I need bucking up a bit," he said; "that confounded sand seems to have got me by the throat."

Sime briskly gave his orders to the bar attendant.

"You know," pursued Cairn, "I cannot get out of my head the idea that there was someone wearing a crocodile mask in the garden a while ago."

"Look here," growled Sime, studying the operations of the cocktail manufacturer, "suppose there were—what about it?"

"Well, it's odd that nobody else saw him."

"I suppose it hasn't occurred to you that the fellow might have removed his mask?"

Cairn shook his head slowly.

"I don't think so," he declared; "I haven't seen him anywhere in the hotel."

"Seen him—" Sime turned his dull gaze upon the speaker—"How should you know him?"

Cairn raised his hand to his forehead in an oddly helpless way.

"No, of course not—it's very extraordinary."

They took their seats at a small table, and in mutual silence loaded their pipes. Sime, in common with many young and enthusiastic medical men, had theories—theories of that revolutionary sort which only harsh experience can shatter. Secretly he was disposed to ascribe all the ills which flesh is heir to, primarily to a disordered nervous system. It was evident that Cairn's mind persistently ran along a particular grove; something lay back of all this erratic talk; he had clearly invested the Mask of Set with a curious individuality.

"I gather that you had a stiff bout of it in London?" Sime said suddenly.

Cairn nodded.

"Beastly stiff. There is a lot of sound reason in your nervous theory, Sime. It was touch and go with me for days, I am told; yet, pathologically, I was a hale man. That would seem to show how nerves can kill. Just a series of shocks—horrors—one piled upon another, did as much for me as influenza, pneumonia and two or three other ailments together could have done."

Sime shook his head wisely; this was in accordance with his ideas.

"You know Antony Ferrara?" continued Cairn, "Well, he has done this for me. His damnable practices are worse than any disease. Sime, the man is a pestilence! Although the law cannot touch him, although no jury can convict him—he is a murderer. He controls—forces—"

Sime was watching him intently.

"It will give you some idea, Sime, of the pitch to which things had come, when I tell you that my father drove to Ferrara's rooms one night, with a loaded revolver in his pocket—"

"For"—Sime hesitated—"for protection?"

"No." Cairn leaned forward across the table—"to shoot him, Sime, shoot him on sight, as one shoots a mad dog!"

"Are you serious?"

"As God is my witness, if Antony Ferrara had been in his rooms that night, my father would have killed him!"

"It would have been a shocking scandal."

"It would have been a martyrdom. The man who removes Antony Ferrara from the earth will be doing mankind a service worthy of the highest reward. He is unfit to live. Sometimes I cannot believe that he does live; I expect to wake up and find that he was a figure of a particularly evil dream."

"This incident—the call at his rooms—occurred just before your illness?"

"The thing which he attempted that night was the last straw, Sime; it broke me down. From the time that he left Oxford, Antony Ferrara has pursued a deliberate course of crime, of crime so cunning, so un-

usual, and based upon such amazing and unholy knowledge that no breath of suspicion has touched him. Sime, you remember a girl I told you about at Oxford one evening, a girl who came to visit him?"

Sime nodded slowly.

"Well—he killed her! Oh! there is no doubt about it; I saw her body in the hospital."

"*How* had he killed her, then?"

"How? Only he and God who permits him to exist can answer that, Sime. He killed her without coming anywhere near her—and he killed his adoptive father, Sir Michael Ferrara, by the same unholy means!"

Sime watched him, but offered no comment.

"It was hushed up, of course; there is no existing law which could be used against him."

"*Existing* law?"

"They are ruled out, Sime, the laws that *could* have reached him; but he would have been burned at stake in the middle ages!"

"I see." Sime drummed his fingers upon the table. "You had those ideas about him at Oxford; and does Dr. Cairn seriously believe the same?"

"He does. So would you—you could not doubt it, Sime, not for a moment, if you had seen what we have seen!" His eyes blazed with sudden fury, suggestive of his old, robust self—"He tried night after night, by means of the same accursed hypnotic sorcery which everyone thought buried in the ruins of Thebes, to kill *me!* He projected—things—,,

"Suggested these—things, to your mind?"

"Something like that. I saw, or thought I saw, and smelt—pah!—I seem to smell them now!—beetles, mummy beetles, you know, from the skull of a mummy! My rooms were thick with them. It brought me very near bedlam, Sime. Oh! it was not merely imaginary. My father and I caught him red-handed." He glanced across at the other. "You read of the death of Lord Lashmore? —It was just after you came out."

"Yes—heart."

"It was his heart, yes—but Ferrara was responsible! That was the business which led my father to drive to Ferrara's rooms with a loaded revolver in his pocket."

The wind was shaking the windows, and whistling about the building with demoniacal fury as if seeking admission; the band played a popular waltz; and in and out of the open doors came and went groups representative of many ages and many nationalities.

"Ferrara," began Sime slowly," was always a detestable man, with his sleek black hair and ivory face. Those long eyes of his had an expression which always tempted me to hit him. Sir Michael, if what you say is true—and after all, Cairn, it only goes to show how little we know of the nervous system—literally took a viper to his bosom."

"He did. Antony Ferrara was his adopted son, of course; God knows to what evil brood he really belongs."

Both were silent for a while. Then:

"Gracious heavens!"

Cairn started to his feet so wildly as almost to upset the table.

"Look, Sime! look!" he cried.

Sime was not the only man in the bar to hear and to heed his words. Sime, looking in the direction indicated by Cairn's extended finger, received a vague impression that a grotesque, long-headed figure had appeared momentarily in the doorway opening upon the room where the dancers were; then it was gone again, if it had ever been there, and he was supporting Cairn, who swayed dizzily, and had become ghastly pale. Sime imagined that the heated air had grown suddenly even more heated. Curious eyes were turned upon his companion, who now sank back into his chair, muttering:

"The Mask. the Mask!"

"I think I saw the chap who seems

to worry you so much," said Sime soothingly. "Wait here; I will tell the waiter to bring you a dose of brandy; and whatever you do, don't get excited."

He made for the door, pausing and giving an order to a waiter on his way, and pushed into the crowd outside. It was long past midnight, and the gaiety, which had been resumed, seemed of a forced and feverish sort. Some of the visitors were leaving, and a breath of hot wind swept in from the open doors.

A pretty girl, wearing a yashmak, who, with two similarly attired companions, was making her way to the entrance, attracted his attention; she seemed to be on the point of swooning. He recognized the trio for the same that had pelted Cairn and himself with confetti earlier in the evening.

"The sudden heat has affected your friend," he said, stepping to them, "My name is Dr. Sime; may I offer you my assistance?"

The offer was accepted, and with the three he passed out on to the terrace, where the dust grated beneath the tread, and helped the fainting girl into a conveyance. The night was thunderously black, the heat almost insufferable, and the tall palms in front of the hotel bowed before the might of the scorching wind.

As the vehicle drove off, Sime stood for a moment looking after it. His face was very grave, for there was a look in the bright eyes of the girl in the yashmak, which, professionally, he did not like. Turning up the steps, he learned from the manager that several visitors had succumbed to the heat. There was something furtive in the manner of his informant's glance, and Sime looked at him significantly.

Khamsîn brings clouds of septic dust with it," he said. "Let us hope that these attacks are due to nothing more than the unexpected rise in the temperature."

An air of uneasiness prevailed now throughout the hotel. The wind had considerably abated, and crowds were leaving, pouring from the steps into the deserted street, a dreamlike company.

Colonel Royland took Sime aside, as the latter was making his way back to the buffet. The colonel, whose regiment was stationed at the Citadel, had known Sime almost from childhood.

"You know, my boy," he said, "I should never have allowed Eileen" (his daughter) "to remain in Cairo, if I had foreseen this change in the weather. The infernal wind, coming right through the native town is loaded with infection."

"Has it affected her, then?" asked Sime anxiously.

"She nearly fainted in the ballroom," replied the colonel. "Her mother took her home half an hour ago. I looked for you everywhere, but I couldn't find you."

"Quite a number have succumbed," said Sime.

"Eileen seemed to be slightly hysterical," continued the colonel. "She persisted that someone wearing a crocodile mask had been standing beside her at the moment that she was taken ill."

Sime started; perhaps Cairn's story was not a matter of imagination after all.

"There is someone here, dressed like that, I believe," he replied, with affected carelessness. "He seems to have frightened several people. Any idea who he is?"

"My dear chap!" said the colonel, "I have been searching the place for him! but I have never once set eyes upon him. I was about to ask if *you* knew anything about it!"

Sime returned to the table where Cairn was sitting. The latter seemed to have recovered somewhat; but he looked far from well. Sime stared at him critically.

"I should turn in," he said, "if I were you. *Khamsîn* is playing the deuce with people. I only hope it

does not justify its name and blow for fifty days."

"Have you seen the man in the mask?" asked Cairn.

No," replied Sime, "but he's here alright; others have seen him."

Cairn stood up rather unsteadily, and with Sime made his way through the moving crowd to the stairs. The band was still playing, but the cloud of gloom which had settled upon the place refused to be dissipated.

"Good-night, Cairn," said Sime; see you in the morning."

*

Robert Cairn, with aching head and a growing sensation of nausea, paused on the landing, looking down into the court below. He could not disguise from himself that he felt ill, not nervously ill as he felt in London, but physically sick. This superheated air was difficult to breathe; it seemed to rise in waves from below.

Then, from a weary glancing at the figures beneath him, his attitude changed to one of tense watching.

A man, wearing the crocodile mast of Set, stood by a huge urn looking up to the landing!

Cairn's weakness left him, and in its place came an indescribable anger, a longing to drive his fist into that grinning mask. He turned and ran lightly down the stairs, conscious of a sudden glow of energy. Reaching the floor, he saw the mask making across the hall, in the direction of the outer door. As rapidly as possible, for he could not run, without attracting undesirable attention, Cairn followed. The figure of Set passed out on to the terrace, but when Cairn in turn swung the door, his quarry had vanished.

Then in a vehicle just driving off he detected the hideous mask. Hatless as he was, he ran down the steps and threw himself into another. The carriage-controller was in attendance, and Cairn rapidly told him to instruct the driver to follow the one which had just then left. The man lashed up his horses, turned the carriage, and went galloping on after the retreating figure. Past the Esbekîya Gardens they went, through several narrow streets, and on to the quarter of the Muski. Time after time he thought he had lost the carriage ahead, but his own driver's knowledge of the tortuous streets enabled him always to overtake it again. They went rocking along lanes so narrow that with outstretched arms one could almost have touched the walls on either side; past empty shops and unlighted houses. Cairn had not the remotest idea of his whereabouts; save that he was evidently in the district of the bazaars. A right-angled corner was abruptly rounded—and there, ahead of him, stood the pursued vehicle! The driver was turning his horses around, to return; his fare was disappearing from sight into the black shadows of a narrow alley on the left.

Cairn leapt from the carriage, shouting to the man to wait, and went dashing down the sloping lane after the retreating figure. A sort of blind fury possessed him, but he never paused to analyse it, never asked himself by what right he pursued this man, what wrong the latter had done him. His action was wholly unreasoning; he knew that he wished to overtake the wearer of the mask and to tear it from his head; upon that he acted!

He discovered that despite the tropical heat of the night, he was shuddering with cold, but he disregarded this circumstance, and ran on.

The pursued stopped before an iron-studded door, which instantly was opened; he entered as the runner came up with him. And, before the door could be reclosed—Cairn thrust his way in.

Blackness, utter blackness, was before him. The figure which he had pursued seemed to have been swallowed up. He stumbled on, gropingly, hands outstretched, then fell—fell, as

he realized in the moment of falling, down a short flight of stone steps.

Still amid utter blackness, he got to his feet, shaken but otherwise unhurt by his fall. He turned about, expecting to see some glimmer of light from the stairway, but the blackness was unbroken. Silence and gloom held him in. He stood for a moment, listening, intently.

A shaft of light pierced the darkness, as a shutter was thrown open. Through an iron-barred window the light shone; and with the light came a breath of stifling perfume. That perfume carried his imagination back instantly to a room at Oxford, and he advanced and looked through into the place beyond. He drew a swift breath, clutched the bars, and was silent—stricken speechless.

He looked into a large and lofty room, lighted by several hanging lamps. It had a carpeted divan at one end and was otherwise scantily furnished, in the Eastern manner. A silver incense-burner smoked upon a large praying-carpet and by it stood the man in the crocodile mask. An Arab girl, fantastically attired, who had evidently just opened the shutters, was now helping him to remove the hideous head-dress.

She presently untied the last of the fastenings and lifted the thing from the man's shoulders, moving away with the gliding step of the Oriental and leaving him standing there in his short white tunic, bare-legged and sandalled.

The smoke of the incense curled upward and played around the straight, slim figure, drew vaporous lines about the still, ivory face—the handsome, sinister face, sometimes partly veiling the long black eyes and sometimes showing them in all their unnatural brightness. So the man stood, looking towards the barred window.

It was Antony Ferrara!

"Ah, dear Cairn—" the husky, musical voice smote upon Cairn's ears as the most hated sound in nature—"you have followed me. Not content with driving me from London, you have also rendered Cairo—my dear Cairo—untenable for me."

Cairn clutched the bars but was silent.

"How wrong of you, Cairn!" the soft voice mocked, "this attention is so harmful—to you. Do you know, Cairn, the Soudanese formed the extraordinary opinion that I was an *efreet,* and this strange reputation has followed me, followed right down the Nile. Your father, my dear friend, has studied these odd matters, and he could tell you that there is no power, in Nature, higher than the human will. Actually, Cairn, they have ascribed to me the direction of the *Khamsîn,* and so many worthy Egyptians have made up their minds that I travel with the storm—or that the storm follows me—that something of the kind has really come to pass! Or is it merely coincidence, Cairn? Who can say?"

Motionless, immobile, save for a slow smile, Antony Ferrara stood, and Cairn kept his eyes upon the evil face, and with trembling hands clutched the bars.

"It is certainly odd, is it not," resumed the taunting voice, "that *Khamsîn,* so violent, too should thus descend upon the Cairene season? I only arrived from the Fayoum this evening, Cairn, and, do you know, they have the pestilence there! I trust the hot wind does not carry it to Cairo; there are so many distinguished European and American visitors here; it would be a thousand pities!"

Cairn released his grip of the bars, raised his clenched fists above his head, and in a voice and with a maniacal fury that were neither his own, cursed the man that stood there mocking him. Then he reeled, fell, and remembered no more.

*

"All right, old man—you'll do quite nicely now."

It was Sime speaking.

Cairn struggled upright.....and found himself in bed! Sime was seated beside him.

"Don't talk!" said Sime, "you're in hospital! I'll do the talking; you listen. I saw you bolt out of Shepheard's last night—shut up! I followed, but lost you. We got up a search party, and with the aid of the man who had driven you, ran you to earth in a dirty alley behind the mosque of El-Azhar. Four kindly mendicants, who reside upon the steps of the establishment, had been awakened by your blundering in among them. They were holding you—yes, you were raving pretty badly. You are a lucky man, Cairn. You were inoculated before you left home?"

Cairn nodded weakly.

"Saved you. Be all right in a couple of days. That damned *Khamsîn* has brought a whiff of the plague from somewhere! Curiously enough, over fifty per cent. of the cases spotted so far are people who were at the carnival! Some of them, Cairn —but we won't discuss that now. I was afraid of it, last night. That's why I kept my eye on you. My boy, you were *delirious* when you bolted out of the hotel!"

"Was I?" said Cairn weakly, and lay back on the pillow. "Perhaps I was."

The next story in this series will reveal further and even more mysterious powers controlled by Antony Ferrara.

THE COMPENSATION

BY MARGARET BELL

OLD ARCHIBALD carried the mail from train to post-office and post-office to train, three times a day. There was nothing very interesting about him, except that his horse never felt harness on its back, till it had tasted its morning hay. He jogged along the streets of Lawton and hummed a bit of song. Nobody paid the slightest attention to him, except perhaps a small boy, now and then, who wanted a ride to the station. Sometimes when the postmaster opened the bags a few letters would drop out, and he could see the handwriting. And he would think of some little story that might be connected with each. If the writing was in a clear, bold hand, it might have a bill in it or a cheque from some son in the city. Or there might be a black-bordered envelope. Archibald did not like to see these, for he could never forget the one that told him of Elizabeth's death. She had left old Archibald's cottage, one night, with the drummer who sold cigars to Bill Murphy for his saloon. The other Elizabeth had worried, till she had gradually faded from sight, and they had put her to rest under the maples in the little churchyard.

Since then old Archibald had lived alone in the little cottage, with the old mongrel, Pat, who trotted soberly along behind the mail-cart. Nobody ever mentioned John to him. He had left the village almost twenty years before, just after his nineteenth birthday.

Old Archibald sometimes wondered how it came that he was unfortunate with his children. But he tended his garden and went humming along the streets, and nobody ever guessed the sorrow that was in his heart. He was an imaginative old man. The autumn was his favourite season. Most people called it melancholy, but to Archibald the songs and the crickets and tardy birds were messages of hope in a springtime to come. He liked to think that the trees were hiding tiny bits of leaf to send out, the next April or May, and that deep down below the fading grass-blades little flower-buds were forming. Perhaps, too, he loved the autumn best, because it was then that he had brought Elizabeth to the little cottage where the honeysuckle twined. And it was there that the two children were born. And it was from there that they had gone forth into the world. Elizabeth came back in a shroud, with a black covering around her. John had not yet returned.

One would think the sorrow and happiness in the memories of the cottage were equal. But Archibald was optimistic, and looked always on the happy side. The honeysuckle still bloomed, and the vegetable garden in the backyard was as neat as it had been, forty years ago, when first he tended it.

One day Archibald noticed a stranger get off the train. He must have been in his late thirties, but he had a light, elastic step. His face was browned by the summer sun, and his smile was as warm as it. He helped Archibald with the mail-bags, and called him uncle. The old man was

happy. He heard a few whisperings go around the little crowd at the station, which said that old Archibald's son John had come back again. It was twenty years since he had seen him, so it might be he. He put the bags in his wagon and drove slowly up to the post-office. Pat trotted indolently behind, and one or two kiddies teased him with stones. The stranger looked after his baggage and walked uptown. Old Archibald found himself wondering what he would do, if John really had come back. It was so long now, he had almost given up all hope. But he could never keep from peeping into the letters, just to see if that one-time scrawly handwriting were not there.

He saw the stranger turn into the hotel across from the post-office. The thought that it was John kept thrusting itself on him, so that he could not put it away. He had come back to surprise him, had recognized him at the station, and now wanted to see how long he could keep his old father in ignorance. Old Archibald laughed to himself at the thought, and slapped the reins over old Dan's back.

People came to the doors of their shops to see the old mail-carrier's horse actually trotting down the street. It was an unusual sight. And the kiddies who threw stones at Pat stopped for a moment.

All the time Archibald was unloading the mail he kept one eye on the hotel. Perhaps John would come across the street and say something more to him. The postmaster could not understand his happiness, but he knew he was in a more talkative humour than usual. He made this the excuse for detailed comment on all the letters that came.

"Letter for old Spinster Wilson. I wonder who can be sending her one? Surely she can't have a beau in the city."

And a sly twinkle came into Archibald's eyes. Perhaps John had written her that he was coming home. She used to give him sweets when he was a little chap. And he took the letter with trembling hands and looked at the writing. No, it was not as John used to write, but no doubt he had improved a great deal in such a long time. He could scarcely keep from going into the hotel, to ask for the stranger. He could not remember when he had been so happy and excited.

He finished with the mail and turned toward home. There were many things to be done, if John were coming. There was the kitchen to be made neat and the vegetables to gather for supper. He imagined he could see John in the old kitchen, before the stove, frying eggs or making toast. Even old Dan seemed to know that something unusual was in the air. He pricked up his ears quite coltishly, and switched his tail, as if impatient to help. Old Archibald washed the dishes and dug some potatoes. He snipped a few bits off the honeysuckle, so that it would not hang too low for John to walk under. And he swept the kitchen, and opened the window of John's old room.

Dan cropped grass around the yard, and Pat lay blinking lazily in the sun. It was almost time to go for the next mail. He wanted to have the house neat and clean, so that if John came when he was at the station, he would find the old home waiting for him.

But he was not there when Archibald and Dan came back from the post-office. A slight disappointment showed itself on the old man's face, but he unhitched Dan for the night and put the kettle on to boil. He ate his supper, threw a bone to Pat, and sat down on the step to wait. The birds sang all round him, and the crickets chirped. By and by tiny stars began to twinkle down through the maple tops, and glow worms flickered here and there.

Archibald looked up suddenly. He could hear footsteps coming toward him. It must be John. But it was not. Someone came through the gate

and up to the steps, someone with a yellow envelope in his hand. Archibald had never received a telegram. He opened it, with poor, trembling hands, and put on his spectacles.

"Your son killed in wreck, on way to see you," was what he read.

The messenger stood a moment or two, and heard the reply that old Archibald made to the telegram.

"He was coming back, he was coming back!"

Later that night, on his way home, the messenger walked up the path to see the old man. But he saw only the form, sitting cold in the chair, the fingers clutching the bit of yellow paper.

THE DREAM

(To an Old Englishman)

BY NINA RANDALL

HOME is to him a clinging memory—
He dreams, while sleeping in his chair, that he
Down flings himself to kiss the blessed sod
That dearer seems to him than aught, save God.
Forgotten are all later loves and vows,
He plucks a primrose 'neath the greening boughs,
Or sits 'mid bluebells on a grassy knoll
And harkens to the old, old church bell toll,
"Ding-dong." How many a tale from days of yore!
Those wonderful enchanted days before
Adventure led him far by land and sea!
How strong were then his arms, how full his heart of glee!
And now his youth seems wafted back again,
From hedges in a hawthorne-blossomed lane;
And the same roses bloom, and welcome give
Back to the sheltering walls where he did live.
He thrills with joy at sound of skylark's song,
Gazes, until the tiny speck among
The clouds is lost, and when it disappears
He wakes, to find his lashes wet with tears.

THE
MADONNA DEL GRANDUCA

IT would be almost impossible at this late period for Canada to possess a national collection of old masters, for paintings by men like Raphael, Titian, da Vinci, or del Sarto sell, when sold at all, at fabulous prices. Still, there is at least one Raphael in Canada, the great master of the Italian Renaissance being represented in the private collection of the late James Ross, of Montreal. But while there is not in private or public collections in Canada any fair representation of the early painters, an effort is being made to introduce accredited facsimiles of some of the finest examples extant. These facsimiles are the work of serious painters, one of them, for instance, Signor M. Bansi, of Florence, a medalist of the Beaux Arts, and examples are being shown in Toronto by M'lle C. Léhnard. The object is to present frank and faithful copies of the originals, and not to offer at ridiculous prices "faked" pictures that are claimed to be the real work of the old masters.

This accompanying reproduction of Raphael's Madonna del Granduca is from a photograph of the original, but it is possible to procure facsimiles of it bearing the stamp of the Pitti Palace, in Florence, where the original hangs, facsimiles that are remarkable for their fidelity in line and colour. The painting itself formerly belonged to the Grand Duke Ferdinando II. It is known also as the Madonna del Viaggio, because Ferdinand III. carried it with him wherever he went. It is said to be the first picture that Raphael painted when he first went to Florence, in 1504, after leaving the school of Perugino. He was then twenty-one years old. For one so young the picture reveals marvellous qualities. The ideal proportion between mother and child seems to be attained, and great technical excellence is shown in the brilliance that overspreads the regular oval of the Virgin's face, which makes a splendid contrast to the dark green background of the panel. With what ease the boy sits on the Virgin's hands! How well expressed is the feeling of sympathy between mother and child! But the picture is captivating chiefly because of the half-concealed beauty of the Madonna, who, scarcely daring to raise her eyes, rejoices over the child with tender bashfulness. This is one of Raphael's most beautiful madonnas, and one of the jewels of the Pitti gallery.

From the Painting by Raphael
in the Pitti Gallery, Florence

THE MADONNA DEL GRANDUCA

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

HER BARE FOOT

BY WILLIAM C. HUDSON

REMEMBER! Her bare foot" These words were whispered into my ear one night last winter, at the close of a performance, as I was pressing through the lobby of the Empire Theater, in New York.

Startled, I impulsively turned to the left, from which side they seemed to come. A tall, elderly gentleman was at my shoulder, but he was talking animatedly to the lady on his arm. He could not have been the whisperer.

Behind me was a bevy of young girls chattering like magpies, under the convoy of a sedate matron. It could not have been either of these.

On my immediate right, an ex-mayor of the city and a celebrated lawyer discussed the play. Certainly it was neither of these.

I was puzzled and annoyed. In the tone of the whisper there was warning, and another quality—what? That I could not determine, yet it incited me to quarrel with somebody; but on looking about I could find no eligible person to quarrel with.

From the theatre I went for my midnight chop and mug of ale. The mysterious incident lingered with me. I could not dismiss it. Whose bare foot? What about it? Why should I remember it? Answers were not forthcoming. Within my knowledge was nothing to which the whispered words could have relation. Vexed with myself that I should give so much heed to the incident and permit it to spoil the enjoyment of my meal, I left the chop-house in a temper with myself. Before doing so, I transferred my latch-key from a pocket of my trousers to one in my top coat, for the night was cold, and I protected myself against delay and the opening of my coat at the street door.

During my walk home it seemed to me that everybody that passed, even the cab horses, whispered those irritating words to me. I am quite certain that at Thirty-third Street, Horace Greeley bent down from his granite perch to do so, and I know I detected in his stony eyes a leer—a malicious leer.

When, on reaching my street door, I put my hand into my pocket for my latch-key, I felt a slip of paper. I took it out with the key. Under the dimly burning hall light I examined it; on it was written in a hand with which I was not familiar:

"Remember! Her bare foot! Be prepared!"

I was shocked. Hurrying to my room, I studied the slip.

The writing was that of a man of education and one accustomed to the use of the pen—this the slip indicated and nothing more, except that it proved that the whisper in the theatre lobby was not a trick of the imagination, as I had been trying to persuade myself.

Mystified, I went to bed, but to an uneasy and dream-haunted sleep, in which bare feet of all sizes and shapes floated in the air, twinkled their pink toes, or winked or grinned, or leered at me, while one persistent foot planted itself on my chest to inform me

that it had knowledge of all my peccadillos.

The morning found me nervous and unrefreshed. However, had it not been for the indubitable evidence of the slip of paper lying on my table, I think I might have dismissed the incident as an effect of disordered imagination. But there it was to tell its tale.

That morning I had an appointment with Chester Williams, a kindred soul in a hobby of mine—amateur photography—and who, beginning as an amateur and ending as a professional, had opened rooms which he called a "studio," having a high regard for his art. Here I was accustomed to spend much time in experiment, to his profit and my pleasure.

As I entered the studio, Williams handed me a letter.

"Found it on the floor," he said briefly.

Taking the letter, I glanced at the address and started visibly. I was familiar with the writing now, at least. There was no doubt about the address:

"Charles Haswell, Esq., care of Mr. Chester Williams, Present."

I tore off the envelope; the same kind of a slip of paper as I had found in my pocket. On it was written:

"Remember; Her bare foot! Be prepared! Do not leave town."

I was dumfounded. None of my correspondents and few of my friends knew of visits to Williams's studio. Who was this mysterious person who was whispering warnings and writing imploring memoranda to me to remember somebody's bare foot?

I handed the slip to Williams.

"What does it mean?" he asked.

"That's what I want to know," I replied.

I told him the story of the previous evening. Chester is a cheerful and optimistic youth.

"Pah!" he said with a wave of the hand. "Some of your friends are constructing an elaborate joke."

Then he drove the matter from my mind by a proposition well according with my fancy. He had received an extensive order for a series of views in another state, and he proposed that in his absence, a fortnight or more, I should conduct his studio.

"I doubt if you will have much to do," he said. "The damsel who wants to be 'took beautiful' is not much in evidence here. If she does put in an appearance, you will have a chance to spoil some plates and exploit your theories on the art of posing."

I yielded without urging, and as we parted at evening he said:

"I don't know that I have anything to say, except to advise you to sit on that boy of mine every ten minutes—for your own sake, you know—and to beware of the fascinations of the young 'saleslady' who has dubbed herself the 'cashier' of the establishment."

On my way home I stopped at the tobacconist's where I buy my cigars.

"A boy left this for you, Mr. Haswell," said the man of tobacco, handing me a letter.

The same writing—the same slip of paper.

"Remember! Her bare foot! Postponed! Await further notice."

By this time surprise had given way to anger. I tore the slip into bits. Moreover, it was depressing—the persistency with which I was followed by these notes, and the knowledge evinced by this man in the dark, of my habits and customs. It was positively weird and uncanny.

After this the notes ceased, for awhile at least, and I was free to devote myself with undisturbed mind to Williams's studio. His predictions were verified; there was little to do, and I made sad havoc among his chemicals and materials in my experiments.

Several days had passed very pleasantly, and I had almost forgotten the affair of the whisper, when the cashier came to me in the camera room.

She was in a condition of virtuous indignation. Up to this time, apparently resenting the idea of my being in charge of the establishment, she had merely tolerated my existence; now she came to me for orders.

"There is a woman in the reception-room you must see," she said.

There was trouble for me; I knew it from the peculiar emphasis our cashier gave to the word "woman." And I further knew that she had a poor opinion of our visitor, even doubts as to her moral character.

"What is it?" I asked, as professionally as I could.

"She wants her picture taken undressed. I want you to send her away." The cashier sniffed most virtuously.

"What!" I exclaimed, filled with the same virtuous indignation.

I dropped everything, determined to preserve the spotless purity of Williams's studio, even at the peril of my temper. I went at once to the reception-room. But I was unprepared for the appearance of the woman whose errand was fraught with such danger to the good repute of the establishment. A less likely person for sitting in scant drapery it would have been difficult to conceive. Gray haired; sixty, if a day; two hundred, if she weighed a pound; her broad and ample figure was the very antithesis of Venus, or Sappho, or Hebe, or Helen, or any other of those ancient ladies whose faces were their fortunes.

The cashier had made a sad blunder.

So, instead of meeting the woman fiercely, I mildly asked her wishes. Though the cashier was mistaken, in the reply of the woman I received as great a shock as if she had asked to be taken in the character of Mother Eve. She desired to know if we could take a picture of a bare foot.

The mysterious affair was up in a new form. I was confused for the moment all sorts of possibilities crowded upon my mind. But dimly through my consciousness stole the sense of her words; it was not *her* bare foot, but that of another person that was to be photographed, and if we consented she would be back in an hour with the person.

We consented.

With all the severity I could summon, I upbraided the cashier for her blunder, trembling as I thought how a degree, more or less, of officiousness on her part might have put it beyond my power to get possession of a string to the mystery of the warnings. As it was, I was now to see the person owning the foot, and the foot itself that I had been so solemnly and mysteriously warned to remember.

I awaited the flight of the hour with impatience. Promptly at its expiration I was notified by the cashier, now properly humbled, that the foot had arrived and was in the dressing-room.

I busied myself with the arrangements, and in a few moments, under the chaperonage of the old woman, the foot entered—closely veiled.

An increase of mystery, not its elucidation.

That she was young was abundantly manifest in the outlines of her figure, in her movement and carriage, but not a glimpse of her face could I secure. When I had recovered from my confusion and disappointment, I requested her to mount the platform I had prepared for her. She complied with a slight bow, holding out a hand to me to assist her—a hand from which I formed several conclusions, to wit, that she was unmarried, since no wedding ring encircled her third finger; of wealth, since there was a year's liberal income on her fingers in valuable jewels; of the leisure class, since her hand was white, well kept, soft, unaccustomed to manual labour, not even pricked or roughened by the needle.

Why or how I became conscious that she was regarding me with marked interest, it is difficult for me to tell,

as I could not see her eyes; but I was distinctly conscious of it, and it did not aid me in going about my work with composure.

However, having secured my focus, I asked her how she desired to have the picture. For the first time since she had been in the room, she spoke, telling me that she wanted four negatives—a front, a rear, and two side views. I gave less attention to her words than to her voice and the manner of her speech, and by them I judged her to be an educated, refined, and well-bred person.

As yet she had not exposed her foot. But now at my request she thrust it forward, lifting her skirt so that it barely cleared her instep.

I shook my head, that would not do. Taking a footstool, I threw a piece of black velvet over it and went to her. As I approached she withdrew her foot; the act was prompted, apparently, by instinctive modesty.

I seized the opportunity to seek the information I was burning to obtain. Telling her that as she had posed the result would not be an attractive picture, I showed her that a photograph of a foot of which no more than the instep was displayed, would scarcely be pretty, certainly not artistic; that such a pose might or might not serve her purpose, but unless I was enlightened as to that purpose, she stood in danger of defeating it. She was silent a moment, the while the old woman looked up anxiously at her. Then she laughingly said:

"Suppose mere vanity is my purpose."

Such was not her purpose, as I immediately saw by the expression of the old woman's face, but I replied:

"Then vanity would not be satisfied. Your pose would make neither a pretty nor an artistic picture."

After a moment's silence, she said:

"Make an artistic picture."

I had failed, clearly shown by the smile of relief on the old woman's face. I put the stool on the platform before her, asking her to place her foot upon it, and to raise her skirt two or three inches higher than she had done before. She complied, hesitatingly to be sure, but complied nevertheless. No further encouragement to conversation was given me, and I was forced to finish my work with brief remarks to which she made no replies.

The sitting ended, and I was no wiser. As she descended from the platform I was summoned to the reception-room by the cashier — a gentleman wanted a letter photographed.

The gentleman, prompt and decided in manner, and keen in expression, was anxious whether the letter he held in his hand could be taken at once.

"My time is limited," he said, "and this letter cannot go out of my sight."

I assured him that, provided there were no difficulties in the letter itself, I could take it immediately, and that during the process it need not be out of his view. For an answer he handed it to me. At the moment the two women entered the room, going to the cashier. I paused to listen. It appeared that they did not wish to give their names, that they would pay the full price for the dozen in advance, and the elder woman would call for the photographs when finished. This being adjusted, while the latter was paying the money her companion went to the mirror to arrange her veil. I gave my attention to the letter.

It was with difficulty that I could suppress my excitement. Staring out of the body of the letter, as if written in crimson ink, were these three words: "Her bare foot." I knew my hand trembled as I shot a swift glance at the young woman, and in that glance I caught a glimpse of her face as for a moment she pulled her veil aside—a most attractive face, at once indelibly impressed on my memory.

Turning from the mirror she came into close proximity with the man of the letter, but was apparently indifferent to his presence. The elder woman looked at the man a moment, while he cast a careless glance over both. I, watching eagerly, could not see that there was recognition, or surprise, or disturbance, or any other emotion on the part of any one of the three.

The two women went out after bidding me good-bye—the older in words, the younger by a courteous inclination of the head. The man merely evinced impatience that I did not proceed with his affair. I was the agitated person. Finally, becoming sufficiently master of myself, I asked him to accompany me to the camera room, burning to read the letter, but fearing to show my curiosity.

It did not take long to get two negatives, and during the process the man watched the letter closely. In the dark room I assured myself that I had two perfect copies. Now, anxious to have him go, I hastened to tell him when he could have the copies in a finished state.

"You will not need this letter again?" he asked.

"No."

"Are you quite sure?" he persisted. "This letter will pass out of my hands this afternoon, and it is unlikely that I can obtain it again."

I confidently assured him that I had two perfect negatives. He was satisfied, and in the reception-room paid the required deposit, giving his name and address:

"Edward Harbeck, Columbus Hotel, City."

There is as great a perversity in events as there is in persons. The damsel who wanted to be "took beautiful" was very much in evidence that afternoon, multiplied several fold. Heretofore my afternoons had been my own, but now, when I was feverishly anxious to devote myself to the letter which promised to shed light on the mystery, my time was occupied by sitters as long as the day lasted.

That evening, however, I was able to read it at my leisure. And this was it:

Philadelphia, January 5, 1896.

Dear Tim,—The affair is progressing well enough. To land a fish of the value of the one we are after isn't the work of an hour. Certain things had to be done. I had to find out whether Haswell knows anything of Atwood; he doesn't. Then whether young Atwood knows anything of Haswell and her bare foot; I'm certain now that he doesn't. Somebody was good enough to walk away with enough of old Atwood's papers to spoil young Atwood's education on that point. But you keep on with Haswell's education, and let him get accustomed to the idea that others as well as himself have knowledge of her bare foot. Meanwhile I'll dust around after that bit of paper we want so much.

Yours,

JIM.

I was not surprised to find my name in the letter; in fact, I expected it. But I was conscious of two distinct emotions — perplexity and disappointment. The mystery was deepened and the complications increased. Another factor, and with a name, had entered. Who was this Atwood, of whom I knew nothing, and who knew nothing of me and "her bare foot"? And how confident this "Jim" was that I knew all about somebody's bare foot! The more I considered the affair, the more confused I became. Everything tended to mystification, nothing to elucidation.

Another perusal suggested that something of value was involved in the mystery. Were "Jim" and "Tim," whoever these worthies might be, engaged in a conspiracy to obtain that valuable something? So skilfully was the letter phrased that I could obtain no information from it; everything was but conjecture. There was, however, the comforting assurance of no indications that my person or possessions were in peril—no threats of the capture of the one or the attack upon the other. My personal dignity alone had been as-

sailed; in a determination that I should not forget somebody's bare foot, some person or persons had taken liberties with my peace of mind. If their anxiety was as to the veiled lady's foot, as I made quite certain, they could cease their efforts, for I was not likely to forget it, nor her face—both were very pretty.

I was so perplexed that I could formulate neither ideas nor a plan of action, but I rose from my speculations determined to solve the mystery if I could.

I was engaged for dinner at the house of a cousin that evening, and went home early to prepare for it. On my table a letter awaited me. A glance at it revealed the now familiar writing, and enclosed was the same kind of a slip of paper.

"Remember! Her bare foot! The time grows near."

The mysterious admonition created no excitement now. I merely endorsed the envelope with the time and place of its receipt, and began my preparations.

The dinner was a more formal affair than I had anticipated, for the parlour was well filled when I appeared. As I entered I was met by my cousin, who said, with an air of importance:

"You will see how good I am to you, when I present you to the lady you are to take into dinner.

She led me across the room and to the veiled lady.

"Miss Halliday," she said, "my favourite cousin, Mr. Haswell."

I bowed. Miss Halliday looked up, and a vivid blush swept over her face. I knew she recognized me, and I was put into a very good humour with myself by the feeling that, on my part, I had betrayed no recognition of her. She was quickly at her ease, settling at once into the belief, as was plain, that she was not identified by me as the lady of the foot.

It is nothing to the point of this story that the dinner was brilliant, or that I was charmed by Miss Halliday—her grace, her wit, and her vivacity. What was significant occurred after the guests had departed, and I had remained to smoke another cigar with my cousin's husband at his request. While we smoked my cousin said:

"Charlie, you have made an impression on a charming girl. Miss Halliday was persistent in her inquiries as to you, while you were with the gentlemen. Oh," he continued, "you did not suffer in my replies. But she asked me a most singular question—whether you were a photographer?"

"And your reply was what?" I asked composedly.

"Why of course, that you were not, except as an amateur—that you were a man of leisure and independent circumstances."

"And now who is she?"

"The sweetest girl in the city—my dearest friend—daughter of a widow who is an old friend of my mother."

"Any mystery about her?" I asked lightly.

"Mystery!" exclaimed my cousin. "No indeed! I have known her all my life. Her father was one of the Hallidays of Westchester."

All of which, however, was more mystery to me, for what could such a girl have to do with "Jim," and "Tim," and "Atwood," and Harbeck, and "her bare foot"? But all I said was:

"You'll take me to call on her?"

My cousin's eagar consent was almost drowned in the burst of hearty laughter with which her husband exclaimed:

"By Jove! A mutual case."

I left soon after. I may as well confess now, as at another time, that, mixed with wonder as to the relations Miss Halliday bore to the mystery, were thoughts of her charms, as I walked home in the cool, crisp night. While I was moving along at a rapid pace, my attention was attracted to two men approaching me. The

collars of their coats were turned up, and their slouch hats were pulled down over their heads, so that I could not discern their features. As they came close to me, one bent suddenly and peered into my face. I stepped aside quickly, thinking that an attack upon me was meditated, but the man assumed an erect position, and, as he passed on, said:

"Remember! Her bare foot!"

I shouted back on the impulse of the moment:

"Yes, and Atwood as well."

I walked on, but, looking back, was pleased to observe that my words had astounded them, for they stopped short looking at each other, the hand of one resting on the shoulder of the other.

Before I went to sleep that night I had a thought that gave me a cue to action, and which I put into effect the very next morning when Mr. Harbeck came for copies of the letters.

As I handed him the package I took him to one side were we could not be overheard.

"Mr. Harbeck," I said, "I have read that letter, and would like to ask you some questions concerning it."

He looked at me keenly for a moment, then abruptly asked:

"What do you know?"

"Nothing; but I want to know a good deal."

He again scrutinized me as if he could read my thoughts.

"My name is Haswell," I added.

He was surprised and interested immediately.

"Is it not Williams?" he asked.

"No," I replied. Mr. Williams is a friend who, being absent from town for some days, prevailed on me, who am only an amateur in the art, to take charge of his business. I have reason to believe that I am the Haswell referred to in that letter."

He did not reply at once, but seemed to be thinking deeply. At last he asked:

"Do you understand that letter?"

"Not at all."

"We ought to compare notes, I imagine," he said, "but I don't want to give away my hand without knowing what I am doing. Let me ask you a question. Why do you think you are the Haswell referred to?"

"You are cautious," I replied, laughing. "On my part, I do not want to play into the hands of a possible opponent. I will ask a question. Are you the 'Jim' or 'Tim' of this letter?"

"No," he replied promptly. "Now I will ask you another question. Do you know the Atwood mentioned?"

"No; never heard of him before."

"Hum!" he muttered, pondering a moment. "Well, I'm a private detective retained by this Atwood. What does 'her bare foot' mean?"

"That is what I want to know."

"But this letter intimates that you do know."

"All the same, I do not."

Then I told him of the mysterious occurrences, including the visit of the veiled lady, but from an impulse I did not then stop to examine, concealed my knowledge of her.

"Your story throws but very little light on the matter," he said. "Certain valuable papers of the late Mr. Atwood's estate are missing. The present Mr. Atwood suspects a clerk named Holmes, who was in his father's employ. In effort to trace these missing papers, I have made the acquaintance of a friend of Holmes, and have followed him to this city. The morning I first came here, I saw in his apartment this letter in the handwriting of Holmes, and taking it, hurried to have it photographed, returning it afterwards."

"Does Mr. Atwood know the meaning of 'her bare foot?'" I asked.

"No," he replied. "I ran over to Philadelphia yesterday to consult him on that point."

"It would seem as if the interests of Mr. Atwood were involved in the mystery troubling me," I said.

"That's just it. It is through you that things will come out if they come at all. I mean to stick very closely to you," he said, with a laugh, as he went off.

It was my custom every evening, if only for a moment, to visit my mother, who, by reason of age and infirmities, was confined to her room. On the evening of this day, having no engagement abroad, I sat myself down for a long chat with the old lady—a chat which I knew would be largely reminiscent, as the talk of very old people is apt to be. During the evening, and apropos of nothing, my mother asked:

"You don't remember your Uncle Charles, do you?"

"Very indistinctly."

"No, I suppose not; he ran away from home as a boy, and was back only once after that. He was a sad trial—the black sheep of the family."

"What brought him to your mind to-night, mother?" I asked.

"I found a paper of his to-day, in a box into which I have not looked for years. Do you remember a very sudden trip I made to Boston when you were about fifteen?"

I did recollect it, for it was associated with other events, the memory of which had kept remembrance of her trip alive.

"I went to see your uncle; he was dying in a hospital there. It was at that time that he gave me the paper, and a small writing-desk, which he said contained something valuable. He was near his end then, and died soon after. I searched the desk thoroughly, but could find nothing, nor could I make anything of the paper. Finally I laid them both away and forgot them until to-day, when I stumbled on the paper."

She handed it to me. At the first glance the writing seemed to be merely an old jumble of letters, but a careful scrutiny convinced me that it was in cypher. I told my mother so, and carried it to my room to study it undisturbed.

It was rather from a desire to occupy my mind, than with a hope of discovery, that I began the search for the key. At midnight I was about to throw it aside unsolved, when I thought of a simple cypher with which as a boy I amused myself. What had suggested it was the word "Worcester" written in small characters in one corner of the paper.

Taking the first word of the cypher, "Olep," I guessed it to be, "This." On making the effort, it worked out. The method was simplicity itself: Finding the word "this" in Worcester's Dictionary, counting the letters, four, and adding ten, making fourteen, I counted down to the fourteenth after "this," and taking the third letter of the fourteenth and the three letters following, I spelled "olep." I had found the method of making the cypher.

The first sentence of my uncle's paper read:

"Olep ca eat tchclhi fo rba rehe otfa."

Having found the method of building the cypher, by reversing it I was enabled to translate the line. And when I did, it can be imagined under what excitement I continued, when it is known that the first line as translated read:

"This is the history of her bare foot."

The morning light was streaming through the windows when I threw myself on the bed successful, but exhausted by my labours.

The history, briefly told, was that my uncle, in his vagrant ramblings over the world, had united fortunes with a man named Atwood, from Philadelphia, and in their travels had reached the city of Pegu, in the Burmah Empire. Seventy miles away were the celebrated ruby mines, and though warned not to do so, since the mines were closely guarded as the possession of the dominant prince, thither they went. While there, my uncle found what he supposed to be a common stone, but which Atwood,

having some knowledge of geology and mineralogy, believed to be a valuable rose ruby. An outcry being raised against their presence, my uncle threw the stone away, for possession by a stranger was sufficient cause for death; but he and his companion were closely searched, and though nothing of value was found upon them, they were placed in confinement for some time. Atwood was the first one freed, and before leaving Pegu, managed to convey to my uncle the information that he was going to Calcutta, and would wait a reasonable time for him there. Some weeks later my uncle was released On the day he was first at liberty, a native girl who was in association with him—how or why did not appear—came to him with the stone. When my uncle had thrown it away, unobserved by the guards, it had fallen near where this girl was standing, and she had concealed it by the simple method of putting her foot upon it. While my uncle and Atwood were being searched, she had closed her long and flexible toes over it, and without attracting attention, had managed to convey it, held by her toes, to a spot where she could conceal it, without detection.

Frightened by its very possession, my uncle hurriedly departed from Pegu. What became of the native girl was not told, but my uncle reached Calcutta in safety, where he first met Atwood and admitted that person's right to a half interest in the stone. They called it "Her Bare Foot," in honour of the foot that saved it for them. Having agreed to dispose of the stone, they next quarrelled as to who should have possession of it pending realization. My uncle prevailed, but the quarrel separated the two, for they parted after having written "Her Bare Foot" on a piece of paper, tearing it into two parts, each taking one, and entering into a written agreement that the part should represent the interest of its possessor in the stone.

What became of the two thereafter, or why they never met, nor communicated with each other, the record did not disclose. What followed in the statement was in the nature of a will or charge that I, his nephew, named for him, should inherit his interest; that I should have the stone cut and, disposing of it, pay over half of the net proceeds to Atwood if alive, or if dead, then to his heirs, and declaring that the stone was in a secret recess of the small writing desk.

There was an anxious hour before the desk was found—a castaway in a lumber room—and further anxiety until the spring of the secret recess was discovered.

There it was, still in the rough, wrapped in a faded yellow tissue paper, the largest ruby I ever saw or expect to see again. With the stone was a torn slip with the words:

"Her Foot."

I sent for Mr. Harbeck early that morning and told him of my discovery. He immediately suggested that Holmes having come across a similar paper among Mr. Atwood's documents, and finding that young Atwood had no knowledge of it, had determined to set up a claim for the half interest, and had begun operations on me in the belief that I had inherited the stone.

This turned out to be the exact truth, and Harbeck, through the knowledge thus obtained, compelled Holmes to yield up the stolen papers. Mr. Atwood was so much pleased over the recovery of these papers, since they settled all doubts as to his interests in very valuable property, that he refused to take his share in the proceeds of the stone, saying that I was entitled to all for the service I had rendered in the restoration of his own property. At the time, neither of us knew the value of the stone.

⁂

"Her Bare Foot" has been cut in Amsterdam, and is certainly the larg-

est ruby known outside of Ceylon—much, much the largest. Perhaps the sensation created in Europe last summer, by the Burgatarian Emperor's purchase of a ruby for a million francs, is recalled by this story. That ruby was "Her Bare Foot."

The veiled lady? Ah! Well you see Miss Halliday has nothing to do with the mystery. That was a great joke. She only happened—stumbled, as it were, into it, and at a time when it served to confuse and complicate it. She had a cousin who was a sculptor, and who wanted to model her foot. But her mother objected so strenuously, not so much to the sitting as to the man himself, that the daughter compromised matters by stealing away with an old servant and having photographs taken for the sculptor's use.

The best joke of it all is that Miss Halliday has given herself to me in marriage, and though I have disposed of "Her Bare Foot," I am still the owner of her bare foot.

BARRED

By MAY GERTRUDE CLARKIN

'TIS not for us, dear heart, that luring walk
Across the sunny slope,
There, only happy lovers stroll and talk,
Dream blissful dreams, and hope.

We may but stand beyond the gates that bar,
And gaze with eager eyes;
We may but scent the blossoms from afar,
For we are old and wise.

But, Oh! to go, hand clasped in hand once more,
Adown the way of youth;
To see no shadows on the path before,
And deem the world all truth;

To feel the golden calling of a morn,
The springtime and the rain:
To know the rapture of a love, new born,
Oh, to be young again!

THE DEVIL'S GLUE

BY JAMES FRANCIS DWYER

LASCELLES came first to Keloa. He had evaded the law by a circuitous route. From Tilbury Docks he had shipped in a Blue Star liner to Sydney; a French brig had carried him from that port to Noumea; while the last lap in his wild race for a safe haven was made on a bucking copra schooner beating down to Raratonga. Keloa, looking like a green umbrella whose lace trimming was the rice-white beach of glittering diamond dust, seemed an ideal retreat, and the trade-driven palms whispered a song of comfort when he came ashore.

The loneliness had just touched his soul when Delmont came. Lascelles welcomed the stranger. In strict accordance with the rule of the Fringe he asked no questions, but although his tongue was silent, his eyes gathered the information he needed. A well-bred man cannot conceal his breeding, and Delmont made no attempt to do so. Lascelles's heart filled with gratitude as he watched the other eating. In the days of loneliness he had prayed for a companion, without daring to stipulate the grade of intelligence, and in answer to that prayer a man had been sent who sipped cocoanut-milk as if it were Hiedsieck and ate yams with the grace of a Beau Brummel. Lascelles wept as he watched.

Delmont was solicitous when he saw the tears. "Sick?" he questioned.

"Sick!" repeated Lascelles. "Yes, I am sick! Good God! I haven't spoken to a white man for two months!"

Delmont looked around with a shudder. The weird expectancy of the South Sea scenery gripped him suddenly. "It is lonely," he said.

"It is hell!" screamed Lascelles. "Our hell!"

The other glanced at him uneasily, but said nothing.

"Excuse me for showing such cowardice," continued Lascelles, "but this—this requires grit."

Delmont came to the same conclusion in the days that followed. It is nice to dream of coral islands where the fragrance of the golden frangipanni and the murmur of the pandanus groves lull the tired senses of the visitor, but the reality palls. The loneliness throttled Delmont as it did his companion. Both had been expelled from their Eden, and blind Justice above Old Bailey held the word which barred their return.

In their dreams came visions of those other days. They heard the tinkle of glasses, the soft laughter of women, and the cries of boon companions, but the cobweb bridges across the ocean were shattered by the dawn. Then remorse flayed them with whips of memory, and sorrow for their sins brought little relief. Crime is the devil's glue, and contrition is a poor detergent.

By tacit understanding they set a geographical boundary upon their conversation. The hatches of oblivion must be nailed down upon the dead pasts, and, in an endeavour to

do so, they kept their conversation south of the Line. They discussed Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane and Auckland, places that seemed, like their own little prison, to be far away from the great throbbing heart of the world, but they never mentioned England.

Once Lascelles had spoken of Gibraltar, and then choked and spluttered as he noticed the blunder. Gibraltar seemed only a stone's throw from Bayswater! And Delmont had also stumbled. In the early days he had told of a commissioner at Penang who went "home", and Lascelles winced.

"Home!" he gasped. "Home? Why, he—" He sprang up and rushed away over the prickly coral rocks where the quaint mummy-apples stood up stoutly under their load of yellow fruit. Hours after, when he returned, Delmont apologized for his offence.

It was one moonlight night, three months after Delmont's arrival, that the longing to talk of those other days battered down the barrier which they had erected. It was Lascelles who made the breach. The moon was sweeping her silver train across the ocean, and he pointed to the reflection with a shaking hand.

"Look!" he cried. "Doesn't it—doesn't it remind you of the Thames below Gravesend?"

Delmont cursed, but the desire to talk of the past swept away his anger. The flood was unloosed. The two became hysterical in their longing to chatter and compare. They flung themselves back by sheer force of will into the life from which they were outlawed. Their excited imagination transformed their surroundings. The white beach vanished; in its place stretched the arc-lighted Strand and Piccadilly, and arm in arm they swaggered up and down and talked incessantly.

They tried to rival each other in drawing wild comparisons between the moonlit surroundings and the pictures which were fluttering through their brains like the films of a drunken biograph.

"St. Paul's!" cried Delmont, pointing to a dome-shaped rock which towered over the palms.

Lascelles choked. "And there are the Law Courts and St. Clement's," he spluttered. "Let's go down to the Mall. Laugh, damn it, laugh!"

They woke the native village with hysterical laughter. England was a million miles away if measured by the chain of Hope, and the realization made them drunk with pain. They were attempting to pluck despair from their breasts, well knowing that the attempt would prove a failure. They nodded to imaginary persons, and whispered information to each other concerning the spectres of their brains.

"Billy Etherington of the Guards," murmured Lascelles; "Lord George's youngest, you know."

"Really! Chap mixed up in the Eldon scandal?"

"Yes, that's him. Funny case, isn't it?"

"I should think so. Hello, there's old Southman."

"So it is. Good-night, Freddy."

They were prancing up and down the sand with mincing steps, mad masqueraders attempting to throw off the icy hand which gripped their throats. Up in the dark pandanus groves the simple-minded islanders crept out to watch and wonder.

"Let's sing something," cried Delmont.

Lascelles agreed. They woke the echoes of Keloa with music-hall melodies. They shrieked out greetings to imaginery friends and urged them to join in the chorus. They bandied spectre policemen and hansom drivers, and the moon looked at them curiously as it slipped down behind the coral bar.

The darkness chilled the blood that their unleashed imaginations had stirred to fever heat. The blue lips of the Pacific gurgled scornfully at

their make believe. A rain squall squelched down from the vine-wreathed cone of old Pelau, and it splattered on the beach like derisive laughter.

Lascelles sobbed. The trickery of his hungry mind was exposed to him.

"It's no use, Delmont," he stammered. "They're not our songs—not now. Listen!"

He lifted up his fine baritone and chanted a verse of Kipling's "Broken Men." The words went out over the sobbing Pacific, and Delmont cursed.

"This is our hymn," sobbed the singer. "Listen to this:

'We sail o' nights to England
And join our smiling Boards;
Our wives go in with Viscounts,
And our daughters dance with Lords.
But behind our princely doings,
And behind each coup we make,
We feel there's Something Waiting,
And—we meet it when we wake.'"

"Shut up!" shrieked Delmont. "Shut up, I tell you!"

"Why?" blubbered Lascelles. "He knew us, didn't he? We're the 'Broken Men,' Delmont! God! I didn't understand the words till I came here. Now, again!

'Ah, God! One sniff of England—
To greet our flesh and blood—
To hear the hansoms slurring
Once more through London mud!
Our towns—'"

A sob strangled the voice of the singer, and the wind whipped a gurgle of contempt out of the snarling waves. Delmont's curses were loud and deep.

"No use of cursing," spluttered Lascelles. "We're done, Delmont. That song was written for us!"

They staggered drunkenly. The reaction was upon them. The nostalgia had the effect of drink, and they muttered brokenly as they reeled along the shore.

"Listen!" screamed Lascelles. "Hear the cursed waves? Do you know what they are saying? You don't! Listen again! Don't you hear them? They say it all day long, the same question:

'How stands the old Lord Warden?
Are Dover's cliffs still white?'"

Delmont broke away with a muttered cry and rushed up the path to the thatched huts, leaving his companion to shout his regrets and longings into the night.

Next morning they avoided each other. Fear of what they had said during the insane moments of the previous evening gripped them, and they eyed each other suspiciously. Some part of the grim skeletons may have been exposed during the momentary madness on the moonlit beach, and such a possibility suggested danger.

But Fate dragged them together before the day was half over. A missionary schooner from Levuka hove to outside the reef, and a native teacher came ashore to inquire into the spiritual condition of the people. Lascelles and Delmont had the true beachcomber's dislike to the religious person, but when the visitor opened the big box of tracts and periodicals distributed by the South Sea Mission, they sprang to attention. A bulky file of a London daily newspaper was placed upon the grass, and the two white men pounced upon it.

Over and over they rolled, the teacher making unavailable efforts to separate them or secure the cause of the disturbance.

"Halve it!" shrieked Lascelles, as the sheets tore in the clutch of the other. "Halve it, confound you, and we'll change!"

Delmont agreed, and each hugging his share of the prize, retired to his own quarters to pore over the contents.

Lascelles flung himself down on the plaited mat in the hut and stared at the sheets. The paper fascinated him. He had not seen one for months. Greedily his eyes raced down

column after column, drinking in the news, and he muttered brokenly as items of interest were clutched and digested. A dead year was being opened to him. Men had died, men had married, men had gone up and down, and the changes in the conditions of old acquaintances brought quick exclamations of astonishment from him as he read.

Suddenly he pushed his face close to the printed sheet; his eyes riveted on a photograph. With dry lips he read the paragraph beneath the cut, and then gave a low whistle of surprise as his mind assimilated the information.

"A thousand pounds reward!" he muttered hoarsely. "By Jove, he went it bigger than I thought!"

He read and re-read the dozen lines beneath the newspaper cut, then he took his knife from his pocket, clipped out the photograph and the accompanying letterpress, folded the piece of paper and put it carefully away inside the cover of his watch.

"A thousand pounds reward!" he repeated again. "Only a few days after I skipped, too! I wonder if he knew! I wonder if—" He stopped with a gasp and turned the faded sheets breathlessly.

The pages crackled as he flicked them over, his eyes eating up the columns. In the struggle for the file the papers had been misplaced, and he cursed as he looked in vain for the dates he wanted. They were not there. He finished with a growl of rage and sat staring at the pile of discoloured sheets.

"If he has them?" he growled. "If the swine knows!"

The possibility of such a thing made the little eyes twinkle in their skull caverns as he watched the papers. If Delmont knew? With a white face he gathered up the bundle and rushed madly towards the pandanus grove where his fellow island dweller was digesting the other portion.

"Ready to change?" he snapped.

Delmont turned on his back and held up the sheets he was reading. Their eyes met as they exchanged the tattered papers. Both started to speak and both stopped. Lascelles made an effort to continue, broke off suddenly, and then snatching the other half of the file, dashed back to his little thatched house. Down on the silver beach the native missionary was leading the brown-skinned islanders in a simple hymn, but Lascelles heard nothing but the question which his own fear sent throbbing through his brain. Did Delmont know?

He flung himself down again and started to flick the sheets. The horror of finding something that had been discovered by the sharp eyes of Delmont was upon him as he read.

"Fifth of March," he muttered. "Fifth of March. Ah! Here we are! If it was published at all it would be —curse it!"

The last words came from him like a cry of agony. A little square hole had met his eyes as he turned the page, and now, as the peculiar trick of destiny was revealed to him, his nerve gave way and he burst into tears.

It was too late then to adjust matters. The opportunity had passed. Lascelles and Delmont had sinned against the one commandment of the outer Fringe, and the punishment for the crime was swift.

The days that immediately followed bred suspicion. The small scraps of paper tucked in the clothes of the two absconders kept them apart. Insanely each gloated over the information he possessed concerning the wrongdoing of the other, and each tried to assure his imagination that the clipping which the other had taken from the file had no reference to his case. But intuition would not be denied. The fear-stricken imagination of each painted the cutting which reposed in the pocket of the other, and the consequences haunted them.

The two remained apart. They became watchful of each other for no apparent reason—they were a thousand miles from the nearest throne of Justice. Each compared his own crime with that of the other described in the paragraphs attached to the photographs, and to the mind of each, his own crime seemed the greater. Naturally the reward would be greater. Lascelles reading the offer of a thousand pounds sterling for Delmont, wondered if five thousand had been offered for his own apprehension! Delmont's imagination set the reward on his own head at six thousand, which was five times greater than the reward offered for Lascelles on the piece of paper he carried in his leather pouch!

Then came the news which brought about a crisis. Natives from Pilaulo brought information regarding the movements of H. M. S. *Royalist*, which was cruising in the islands, and fear flamed in the minds of the two white men. The man-of-war would surely call at Keloa, and the probable action of his companion troubled the mind of each. Stories of immunity purchased by turning informer and giving evidence that would lead to the arrest of a greater criminal sprang up before the minds of both, and as each considered himself the greater criminal of the two, there were sleepless nights at Keloa while the warship was cruising down towards the island. Each knew the other's craving to return to the land from which he was outlawed, and the dread of treachery was great.

The *Royalist* was at Ninua, an island sixteen miles away, when the Fates pulled up the curtain for the last act. Lascelles, on awakening one morning, found that his companion had fled the island in the dory! Delmont was the weaker of the two, and fear had urged him to fly. He intended to make for one of the smaller islands of the group, and to find a hiding-place there till the man-of-war had returned to Auckland, but the possibility of such an act did not enter the brain of Lascelles when he learned of the disappearance. His one thought was of treachery. Delmont, in his opinion, had gone to meet the warship so that he would be certain of the reward of an informer, and with hate surging in his breast he dragged out the whaleboat and set sail after his companion.

"The little rat!" he screamed. "The thieving little rat! If I catch him I'll feed him to the sharks!"

He pointed the whaleboat to the westward. Delmont had two hours' strat, but Lascelles's boat was the faster. He swept through the opening in the coral reef and out into the open ocean, shouting threats and curses to the winds as the boat sped along. He was to be sold by the man he had welcomed when he first came to the island!

"I knew he had that cutting!" he shouted. "I knew that he was waiting for a chance to do this!"

The hot morning passed slowly. Lascelles ripped along before the breath of the Trades, but he saw no signs of his quarry. Fat clouds rolled up over the horizon, but he took no notice. He only watched the red and yellow smeared ocean to the westward, over which Delmont had fled. He wanted revenge, and he troubled little about his own fate after that had been accomplished.

A speck appeared on the horizon and he raved madly. It was Delmont! Lascelles stood up and screamed his threats. He was sure of him now. The dory was coming back to him, and every minute lessened the distance. He could see Delmont crouching in the bottom of the boat, and he yelled triumphantly. His fingers clenched as he thought of the revenge he would take for the act of treachery.

The whaleboat gained fast. Lascelles was within a mile of the dory; half a mile; then he came close enough to see the white face of the runaway.

"I'll kill you!" he screamed. "You dirty informer, you!"

His words rang out loudly, and the peculiar stillness of the ocean suddenly attracted him. The wind was falling, and the surface of the water was as smooth as glass.

"Good Lord, a squall!" he screamed, and he sprang to haul down the flapping sail before the mad fury was upon him. It was coming. Out of the south it swept, leaping over the water, tearing the glazed surface with a harrow of white foam, and it fell upon the two small boats like an unleashed hound.

⁂

Five hours afterwards, the first officer of H. M. S. *Royalist* entered the captain's cabin and saluted.

"The two men we picked up are conscious now, sir," he said quietly. "They owned up about the clippings and photographs, too. Quite a find for us. Lascelles, the runaway cashier from the London and County Bank, thought the other fellow, that was manager of the Unicorn Investment Company, was coming to give us the tip, and he put after him and was catching up to him before the squall capsized both."

"Are they friendly now?" asked the captain.

"Yes, sir, quite friendly. When they came to their senses they seemed pleased that we had grabbed them. I guess it's no use dodging your gruel. Those two came far enough to dodge what was coming to them, but the law gathered 'em in after all."

The captain lifted his finger to restrain the officer's tongue, and the two listened. Up in the warm air went the voices of a baritone and a tenor.

"That's them," murmured the officer.

The words came into the cabin and swirled out over the Pacific. It was the cry of the heart hungry for a glimpse of the home land.

> "Our town of wasted honour,
> Our streets of lost delight!
> How stands the old Lord Warden?
> Are Dover's cliffs still white?"

"H'm," grunted the captain. "I'm glad they are taking their capture in a philosophical spirit, Mr. Barnes. Let us hope it will not be foggy going up the channel; I'd like to satisfy their curiosity about Dover's cliffs before the Old Bailey gets a grip of them."

From the Painting by J. W. Beatty

SUMMER LANDSCAPE

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

OUT OF THE PIT

BY ALAN SULLIVAN

JOCK STRANG plodded along the Shore road to Pit No. 2 of the Neddrie Collieries. Short, squat and broad-shouldered, with cropped hair and wide black brows, he seemed to traverse this strip of shining highway like a gigantic insect hurrying for cover in the grimy buildings that surrounded the mouth of the pit. And, as he walked, other insects emerged from the square, rain-washed cottages that lined the road and, falling silently in behind Strang, swelled the sullen tide of drab humanity.

Below and beside them the Forth flashed in the morning sun. Eastward, the Bass Rock jutted darkly into the sea, with a fringe of milk-white foam around its base. Westward the great Forth bridge reared its gigantic frame, and to the south the slopes of the Lothian fields lifted themselves slowly into the far blue rim of the Pentland Hills.

Jock knew that there were all these things to be looked at, but now he never looked. He only knew that he would never see anything else. He was sick of looking at them. His mind was on the blackness of that deep chamber into which he would shortly crawl on hands and knees, and, lying on his side, swing a pick into a three-foot face of coal for the next seven hours. What had he to do with the purple shades of the Pentlands?

A new step fell heavily on the road. Jock Strang raised his black brows till they caught the glint of Don Robson's dinner-pail.

"Morn,' Jock," said Don blithely.

"Morn' yersel," replied Jock, and relapsed again into silence.

Always at this exact inch of the road Don joined him. Always this gruff interchange ushered in the speechlessness that lasted to the mouth of the pit. Always for the next half-mile the vision of the same girl danced before the heavy steps of either man and reconciled him to another day of danger, toil and sweat.

Jock's mind worked painfully, but with a certain grim insistence that gripped things and held them forever. Now it went slowly back to the wondrous coming of Nan, to the shrieking of the storm that whipped the Forth into flying spume, to the glimpses of the French schooner that lay pounding on the sands off the mouth of the Esk, to the thunder on the shore and the long, red leap of rockets; and, last of all, to the small waxen figure that his wife snatched out of the whistling undertow and held so desperately to the hungry warmth of her own childless breast. Twenty years ago—and now Elsie Strang had slept long in the plot beside the Neddrie Manse, and many a thousand ton had been hoisted from the Neddrie pits.

The sheaves of the headgear were whirling rapidly, and the day shift was dropping out of sight when Jock tramped into the lamp-house to get his Davy safety. Then, with Don close behind, he stepped into the cage and disappeared between the creaking guide-timbers.

Five hundred feet from sunlight,

Neddrie No. 2 thrust out its black galleries beneath the laughter of the sea. Mile upon mile these gloomy passages extended. Generations of miners had laboured here. The pale light of Davy lamps flickered, ghostlike, along the hollow lanes. Voices sounded from remote distances. Figures appeared, blurred in the omnipresent gloom, and vanished utterly. The clang of steel, the roar of coal trucks lurching along narrow tracks, the cool, steady pressure of air, driven down by the great fans overhead—these things spoke of humanity. But it was a humanity that seemed to grope laboriously in unending conflict with the dark and threatening ruler of this strange and underground world.

Now it stands to reason that if a flat seam of coal is three feet thick, anything mined above or below that three feet is dead loss. But since a man, a truck, and a pit pony are all more than three feet high, the main gangways in a coal mine have headroom enough for purposes of transportation, while every other passage or heading is reduced to the minimum height. And this is why the miners of thin seams generally carry their heads well sunk between their shoulders.

A mile along a main gangway and another quarter through old galleries brought Jock Strang and Don Robson to their own chamber. They crawled on hands and knees between long walls of coal left to support the flat and ebony roof. Above them lay the world of light and the shining Forth.

In this grim theatre, advancing slowly from chamber to chamber, the drama of life was being played. Side by side, with swinging pick and straining sinew, with sweat and weariness, the two laboured; for Nan, and Nan alone. Jock's slow nature was struggling between love and desire for the girl, who, after all, was not so much younger than himself, and a queer, subjective, honourable hesitancy. The girl was his adopted daughter—the child of the sea, the beloved companion, the idol of his eyes. He had dreamed that Elsie knew all about it, and from some high place smiled down contentedly at the prospect. He felt his own powerful frame and muscles, and knew himself for a man among men, and, as the coal rattled down at each stroke, it appeared that every black avalanche made Nan a little nearer, a little surer. All this he had kept hidden away in his heart, and never by sign or word revealed the worship that was consuming him. But he watched Don out of the corner of his eye.

And Don Robson—blithe, blue-eyed and twenty-two, had dreams of Nan that sent the young blood jumping through his veins. Of Jock—dour and silent Jock—he never thought at all. He was as good a miner as any man in the Neddrie pits. He was saving, saving steadily. There had been two eventful days of late. He had taken Nan to the Musselborough races, and once as far as Edinburgh, where they had climbed the Calton Hill and Scott's Monument, and—most wonderful of all—had seen Edinburgh go crazy when the Black Watch came home from foreign service. Those were days to put away in one's mind and remember. And he made no bones about it to Jock, but chatted cheerfully as to his prospects, and the cottage he was buying from John Anderson, the timekeeper. He had got used to Jock's silence, because the older man always breathed through his nose to keep the dust out.

Behind all this, far back in each man's head, was the consciousness of a common enemy that lurked in deadly silence throughout the booming galleries of Neddrie No. 2. Some mines are cursed with firedamp, that light thin gas, which, floating on the heavier air, steals along the splintered roof of coal seams and gradually displaces the pure fresh current from the surface fans. But the bane of Neddrie No. 2 was carbonic acid gas, which, heavier than air, crawled along its floors and slowly rose, ankle-high,

knee-high, breast-high, face-high, till it choked the life out of those who might be caught in its deadly embrace. Sometimes when the fog lay thick upon the Forth, and the lift of the Pentlands was shrouded in driving mist, the dank atmosphere outside weighed down the steady current of the upcast and the gas was very bad. So that every time a shift went underground there was a turning of grimy faces to the east and a sniffing of the salt airs that drifted in from the gray expanse of the North Sea.

To-day Jock Strang felt strangely depressed. All was well overhead, so far as he knew. His life lay in the hands of others. He was used to that. But for the first time he began to question this interminable round of toil. Yesterday he had seen the owner of Neddrie No. 2 driving in his dog-cart to the links at Musselborough, and yesterday, for the first time, he had cursed him. Two golf balls meant a day's pay to Jock, and the owner would lose them in the morning and laugh and order more. And Nan seemed farther away than ever.

At eleven o'clock the two left their chamber and crawled out to the nearest gangway to eat. The Davy lamps burned beside them, spear heads of flame inside their gauze cylinders. The pit ponies, that never would see daylight, munched contentedly in the long stable at the far end of the gangway. Silence was everywhere, broken only by those indescribable sounds that circulate like ghosts through the hollow caverns of every mine. Jock ate slowly, champing his food with sullen deliberation. Then, as always, he took the lamp on his knee and pored over the scrap of the *North British Chronicle* in which his dinner was wrapped. Don Robson lay on his back and stared at the shadows on the roof. He was thinking of Nan.

Jock's eyes traversed the greasy paper till they stopped at the wide, stained margin. There was writing on it. His heart halted as he recognized Nan's large childish scrawl. He glanced towards Don, and bent closer.

"Jock, why don't you speak? I'm tired waiting for you."

He sat motionless, in terror lest the sudden fierce pounding of his heart become audible. Then, with another flash of his dark eyes at the motionless figure, he read again, spelling it out, letter by letter, sucking the words into the innermost fibre of his existence. He was no longer in the Neddrie pit, but exalted to the height of his dearest dream. His whole frame relaxed and he began to breathe deeply, and all the time a strange, delirious fire was leaping through his grimy body. He thought of Don, and instantly put the thought out of his mind. It was his affair—not Don's.

At four o'clock their stint was nearly done. Jock was still swinging his pick, but with a nervous uncertainty that Don had never known before. He dropped it, laid flat on his back, and stretched his great arms, a prone image of blackened labour. He was wondering what Don would say or do when he heard. It would go very hard with Don.

Suddenly from the black abyss that lay between their own chamber and the main gangway came a deep cracking that ended abruptly with a dull fall of roof slate. Then silence for a moment, followed by the heavy plunge of tons of splintering shale. After that silence again and the abrupt ceasing of the cool air pressure that had constantly flowed in from the wooden brattices. Jock rolled swiftly over and scuttled out of sight. Don, dazed and trembling, could do nothing but listen. He heard him stop, then go on again. He heard the big man pushing against the sliding face of broken rock. Then Jock came slowly back.

"Pit 'oot yer lamp, laddie, the roof is doun," he said grimly.

But Don's fingers were shaking, so Jock twisted the thick wire trimmer that comes up through the base of every Davy. The two spearheads of flame blinked once; then, darkness.

Don slid over till their shoulders touched. "How much is doun?"

"Here tae the gangway, I'm thinkin'. 'Twas an awfu' fa'."

Silence took them again, during which their ears strained for some sound, however slight.

"They'll no be long reachin' us," said Don tentatively. "Ye ken the day Angus Mutry was trappit in No. 3. He was i' his ain house by sundoun."

"Ay, laddie, I mind it weel. 'Twas me that howked him oot o' his chamber. But yon was no sic a fa' as this."

"The fowk wull be gey busy up top," went on Don confidently, then coughed, as an exasperating tickling took him in the throat.

Jock said nothing. His mouth was shut. He was breathing steadily, very steadily, through his nose.

Don's voice came in again. "I was thinkin' o' Nan," he said abruptly.

The invisible face of the older man was transformed in its impalpable shroud. The blood rushed into his eyes. "An' what aboot Nan?"

"I'm takin' her tae the kirk come New Year."

Jock's fingers closed like steel over the tightly-folded fragment of newspaper in his pocket. His whole frame stiffened. "What's yon?" he snarled.

"I've no speired her yet, ye ken, but the lassie's a' for me. There's nobbut yersel, Jock, an' ye auld enough tae be her feyther. D'ye ken ony ither mon?"

Jock thought swiftly. If this was death why torture Don further? If it was not death, the sunlight would be more merciful. He would tell him then.

"Yer richt, laddie. Wha' cud there be?"

'TThe cottage wull be clear sune, an' then I'll hae a crack wi' her and settle the day. Mon, Jock, but the air is rotten! What gars me chcke?"

"Dinna talk sae muckle, laddie. Haud yer wind."

Slowly along the smooth floor of the chamber came the first breathings of gas. From ruptured fissures and innumerable crevices in the shattered earth it crept. Heavy with portent it flooded the broken coal about the men's feet. No life-giving breath could penetrate the mountain of fallen rock to dissipate these deadly fumes. At last they both knew it. Don began to ramble, talking now to Nan, now to Jock, and bursting into sudden heart-rending appeals for help. Somewhere on the other side of that barrier men were fighting viciously to get at them and drag them up to sunlight. Jock felt Don slip from his shoulder and topple over with his face down.

By now the gas was very bad. He could not tell how much time had gone by, but he knew that if Don lay there he could not last ten minutes. So he hoisted him up again, and, as he did so, the vision of Elsie seemed to come right out of the darkness and put her face against his and say, "My mon, Jock," Then it vanished.

He still held Don up so that his face was above the worst of the gas, It was rising rapidly. He tried to think what Elsie meant by that. Then Don began to ramble again. This time it was all about Nan.

At last he saw what Elsie meant. It was that Jock had had her love and was her man, but that Don had not had the love of any woman. And, thinking harder, he felt very cold, though the sweat began to run down his face. Then Don fell over again and once more Jock jerked him up, though he had to get down into the gas to do so. And just at that moment he thought he heard something like the stroke of a pick.

He shouted. It meant filling his lungs with gas, but his whole soul went into the shout. Don did not seem to hear him. He had almost stopped breathing.

At the far end of the chamber a rock slid down, then another, and another, and, a million miles away he

caught the glimmer of a Davy.

By this time his breathing was very bad, but his brain was working fiercely. The Davy drew nearer, held high up near the roof. Two men came slowly toward him. Oxygen tanks were strapped to their backs, and they wore huge helmets, with tubes running back to the tanks. Then he heard one of them say very quickly, "We've got to get out of this, my tank's done."

Jock had no power for speech, so he kicked a piece of coal.

The men stopped. One of them said, "There's some here. Likely Strang and Robson."

"We can only take one," said the other figure, "and that if he's alive."

Jock heard it. He could not speak, but he knew there was something he must do and it must be done very quickly, so he kicked again and held Don up higher than ever.

The two men came up, one of them swinging his lamp across Don's face and in the darkness Jock pushed the lad's arm. It was for all the world as if Don had raised his hand in welcome.

"He's alive," said the one hooded rescuer.

The other man felt about on the floor and touched Jock's body. It was limp and motionless.

"Strang's gone," said a voice. "Come on with the other. We've got to get out of this."

Jock held his breath. It was hard work. He was now very weak. The hooded figures stumbled away with Don's unconscious body between them. Their Davys glimmered and disappeared. Utter silence fell again in Neddrie No. 2. It was all over now.

Jock began to choke, but somehow he was happier than ever before in his life. His dizziness increased. By this time Don was out in the air, and he would live, and—Jock could not think much about the rest of it, but he smiled once, took a piece of *The North British Chronicle* out of his pocket, and, laying it smoothly against his face, slipped down into the thick of the gas.

They pulled him out a little later. A fall of slate had gashed his head. Strange to say, life was not yet extinct! Hours afterwards he was breathing normally, but there was still a part of Jock Strang that did not come back from the Neddrie pits. The bones and blood and muscles and marvellous lungs of him survived, but the brain yet wandered somewhere in the booming darkness.

Months went by. Don Robson took Nan to the kirk, and then they both took Jock to the cottage that Don bought from Anderson, the timekeeper.

The big man sat in front of it, his gnarled fingers plucking at his long beard—peering down the road to the pits and mumbling snatches of underground talk—a great, witless, helpless child. Thus, till came a night when there drove up the Forth the brother of the great storm that sent Nan ashore to Elsie's empty arms.

He listened to the roar of it, shaking his black head, and darting strange glances at Don Robson and Nan. In the midst of the uproar he went suddenly to pieces. They helped him to his bed. He lay there, staring and wordless, till slowly the idiot in him went out to meet the storm and for one poignant instant the old, dour Jock came back, his dark eyes looking up from beneath the black brows.

In that moment the brave slow brain began again its mysterious function, began it just where it left off in the gloom of Neddrie No. 2.

"Haud yer heid up, laddie. Dinna be frichtened. Think o' Nan, Don. Keep oot o' the gas, it'll gar ye sick, Aye, lad, Nan's no for me. She's ower muckle a lassie. I'll bide a wee, and aiblins I'll find Elsie."

He stopped, scanned them quietly and smiled. "Eh, mon, yon was a lang time syne."

Then he turned his face to the wall.

WALKING IN ENGLAND

BY G. L. B. MACKENZIE

WALKING is not popular with Canadians. This is a sweeping generality, yet, unlike most generalities, it is true. Among us the man who finds enjoyment in donning his oldest togs and taking a long tramp in the country must be classed as a freak. As we live in a free country he is tolerated, but that is all. Perhaps it is because we are so up-to-date; and this being the age of speed, walking is relegated to the list of obsolete pastimes. Even in England, the tramping-ground of the world, this form of relaxation has now undoubtedly fewer devotees than formerly. The bicycle and motor-cycle are taking the place of the stout stick and heavy boots. However, in England, walking for pleasure is still understood and practised.

To a genuine lover of walking, it is not primarily a method of seeing the country, or getting from one place on the map to another. If these were all its claims, then well might we determine to walk no more. For to see a country there are many just as good and several better methods than walking, and for getting about in a hurry it is next to useless. Stevenson remarks that he who is of the "brotherhood of walkers does not voyage in quest of the picturesque, but of certain jolly humours."

Stevenson must have been an expert in the art of walking. It would pay one to read his essay "On Walking Tours" carefully before setting out. He there sets it down that a walking tour should be gone on alone, because then you have more freedom and adventure and you can keep your own pace. There is a lot of truth in this, but for the average person it is more than balanced by opposite considerations. Most of us can be perfectly happy with no company but our own for two or three days, but after that we begin to realize how gregarious is our species. As you plod along all alone hour after hour you find that you are getting into a bad habit of talking to yourself, and it comes to your mind how poor old Robinson Crusoe, before Friday's arrival, used to talk to himself or to his parrot without restraint, in dread that if he neglected to do so he would lose the faculty of speech. No, in spite of Robert Louis, put up with inevitable differences of opinion, learn to yield your proposition even when convinced it is the better, and realize the value of having some one with whom you can bear hardships and enjoy delights.

Last summer three of us did some walking together in England. Most of our route lay in Cornwall, a bit in Devon, and afterwards the writer spent three happy days alone rambling among the mountains of Cumberland and Westmoreland. We did not cross wide stretches of country, nor did we visit all the great cathedrals and castles of England, as any of the railways promise the tourist he can do in a week, if he buy one of the company's circular tickets. But, on the other hand, we did not spend long hours of our precious days

in smoking compartments of third-class railway carriages, or on the peaceful platforms of Muddleton Junctions. And if our daily journeys were insignificant compared to the hundred-mile dashes of the motorcyclist, the landscape meant infinitely more to us than the motorcyclist's walls of green rushing past on either side and white road leaping up in front.

I had always wanted to visit Cornwall. Years before I had watched more than once the Cornish Riviera Express fly through Somersetshire at sixty miles an hour and gone with it in my imagination to the cliffs and breakers beyond. For Cornwall possesses in no common degree the interest attaching to the ultimate. This is part of the indefinable attraction of any sea coast, but Cornwall possesses it in a special measure. Flung boldly far out into the Atlantic, it forms almost as good a riding-boot as Italy, this tapering acute angle of the great triangle which Caesar described in his despatches as reaching down almost to Spain. The walls of England along this exposed part of her shore are indeed formidable, and the ocean moans in despair as it dashes against the base of the cliffs in fruitless efforts to undermine and break off bits from the land.

We followed the Cornish coast from Plymouth to Land's End and then eastward and northward to Ilfracombe in Devon, not slavishly, but often taking short cuts across the necks of headlands. In giving some account of such a walk the first subject which naturally suggests itself is the character of the country through which we made our way, sometimes tramping along the roads but more often following a cliff path or striking our own course across the breezy downs.

Although the walker does not voyage in quest of the picturesque yet he finds it more easily than other travellers. I do not refer to the fact that on foot he can often penetrate into districts so wild as to prevent the approach of any vehicle. This is less generally true in Europe than in the other continents. In this age of daring engineering projects the tourist can ascend in comfort on a mountain railway to great altitudes and view nature in the wildest aspects. In Britain motors have climbed to the summits of Snowdon and Ben Nevis. Yet we doubt very much if a man who has ascended to the top of the Jungfrau on the electric railway sees as fine a view as he who has reached the same spot by many hours of arduous and dangerous climbing. In the same way the country walker sees more and gets more enjoyment out of what he sees than would be possible from a luxurious touring car. And this is the case simply because he is in the right mood to appreciate natural beauty, in that mental attitude described by Coleridge in his Dejection Ode:

We receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does Nature live:
Ours is her wedding garment, ours her shroud!
And would we aught behold of higher worth,
Than that inanimate cold world allowed
To the poor loveless ever-anxious crowd,
Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud
Enveloping the earth.

It is difficult in the extreme to give the reader a correct impression of Cornish scenery. Cornwall is not as beautiful a county as Devon. The interior lacks the richness and contrast of the Devon colouring, and there are tracts of which the general character is dullness and depression. The glory of Cornwall is her seacoast, and this is in very truth a glory.

The opening lines of "Enoch Arden" might be taken as a typical description of Cornish coast scenery:

Long lines of cliff breaking have left a chasm;
And in the chasm are foam and yellow sand;
Beyond, red roofs about a narrow wharf
In cluster; then a mouldered church; and higher

A long street climbs to one tall towered mill;
And high in heaven behind it, a gray down.

This is of the very essence of Cornwall, even if the poet did write it in the Isle of Wight. Windy headland and peaceful cove, stern cliffs and sunny sands in happy alternation; behind, great rolling hills swept by wind and sun, with deep cool-shadowed valleys filled with the music of streams hastening down their short courses until their babbling is merged in the deeper music of the "many-sounding sea,"—that is Cornwall or at least the impression our walking tour left of it.

The land near the cliffs is often barren moorland, beautifully coloured with purple heather and other bright little flowers to which we were complete strangers. The farms lie in the sheltered valleys and back from the coast. On the most commanding headlands frequently there stand groups of white buildings. These are the houses for the Coast Guards, and most of them nowadays are naval wireless stations.

One often meets on a country road a Coast Guardsman mounted on a bicycle and dressed like a Bluejacket. They are almost without exception markedly well-built, handsome fellows, and we found them always genial and ready to enter into conversation. One of their duties in a life which, since smuggling has gone out of date, must be for the most part inactive, is giving aid in case of shipwreck; but we only saw evidence of one wreck on the coast. She had been a large steel vessel, but all that was left was a section of about fifty feet from the bow cut off sheer as if with a knife.

"You find when "cliffing it" that progress over the map is slow. This is not surprising when it is remembered that the walker is at one time at sea level in a deep valley and in a few minutes at an altitude of from three to six hundred feet, and that this is repeated again and again. Often, too, the walking is decidedly precarious for any creature less surefooted than the native sheep. This is especially the case after a shower or heavy dew has made the grass slippery. Any damp morning the walker is liable to come down with an earth-shaking thud on an average of once every five minutes, and woe be to him if he should be unlucky enough to light on one of the numerous species of brambles and stinging nettles, which in England compensate for the lack of mosquitoes and black flies.

Cornish scenery, however, is not all austere; there is no lack of the soft and peaceful also. The bay of St. Ives, for example, on a sunny afternoon strongly suggests a more southern coast, Italy or the south coast of France. The outer bay is large and in the shape of a semi-circle, and within it is a smaller indentation forming the harbour, around which the town clusters snugly. On the white beach the fishing-boats are hauled up in safety. There is nothing rugged here; the country is by no means flat, but the outlines are all soft and gentle.

We arrived at St. Ives about midday; the morning had been dull, but a breeze springing up about noon swept away the mist; the sky became cloudless, and the white and red sails of the fishing craft danced over the "myriad twinkling smiles" of the bay, which was as blue as ever was the Bay of Salerno.

Several of the river estuaries extend miles inland, and we found it profitable as well as pleasant, instead of going around them by road, to cross near their mouths by a ferry. We always welcomed these little voyages, generally of a small fraction of a mile, in the ferryman's punt. One of them we shall long remember for the remarkable beauty of the scenery. The estuary was narrow, deep and winding, and the high shores were partly wooded and partly farm land.

A solitary little vessel was unloading coal at the small peir. The tide was running out like a mill-race, and it was a stiff but short pull across to the mossy stone stairs almost hidden by the overhanging foliage.

Our first evening in Cornwall was one of exceptional beauty. At the pretty town of Looe, half fishing-village, half watering-place, we had a memorable tea—memorable for its excellence and the appetite which we brought to it—in a modest and secluded upper room overlooking the ridiculous little high street, which the crier was making hideous with his unintelligable bawling. Before tea we had quite determined to spend the night in Looe, but afterwards we felt so fresh we decided to walk on leisurely five or six miles to Polperro. The evening was still and clear and the scenery wonderfully beautiful. From a height four hundred and fifty feet above the sea we watched the sun sink in flaming glory behind the hills to the northwest. Below us in the valley lay a village called Talland. The moss-grown church tower was visible through the trees, with half a dozen cottages emitting curls of blue smoke from their chimneys. The sigh of the surf alone broke the stillness, until suddenly the chimes of Talland church rang out sweet and clear. The whole scene formed one of those rare pictures which seldom exist but in imagination, and we were loth to descend from our hill to tramp on for half an hour through the long English twilight.

According to a loquacious old salt who joined us, Polperro has had an interesting past. It was formerly noted for its seventeen inns, with no church, and for the lawless daring of its inhabitants, who lived riotously on the proceeds of their smuggling. Even the cobble stones of the village streets, could they speak, would testify against the old inhabitants, for these stones were used to conceal the wine casks and to prevent them from shifting in the smugglers' vessels.

There are dozens of picturesque little ports on the Cornish coast, but in our estimation Polperro is the finest. It is strongly suggestive of beautiful Atrani on the celebrated road around the Gulf of Salerno. Polperro is secure from all winds but the terrible southwest gale, and, when it blows, the huge breakers have been known to sweep over the little breakwater, smash the vessels to matchwood and surge up the streets of the village itself.

In Cornwall and Devon we walked nine days. Our average day's journey was about twenty-three miles; on our last day we accomplished fifty, twenty of them, however, were taken in the motor of a friendly Englishman, who offered us a lift in spite of the fact that the seating capacity of his car was fully occupied by his wife and himself. Why will people talk so much about the aloofness of English people towards strangers?

Anywhere in the south-west of England you can find comfortable quarters for the night on very easy terms. Indeed the cost of a walking tour compared to other modes of travelling is almost negligible. The village inns are at convenient distances along the road. At the farm houses they are always ready to supply the thirsty walker with cider or milk or even a meal or night's lodging.

When you put your shoulders into your ruck sack half an hour after breakfast and start down the road, usually a trifle stiffly for the first mile of two, you are possessed of a fine feeling of adventure. Ahead all is undiscovered land; you have a map, it is true, but a map does not tell you what sort of inn it will be that you put up at for the night nor what adventures await you by the way. By adventures I do not mean to suggest such thrilling encounters as George Borrow met with in Spain a hundred years ago or as one might meet with to-day in Mexico or the Balkans. But even in civilized England a journey on foot along the most ordinary coun-

try road is far from prosaic; it is always sure to be romantic and may ever be adventurous, if only we are in the right mood. We shall not describe our adventures, for most incidents which on the road amount to adventures seem in the telling of them insipid trivialities.

We have a happy recollection of an hour on the top of an extremely steep slope overlooking the sea, where we lay in the sunshine, soon growing too warm for a comfortable sun bath. Yet this climatic discomfort was trivial when weighed with the delight of the outlook, up there four hundred feet above the Channel, pretty wide at this point, but none too roomy in thick weather for the traffic which year in and year out ploughs the waters between Land's End and Ushant. The day is bright and clear; east and west the great coast is flung out, giant headland beyond headland, until the horns of the arc, Start Point on the left and the Lizard on the right, rest like dim clouds on the horizon. Seaward we can count nigh a score of smokes. Quite close is a noble liner, in build suggesting a huge yacht with her white hull and raking masts and funnel, bound probably for India or Australia. Nearest to her we can distinguish a shabby little tramp, sunk down to her Plimsoll line and very top-heavy looking, because of her unsightly deck load of lumber. It would be a safe bet that that lumber has glided down Canadian streams or been towed across miles of Canadian lake by a patient tug. The rest make only smoke for our eyes, but we can imagine the romance of each, for every ship has some romance in its story. even the most businesslike New York liner which races to and fro over its three-thousand-mile run with the regularity of a ferry.

The country folk of Cornwall are the most attractive in Britain. French travellers have often remarked that the Cornishman is the least gloomy and has the best manners of all English peasants. This is natural, as the Cornishman is a Celt and not a Saxon, and he has the Celt's sunny disposition and courteous bearing. Cornwall is not cursed with large manufacturing towns; her people are still for the most part, in spite of the mines, healthy rustics engaged in farming, or hardy fishermen. It is very seldom that man, woman or child passes you on the road without a cheerful greeting, and in spite of your shabby clothes you are addressed as "Sir."

The poet Lowell has given the Lake Country, in which I had my second experience of walking in England, the happy designation of "Wordsworthshire." One should tour this region with a select edition of Wordsworth in one's pocket and pick out for a visit—on foot—a number of the spots whose charm has been enhanced by the poet's genius.

The spirit of Tennyson seemed to be most deeply stirred by the sea. "Oh for a Mablethorpe breaker!" he writes in a letter. To Wordsworth the mountains were the greatest revelation of a Divine power and love.

> For the power of hills is on thee,
> As was witnessed through thine eye,
> Then when old Helvellyn won thee
> To confess their majesty!

But apart from its literary interest, the mountainous region of Cumberland must always rank as one of the most fascinating corners of the earth for the perfection of its scenery. Nowhere else, I should say, certainly not in Switzerland, is there such propinquity and marked contrast between the peaceful atmosphere of human habitation and the sublime and solitary sanctuaries of the mountains. I was prepared for this first quality in all its English perfection, but not for the grandeur of the second. There are few altitudes in the range over 3,000 feet, and Scafell Pike, the highest point, is only 3,210 feet above the sea; yet these statistics are a continual surprise; the moun-

tains "feel much higher; indeed, sometimes about thrice the height. Seen from near Windermere, the Langdale Pikes with the more distant "giants" of Borrowdale, Scafell Pike, and Great Gable pile up grandly, and the surprise is that their brows are not glittering with eternal snow. This deception is partly due to the English climate, which greatly increases the apparent distance of the horizon; but the deception is probably due in a large degree to the picturesque outline of these mountains. They are true mountain peaks, with individuality of form, and not merely over-sized hills.

To cross the Stye Head Pass from Langdale into Borrowdale on a breezy afternoon of swirling cloud and momentary sunshine is a glorious experience. You pass the frowning peaks of Scafell and the gloomy little mountain lakes of Angle, Sprinkling, and Sty Head Tarns. By the way, De Quincey has a pretty suggestion that "Tarn," like so many local words of the Lake region, is of Danish or Icelandic origin, from taaren (a trickling of tears), a deposit of water from rain, the tarns having no main feeder. These quiet tarns, the innumerable gills of clear cold water gurgling and splashing over the rocks, often jumping off a ledge in a perfect little fall and filling the whole region with their music, the scudding mist, the scanty vegetation and the low temperature of the air, all this gives one the feeling that the snow line is about to be reached and that the nose of a glacier may be expected around the next corner.

All the highest points in the range can be ascended by an ordinary walker. You are sure to meet some "crag climbers" in this district, who follow the sport of ascending every peak by the most hazardous routes, from pure love of excitement and the triumph of overcoming apparently hopeless difficulties. A tremendous storm of protest would be raised among them if anyone dared to put ropes or railings on any of the crags, as has been done in Switzerland. I was assured by one of these crag climbers that it was even considered "against the laws of the game" to remove your boots, in order to secure a better grip in some specially threatening predicament.

I do not propose to weary the reader with details of my happy three days' ramble through the Lake Country. I shall merely refer to a ten hours' tramp begun in the delightfully fresh morning air at Thornythwaite in Borrowdale and completed at Patterdale on Ullswater. A finer day for walking and climbing it could not have been. The morning air was fresh, with that delicious mountain smell in it, and all through the day, even when the sun was warm, the air was splendidly invigorating, sending one along with a tireless stride. Across two moorland ridges or fells my route lay to the narrow, deep-lying lake of Thirlmere, robbed of little of its primeval wildness from being made the reservoir for the Manchester Waterworks; then by the splendid road around the north end of the lake. After an hour's halt for lunch at the inn of Thirlspot I clambered up the mighty shoulder of old Helvellyn. As you near the summit you are surprised to find that on the other side the mountain falls away in a sheer precipice for 600 feet, and, in a barren cup in the bottom, lies a tiny lake. Much lower down and farther off shines the noble lake of Ullswater. As the afternoon was clear, the view embraced the whole Lake District and beyond, to the west, the glimmer of the sea. A cloud rested over Scafell Pike, but, even as I watched, it gradually evaporated and the summit was uncovered, which by all accounts is a rare happening, the Borrowdale peaks acting as a condenser for the damp Atlantic winds.

I found in descending that almost any route is preferable to the bed of a gill or mountain torrent, especially after a season of bounteous

rains. The miniature canyon in some spots had banks so steep as to make wading the only solution, and as the slippery rocks give exceedingly uncertain footing, it was in a decidedly wet state that I gained the bottom, not far from the south end of Thirlmere. To reach Patterdale on Ullswater, which I had made my evening objective, it was necessary to cross back over the Helvellyn ridge, and this I did by means of a rough track over the Grisedale Pass. Grisedale Tarn is just across the divide. In the inky surface of this weirdest and loveliest of lakes are reflected the crags of Dolly Waggon Pike and Seat Sandal. The men who did the naming of the English mountains were masters of their art!

A more lively sense of contentment and well-being, both animal and spiritual, there could not be, than was my possession after my repast that evening at Mrs. Burnett's cottage in Patterdale. I strolled along the road bordering the lovely shore of Ullswater and watched the few passengers disembark from the diminutive steamer in front of the hotel. When you are in that rare mood, any trivial circumstance is of interest and the most commonplace people arouse your speculations.

A visit on my last day to some of the spots more intimately associated with the memory of Wordsworth closed my sojourn in this delightful region and my walking tour in England.

OLD WAR

By ARTHUR L. PHELPS

I SEE you sitting in the sungleams there,
Scabbard on arm, the mighty blade withdrawn,
Musing a little. Dreams of customs gone
People your mood—old loves, old quests to dare;
The sword so doubly tempered to its wont
Of battle, keen to be swift smiting through
Dark arms, you fondle almost as if you
Had borne it shouting in the fight's red front.

All this upon a quiet afternoon
Of golden sun in Canada. The years
Are but a curtain that you brush aside.
This hour you hear the ancient battle rune
In gleaming glens, and to your sight appears
Old war and all its honour and high pride.

YELLOW PERILS

BY W. LYTTLETON CASSELS

THE conversation had turned upon insanity, and the bishop had advanced the opinion that the explanation of hereditary imbecility might possibly be found in the Second Commandment. He had then gone on to say that in any case insanity often appeared to be the visitation of a directly retributive Providence. At this point, however, Brice took him up and said that it was often the less guilty but weaker individual who suffered.

"I know," he said, "of an instance of this."

It was not very often that Brice could be drawn into a discussion, but when he did so he always commanded attention; therefore the men at the club drew their chairs a little closer to his.

"The instance of which I speak," he said, "came to my notice one day when Dr. Van Allen picked me up in his car and took me out with him to the New Westminster Asylum. He was going out there to pay a brief visit to a patient, and I accompanied him into the grounds. As we walked up the avenue we passed a patient who was strolling slowly the other way and I noticed that the man had a long scar running diagonally across his cheek. My companion said, 'That man is a survivor of Pitt Meadows. He believes at times that he bears the mark of Cain. He was a newspaperman in Vancouver before the war.'

"I decided to wait outside for the doctor, so we parted at the door. I strolled around for a few minutes and then sat down on a bench beneath an elm. After a time the man we had passed on the avenue came and sat down beside me and I spoke to him. We exchanged several commonplaces and then I remarked how beautiful the wood on the opposite hill looked, clad in its autumn foliage. I paused and he started at my words, then some memory they engendered opened his floodgates of speech.

" 'Yes,' he said. 'The wood on the hill. A bugle sounded, and the regiment on our left, the 51st Infantry, started forward through the wood. A moment later our lieutenant gave the word and we, too, went down the slope of the hill. We could not see what was happening in the valley, but from in front, and from far to the north and south, a wave of sound broke threateningly upon our ears. We could hear the crack of the rifles, the purr of the Maxims and the roar of the enemy's bigger field-guns on the top of the opposite ridge, while from behind us came the reports of our own batteries to swell the volume of sound.

" 'We halted at the edge of the woods and deployed into open order among the trees. As I moved forward into place I saw the valley before me. A line of men rose suddenly to their feet about a hundred yards ahead of us and dashed forward. An officer gave an order; they dropped to the ground and commenced firing. Farther out, other men were running; dropping down to cover; firing; rising again and rushing on. Some of

them fell and lay still, arms flung wide like idle marionettes. Others stopped suddenly, spun around, and tumbled inert. The sickle of death mowed them down as they ran. It was terrible!

"'A shrapnel burst not far from me and six of my troopmates crumpled up. I shivered. There were no signs of the enemy to be seen except the dark lines of their riffle-pits and a farmhouse into which they had thrown a detachment of men. The quick-firers in the orchard beside the building were pouring out a hail of lead on our advancing ranks, but the guns were out of view.

"'A sharp order and our first rank ran forward. Then down they went and their rifles spat viciously. Bullets were whistling through the wood. The private beside me gave a gurgle and his rifle fell from his lifeless hands. At the word we, too, advanced at the double. Shells burst over us and men fell to right and left of me. An officer shouted; we dropped and fired at the distant rifle-pits. I was not afraid, but I felt a strange sense of detachment and I thought of Esther and the baby as I slipped the cartridges into the magazine of my rifle.

"'Up and on we went; and then down again; up and on, and down again. Our lieutenant turned suddenly sideways and fell. I kept my eyes in front of me as much as possible, for the horror of it was creeping over me and I felt chill and sick. God above, I had helped to bring this to pass! My lips framed Collins's words of that fatal Friday, "Some journalism!"

"'Was this war? No enemy to struggle with hand-to-hand! Nothing to fire at except an orchard and the dark lines along the green side of the crest of the hill! I dropped behind a large boulder and then I noticed that I was almost alone. I fired the cartridges in my magazine and turned to look behind me. Line after line of men issued from the wood, ran forward, and then fired from the ground. Some of them lay down to fire, but not to rise again, for there was all too little cover. A puff of smoke, and a shell burst above a spot where a number of men were clustered. . . . I turned my head and looked to the front.

"'A brook fringed with willows ran through the fields at the foot of the long gentle slope. There was a strip of newly-ploughed land on the near side of the stream, and I could see the khaki-clad figures of our men as they took shelter behind the willows and flung up impromptu rifle-pits. They were massing there preparatory to a dash up the hill.

"'All the time that I lay behind the rock my eyes were busy with what was going on in the valley, but my thoughts were elsewhere. My brain drew the picture of my office in *The Vancouver Blade*, and I heard Boyce, as he burst into the reporters' room outside my door repeat, "Hustle, fellows, all hell's loose on Powell Street. They've hanged six of the Japs, and the mob are firing the houses!" I had thought of it then as a story—*a story!*

"'Again I seemed to see Collins, the owner and managing editor, as he strode into my room, seemed to hear him say, "Some journalism, what? Some journalism. Late hours to-night, Billy. Everybody on the firing line!" *The* firing line! I thought to myself.

"'"That was some front sheet you had this afternoon," he added.

"'It pleased him to be colloquial at times, but it had indeed been *some* front sheet. The headlines rose before my eyes in their seventy-two-point type: "Jap Plot Discovered," and farther down the page, "Barbarous Murder of Three White Women." Feeling had been running pretty high and *The Blade* had outdone itself in howling down the Japs; so I had ventured to demur when Collins had ordered me to run that fake story. My protest had been of

no avail, but the story had, in Boyce's words, let hell loose.

"'A man rose and ran towards the shelter of my rock. He stopped suddenly, clapped his hands to his stomach, gaped open-mouthed at me a moment, and then pitched forward on his face. I wished that I had strangled Collins that day as he smiled sarcastically at me over his desk and said curtly, "It's up to you; go to it."

"'We had made history that afternoon in the office of *The Blade*. Two weeks later Katsu had smashed the Pacific Squadron of the newly-formed Canadian navy. A week after that the Japanese had landed on Vancouver Island. Caldwell had been beaten and Victoria taken. The militia had all been ordered out. Then had come the second call, and I had found myself with the newly-formed 72nd Foot; and now—?

"'Three men crawled up to me, and the four of us started firing from behind the boulder. A bullet caught the service hat of the man on my left and he lifted his head above the rock and said, grimly, "Peek-a-boo with death, eh?" Another added, "If we could only see them!"

"'That was it! It was not men we were fighting, but trenches in the ground, machines in a wood!

"'A buzz sounded far above us, and I saw an aeroplane speeding across the sky towards the hill behind which our reserves were massed. Then another followed and another. The forward one began climbing upward, circling round and round, and I could see the man by the pilot dropping the deadly pyrrhic bombs.

"'We rose to our feet and dashed forward. Down we went; and again I thought of Esther and the baby in Seattle. I had sent them there when I saw that war would undoubtedly be declared, and I was indeed thankful that I had done so. The Japanese had looted and burned Vancouver. I shuddered as I thought of what had happened there when chaos broke loose—women butchered, and worse than butchered!

"'God pity me! *Some journalism!*

"'The blood of my own wife and child was not on my hands—but those other women and children? Madness lay in the thought. I rose to my feet and dashed forward. A furrow caught my foot, and I fell. I splashed through an irrigation ditch, crossed the ploughed land, and threw myself down behind the willows.

"'I noticed that the Japanese fire was not as heavy among the willows as elsewhere. I remember wondering why, as I fired cartridge after cartridge at the orchard and the farmhouse windows.

"'A major rose to his feet. "Form into ranks as you lie," he shouted. We shifted about and formed into five lines. The major put his hands trumpetwise to his mouth, "The first line will—"

"'He never finished his sentence. A deafening explosion sounded to our left. I saw the earth rise in a dust cloud mingled with the mangled bodies of men.

"'"God," said a voice beside me, "they've mined the whole bank!"'"

Brice paused for a moment and then he continued:

"The man of whom I speak bowed his head on his hands. A minute or two passed and then he rose from the bench. He gave me a sidelong glance, and as he moved furtively away from me I noticed that his hand was covering the wound on his face."

There was silence in the room for a few minutes and then the Bishop spoke:

"You may remember," he said, "that I was in that railway smash at Salmon Arm last year. Well, Collins's only son, the son's wife, and their two children were in that wreck. The wife," he continued, "was killed, and Collins's son went from the wreck to the asylum."

"And—the children?" asked Brice.

"I do not know," said the Bishop.

CURRENT EVENTS

BY LINDSAY CRAWFORD

THE death of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain has removed from the sphere of party controversy one of the great men of the Victorian era. Detached for several years from the strife of politics, it is, however, too soon yet to estimate as its full value his influence upon the history of his times. For over eight years the veteran statesman had been afflicted with an incurable malady that impaired his mental faculties and rendered him incapable of taking an active part in Parliamentary affairs. His old enemy, gout, from which he had suffered for many years, finally wrecked the tabernacle and clouded the intellect. He was an inveterate smoker of strong cigars and was never known to take exercise. In his early days Chamberlain had Republican sympathies, due doubtless to his connection with Unitarianism, which had long been imbued with the spirit of revolt against the governing classes. It was Ulster Unitarians who largely inspired the United Irish movement of 1798. As an administrator Chamberlain left his mark on the city of Birmingham, which under his guidance took the lead in municipal reforms and the civic control of public utilities. Retiring from business with an ample fortune while his feet were still on the threshold of early manhood, he was free to apply his municipal experience and undoubted ability to the wider problems of the nation and the Empire. It is too soon yet to judge impartially of his relations with Gladstone and his responsibility for the wrecking of the Liberal Party in 1886. A home ruler before Gladstone's conversion, Chamberlain still remained throughout the debates on the first Irish Bill an ardent advocate of some form of Federal Home Rule. His defection at this criticial stage led to the separate organization of the Liberal Unionists and their coalition with the Conservatives.

This coalition, which came to be known as the Unionist Party, legislated for some years on the basis of a compromise between Liberal and Conservative principles, The result was a remarkable advance in Conservative social legislation which led to open protests from the Marquis of Londonderry, Sir Edward Carson, Lord Atkinson, and other Conservative front-benchers. The Marquis of Londonderry went so far as to resign the presidency of the Conservative Association and condemned his party for allowing Chamberlain's Radical views to dominate the Unionist Cabinet. Chamberlain was in the vanguard as a social reformer, but the split in the Liberal ranks forced him into a working alliance with a party many of whose prominent supporters did not see eye to eye with him. His greatest disappointment was the Education Act of 1902, which embodied principles against which Chamberlain had waged incessant war in his Radical days. The South African campaign, for which he was officially responsible, involved enormous sacrifices of blood and treasure and brought in its train

a period of depression the worst the country had experienced for many years. Then followed Chamberlain's remedy for hard times—Tariff Reform—and the breaking-up of the Balfour Cabinet. The immediate effect of the hard times was the return of the Liberals by a sweeping majority, and the advent of the Labour Party.

Later events are still fresh in the public memory. Mr. Lloyd George, who first attracted notice by reason of his unsparing criticisms of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, became the prophet of the new Democracy. Chamberlain will be remembered not so much for what he accomplished as for what he aimed to accomplish. He caught the vision of a world-wide British Empire bound together by ties of closest friendship, and one in peace or war. Trained to think in terms of market value as a successful manufacturer, he brought into the arena of party controversy an issue which should have been non-contentious. Empires and nations are not made; they grow. To link Imperialism with Tariff Reform, and to build up Imperial unity on a highly contentious trade basis proved not to be the line of least resistance. It broke up the Balfour Cabinet and to many who had previously given little thought to the question it presented Imperialism in the light of a trade policy, which meant increased taxation. Of his sincerity there can be little doubt. Chamberlain laid the foundations, in the discussions to which his ideas gave rise, of a movement which one day will take concrete form in the steady growth of an Imperial sentiment which will find expression in a businesslike co-ordination of the self-governing nations of the Empire.

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It is always dangerous to prophesy regarding political affairs. It is the unexpected that always happens, and this is particularly so of Irish politics. Those accustomed to read between the lines will not be carried away by alarmist reports from Ireland. The tension is always greatest—in newspapers. A religious war is unthinkable in the twentieth century. In all the secular affairs of life Irish Protestants and Irish Catholics co-operate in a friendly spirit. They sit together on the governing bodies of the Agricultural Department, Agricultural Co-operative Association, and the Industrial Development Association. They mix freely at fairs and markets and sit together on the senates of Irish universities. Individually, Protestant and Catholic are good neighbours and have no desire to fight each other. But party politics tend to destroy individuality, and what men would shrink from as individuals they will recklessly carry out when one of a mob. This is the danger in Ireland. There are all the elements that go to ensure peace and unity, but through the exigencies of party politics there is created an atmosphere of distrust and suspicion. Unless something unforeseen happens, and Home Rule Bill is now assured, and will become the law of the land. It is the amending bill on which attention is now concentrated. At one time *The London Daily Mail* accepted the exclusion of what it termed "the four homogeneous counties of Ulster" as the basis of a settlement. This demand has now been enlarged to a claim for the statutory exclusion of all Ulster. The difficulties in the way of a settlement are great, but not insuperable. On the one hand the Ulster Volunteers threaten to fight if their terms are not conceded. On the other hand the Irish Volunteers may fight if the terms of settlement endanger the integrity of the country. Meantime business is depressed in the "black North," and this fact may have greater influence in the hastening of a settlement than the speeches of leaders and parliamentarians.

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The July celebration in Ulster passed over quietly, and falsified the

alarming cablegrams sent to Canadian newspapers from Belfast. One good result of the drilling on both sides is the discipline, which has imposed a self-restraint and personal responsibility for the maintenance of order, as gratifying as it is remarkable, having regard to the reputation for rioting which distinguished Belfast and Ulster in past years. Out of this discipline and self-restraint has grown a feeling of mutual respect between Nationalists and Unionists which, if allowed to continue, will make for lasting peace and toleration. Were Irishmen at liberty to settle their differences and to work out their own destiny, free from the undertow of British party controversies, common sense would in the end prevail, and loyalty to a common country and common interests predominate over sectional jealousies and sectarian differences. What measure of prosperity Ireland has achieved in recent years has been brought about by a spirit of reasonable compromise and co-operation, which enables men of opposite religious and political views to work harmoniously together on public boards for the general good of the country.

The invasion of Canada by the Sikhs has raised a thorny problem and added greatly to the anxieties of statesmen responsible for the government of India. South Africa and Canada have decided to settle this question in the light of national requirements. This throws the onus of responsibility on the shoulders of British statesmen. The Sikhs are a fine race with a splendid record of loyalty and service to the Empire. With remarkable unanimity, however, the British press admits the right of self-governing Dominions to control immigration and to regulate their internal affairs, without regard to the difficulties which may be created thereby for those responsible for the affairs of India. The controversy has set in motion the pens of splenetic writers who have failed to take into account the effects of their diatribes on the natives of India. Private advices from Indian indicate that feeling is very strong there and that the agitators against British rule have made considerable capital out of the Canadian incident. It should be possible to preserve Canada as a white man's country without adding unnecessarily to the burden of British rulers in the great Eastern dependency.

The assassination of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand of Austria-Hungary and his wife adds yet another chapter of blood and sorrow to the tragic tale of the unfortunate Hapsburgs. The heir to the Austrian throne was most unpopular. He met his death bravely endeavouring to shield his wife. The aged Emperor has drunk deeply of the cup of affliction. A quarter of a century ago he lost his only son in a mysterious tragedy. Sixteen years ago his wife was murdered. Maximilian, his brother, was shot in Mexica, and Carlotta, Maximilian's devoted wife, became insane after a vain effort to enlist European intervention on behalf of her condemned husband. His nephew and heir, Archduke John, renounced his rank and, as Johann Orth, sailed on board a ship and was never again heard of. The late Archduke contracted a morganatic alliance and his children are therefore debarred from the throne. The present heir is Charles Francis Joseph. The Croats and Serbs are about equally divided in the Provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina, which have a population of two millions. There is also a small number of Mohammedans. Europe was on the verge of war in 1908 when Austria-Hungary violated the Treaty of Berlin by annexing Bosnia and Herzegovina, which, since 1878, had been under the protection of the Austrian Empire. The Serbs, after the annexation, were subjected to repressive measures, and Sarajevo, where

the assassination of the Royal couple took place on June 28th, was the centre of Servian agitation against Austrian rule. The Serbs deeply resented the crushing out of their national ideals and customs. The late Archduke was regarded in international circles as a serious menace to world peace. He was responsible for the new Austrian navy and for the aggressive Imperial policy which Austria-Hungary has adopted during the past ten years.

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The following letter, from Mr. J. C. Boylen, to the editor of *The Canadian Magazine*, is interesting to all students of Canadian history:

July 2, 1914.

Sir,—Miss Janet Carnochan's article in the July number on "Rare Canadian Books" is another valuable contribution from her pen on the beginnings of Canadian literature. In the article she makes reference to the medal struck by the Loyal and Patriotic Society of Upper Canada and asks, "Was the medal ever made?" and "Are there any specimens in existence?"

These medals were made, according to the record contained in "Explanation of the Proceedings of the Loyal and Patriotic Society," Toronto, 1841, but were not distributed because they did not answer "the original purpose for which they were designed," as the Explanation has it. This pamphlet goes on to say: "Though nothing could have been better intended than this plan of the society for bestowing medals as a reward for meritorious service, it was unfortunate that they did not at first sufficiently consider that it belongs to the sovereign to confer that mark of honour, for public services rendered to the Crown, in a military or civil capacity."

In 1822 these medals were placed by the society in the custody of the Bank of Upper Canada. At a meeting of the society on July 7th, 1840, at which were present Dr. Strachan, Chief Justice Robinson, the Honourable William Allan, the Honourable George Crookshank, Colonel Givings, and Alexander Wood, arrangements were made for selling the medals as bullion. After all expenses, which did not exceed £2, were paid, the proceeds were donated to "the Trustees of the Provincial Hospital."

Their sale is recorded as follows:

1840.

Aug. 17.	58 gold medals sold to Chas. Sewell, watchmaker, Toronto, 33 oz., 15 dwt., 20 grs., at 77s. 1d.	£130	4 9
Aug. 18.	60 silver medals sold to Wm. Stennet, watchmaker, Toronto, 100 7-100 oz., at 5s. 6d.	27	11 10½
Aug. 24.	121 silver medals to Chas. Sewell, 200 2-20 oz., at 5s. 6d.	55	0 6½
Nov. 6.	3 gold medals to the same, 2 oz., 5 dwt., 12 grs., at 77s. 1d.	8	15 1½
Nov. 7.	367 silver ditto to W. Stennett, 632 4-20 oz., at 5s. 6d.	173	17 1

In describing the design of the medals from the report in her possession, Miss Carnochan wrote of the American eagle as "plancing." This is evidently a misprint, as in other descriptions the word is "planing."

It appears that Miss Carnochan, with her indefatigable energy in searching for historical data, discovered the main facts as given by Mr. Boylen, and she forwarded an additional explanatory paragraph to be added to her article. The paragraph, however, came too late for the printers.

The Library Table

ENGLISH CANADIAN LITERATURE

By T. G. Marquis. A reprint from "Canada and Its Provinces," a historical set of twenty-three volumes, by One Hundred Associates. Toronto: The Publishers' Association.

THE purpose of this valuable contribution to "Canada and Its Provinces" is to tell what has been done worth while for literature in Canada, embracing the avenues of history, travel and exploration, biography, and belles lettres. Mr. Marquis went to the task well equipped, and one can say with surety that to no other essay could one appeal for so complete a consideration of the subject. He went to it also with a sympathetic mind, and while his praise of Canadian writers is not fulsome or indiscriminate, it is at least generous. Generosity could be charged almost as a fault, for it is now high time in Canada that the names of some writers be dropped entirely from our essays and anthologies and new names admitted. This essay does take a glimpse into the last decade, and that is something to be remarked, for most considerations of a similar character do not pass beyond the scope of the latest bibliography. But Mr. Marquis goes back as far as 1804, when George Heriot, a Jerseyman by birth, published the first volume of his history of Canada, and he comes down to the time, about a year ago, of the publication of Miss Marjorie Pickthall's first volume of verse. It should be recorded, however, as Mr. Marquis has shown a desire to confine his review to native literature, that Miss Pickthall was merely a temporary resident in Canada, that she had left the country before her book was compiled, and that her work, in verse at least, displays no Canadian tone or sentiment. It is in his treatment of Canadian verse in particular that Mr. Marquis compels our attention, for there he exercises his critical and discriminating sense and sifts, mostly with good judgment, the wheat from the chaff. And that has been no simple matter, for there is in Canadian letters an enormous mass of rhyming chaff, chaff that has been sorted out and honoured indiscriminately by almost every anthologist in the Dominion. Mr. Marquis has avoided most of it. His comparisons among Lampman, Roberts, Carman, and Campbell are the most interesting part of the essay, for they reveal a close acquaintanceship with these authors and an earned judgment of their work. Towards Canadian novelists of a decade ago or earlier he has shown perhaps a little more than bare justice. He compares the animal stories of Thompson Seton and Charles G. D. Roberts, giving the palm for imagination to Roberts, and for science to Seton. He finds Gilbert Parker at his best a great novelist, but he puts Robert Barr on a lower scale. Fortunately he is not carried away by Ralph Connor or Robert Knowles, but in view of a generous attitude on the whole one wonders why he has not extended his inquiry closer to the present and included Arthur Macfarlane, Frank L. Packard, George T. Pattullo, Harvey O'Higgins, and Hul-

bert Footner, all at least virile young Canadian writers. However, he goes well back—to the greatest of them all—Thomas Chandler Haliburton (Sam Slick), to whom he gives the rightful place of the father of American humour. As to his selections from the poets, one really should not complain, because he has left out many that less capable critics would have included; nevertheless, we feel bound to say that while some of our more recent poets may not contribute anything to the great sum of English poetry, they are at any rate infinitely superior craftsmen to some of those mentioned in this review. Take, for instance, Alan Sullivan, Lloyd Roberts, Arthur L. Phelps, Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, George Herbert Clarke, Helena Coleman, J. D. Logan, and Eric Mackay Yeoman. Some of these, it is true, have not yet published a volume, and therefore it is difficult to consider their output as entities. But in any case we should forget a grievance of this kind in our satisfaction in possessing a monograph so comprehensive and intelligent as this one by Mr. Marquis.

MR. LLOYD ROBERTS

(Son of Charles G. D. Roberts) whose first volume of poems has been published recently in England.

ENGLAND OVER SEAS

By Lloyd Roberts. London: Elkin Mathews.

THE publication of this volume of poems by a son of Charles G. D. Roberts is an interesting, even significant, event in the development of Canadian literature. Lloyd Roberts has been contributing verse to the magazines for some years, but this, we believe, is the first collection of his work under one cover. Its appearance has prompted the well-known critic Dr. J. D. Logan to at once seize upon the fact as an indication of a new era in Canadian verse. It is noteworthy that Dr. Logan has already connected Charles G. D. Roberts with an earlier *renaissance* in Canadian verse, and now we find him discovering in the son the first runner in a second *renaissance*. We can at least acknowledge a more than ordinary sympathy with Lloyd Roberts's poetry, and indeed a few of the poems raise us to a point of exultation. And if one exults with the reading of poetry, what more can be asked? But one need not be an Englishman, nor even a Britisher, to exult over "England's Fields":

ENGLAND'S FIELDS

England's cliffs are white like milk,
But England's fields are green;
The gray fogs creeep across the moors,
But warm suns stand between.
And not so far from London town, beyond
the brimming street,
A thousand little summer winds are singing in the wheat.

Red-lipped poppies stand and burn,
The hedges are aglow;
The daisies climb the windy hills
Till all grow white like snow.
And when the slim, pale moon slides up,
and dreamy night is near,
There's a whisper in the beeches for
lonely hearts to hear.

Throughout the little volume of fifty-five pages there are many arresting lines, such as:

"Until the moon's great dripping calyx came" . . .

"Across the yelping torrents a thousand feet have run" . . .

Music and rhythm seem to be instinctive to this volume, and for pleasant conceits of nature it is peculiarly Robertsian. Here is a touch of the New Brunswick barrens and the moose hunt:

THE KILL

Black and white the face of night,
And roar the rapids to the moon;
Dust of stars beyond the bars,
And mirthless laughter of the loon.

Swirling blades through inky shades,
And ghostly shadows slipping by;
Clogging beds of arrowheads,
And jagging spruce tops in the sky.

Rasping groans of birchen cones
Re-answering from shore to shore;
Through the hush the snapping brush—
Then silence, and the stars once more.

*

CHARLES STEWART PARNELL: HIS LOVE STORY AND POLITICAL LIFE.

By Katharine O'Shea (Mrs. Parnell). Toronto: Cassell and Company.

THE most interesting part of this remarkable book is the personality of the writer. No man who is at all human could read it and not hold some sympathy with Parnell in his devotion to the one woman who could utterly distract him from the trying experiences of his political connections. Katharine O'Shea was the wife of a dashing young hussar officer, the daughter of Sir John Page Wood, and the niece of Gladstone's Lord Chancellor. She is described as being beautiful, and we have the book to impress her eccentricities and her charm. To her home and Captain O'Shea's Parnell had been repeatedly invited to dine, but he had not responded. Then she determined to fetch him. She boasted to some friends that "the uncrowned king of Ireland shall sit in that chair at the next dinner I give." She drove to the House of Commons and sent in her card, asking Mr. Parnell to come out and speak to her. The result was fatal. She herself tells about the meeting:

"He came out, a tall, gaunt figure, thin and deadly pale. He looked straight at me smiling, and his curiously burning eyes looked into mine with a wonderful intentness that threw into my brain the sudden thought: 'This man is wonderful and different.' . . . In leaning forward in the cab to say good-bye a rose I was wearing in my bodice fell out on to my skirt. He picked it up and, touching it lightly with his lips, placed it in his buttonhole."

He kept it in his private papers till the day of his death in an envelope "with my name and the date."

"A few days later he came to dinner."

There was in Parnell's deportment a touch of gallantry, but the episode in the lives of these two began at once to assume the aspects of romance, and there were in their affairs little incidents such as are dear to the feminine heart. Parnell almost lived at the O'Shea residence, and indeed during the Land League prosecutions, when the police, it was supposed, intended to arrest him, he lay there in refuge for a fortnight:

"We decided that a little room opening out of my own must be utilized for him, as I always kept it locked and never allowed a servant into it. . . . It was a little boudoir dressing-room and had a sofa in it. . . . None of the servants knew that he was there, and I took all his food up at night, cooking dainty little dishes for him at the open fire."

Then there were some papers that he did not wish to be discovered:

"For these he had a wide, hollow gold bracelet made in Paris, and after inserting the papers he screwed the bracelet safely on my arm. There it remained for three years and was then unscrewed by him and the contents destroyed."

In January, 1881, Captain O'Shea suddenly arrived at Eltham and dissovered Parnell's portmanteau there. There was a domestic scene. Captain O'Shea challenged Parnell to fight a duel with him. On second thought he came to the conclusion that he had been too hasty, and merely made the condition that Mr. Parnell should not stay at Eltham. The writer adds:

"From the date of this bitter quarrel Parnell and I were one without scruple, without fear and without remorse."

In October, 1881, he was arrested, much to "Willie's fierce and open joy," and lodged in Kilmainham. She herself says of this period, divulging the hitherto unknown fact that she had a child by Parnell:

"From the time of Parnell's arrest onward until the birth of his child in the following February, I lived an entirely sub-conscious existence . . . feeling that all that was of life in me had gone with my lover to prison."

Parnell's letters contain constant references to the expected event. Once he writes to her:

"Rather than that my beautiful Wifie should run any risk I will resign my seat, leave politics, and go away somewhere with my own Queenie, as soon as she wishes; will she come? Let me know, darling, in your next about this."

In February the child was born, and there is this astonishing statement, "Willie (Captain O'Shea) had no suspicion of the truth," while a letter from Captain O'Shea's sister is actually printed to prove "that my little one's paternity was utterly unsuspected by the O'Sheas."

The baby—a girl—lived only a few weeks. Parnell was released on parole to attend a nephew's wedding, and he saw the child twice. While it was dying he recurred to his dream of abandoning politics and avowing his love:

"I love you, my darling, more and more every day, and I should feel quite reconciled to giving up politics for ever and living with my sweet Katie all by ourselves, away from everybody and everything. I do not think anything will ever induce me to speak from a platform again. I always disliked it excessively, but I should loathe it now."

Nevertheless he did not sacrifice his political ambitions, and his love affairs seem not to have been seriously interrupted.

In time Captain O'Shea procured a divorce, and then Parnell and Mrs. O'Shea were married.

But the divorce drew down the denunciation of the Nonconformists upon Parnell, and to them Gladstone promptly bowed and ordained that Parnell must go. Gladstone, she insists, had known all for years. Parnell determined to fight it out, telling Mrs. Parnell:

"I am feeling very ill, Queenie, but I think I shall win through. I shall never give in unless you make me, and I want you to promise me that you will never make me less than the man you have known."

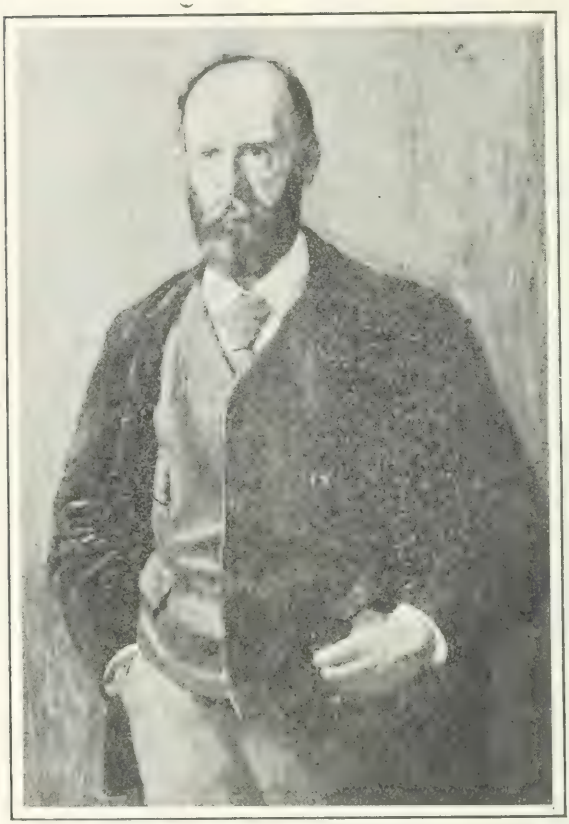
He was beaten in Committee Room Fifteen, and his party dissolved into factions. Parnell survived this stunning disaster only a few months and returned to the house which they had taken at Brighton, worn out and dangerously ill after speaking in Ireland. He grew rapidly worse, and late in the night of October 6, 1891, he died in his wife's arms with the last words on his lips: "Kiss me, sweet wifie, and I will try to sleep a little."

*

THE BEND IN THE ROAD

By Truman A. De Weese. New York: Harper and Brothers.

IT has been said that every real man expects some day to own a little farm where he can get into complete sympathy and touch with nature. Sometimes it does not turn out according to the plan, but the author of this delightful book shows how, in his case at least, the "farm" has been a source of infinite enjoyment. The



From a Portrait by William Cruickshank

PROFESSOR JAMES MAVOR, OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY,

Whose monumental work in two volumes, entitled "An Economic History of Russia," has just been published by J. M. Dent & Sons, Toronto.

everyday experiences are charmingly told, and together with quiet humour and good literary flavour the volume is one that all lovers of the out-of-doors should possess.

*

—"Stammering and Cognate Defects of Speech," by C. S. Bluemel, is a work in two volumes dealing with the psychology of stammering and the contemporaneous systems of treating stammering, their possibilities and limitations. The first volume discusses the causes of defects in speech and considers them, not from a physiological standpoint, as is usually the case, but from the standpoint of psychology. In other words, the defect is considered as mental rather than physical. In the second volume many of the systems for the correction of stammering are given and fakes revealed. It is a work, we should imagine, that every stammerer would want to possess. (New York: G. E. Stechert and Company).

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

THE RETURN OF THE SHEEP

From the Painting by W. Edwin Atkinson. Exhibited by the Canadian Art Club

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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THE ORIGINAL PROFESSOR TEUFELSDRÖCKH

BY IRA A. MACKAY

PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY AT THE UNIVERSITY OF SASKATCHEWAN

DURING the last half of the eighteenth century there lived in the dismal city of Königsberg in north-east Prussia one of the wisest and strangest men the world has ever known. In Königsberg this man was born, and in Königsberg he lived, worked, and died. Indeed historians tell us that he never even once in his lifetime of eighty years travelled as far as forty miles beyond the city limits. During the greater part of his lifetime he lived continuously in a simple cottage overlooking the old, moss-grown and weatherbeaten roofs of the city. The great cathedral clock of Königsberg stood in full view from his quiet study window and here, it is said, the strange man sat many hours each day gazing upon the face of the great clock and thinking intently upon the great problems of nature and mind, and of time and space. As a result of these hours of thinking, as we now know, at least one book was written which no scholar would omit from among the ten greatest books which have ever been written. Indeed learned readers are not wanting who are ready to adjudge this book the greatest work of intellectual genius which has ever been produced by any single human mind.

The physical man of this sketch was scarcely more than five feet high and exceedingly feeble of frame. He used to say of himself in rather grim jest the he had apparently reached the minimum of muscular substance. As his years passed over into late-middle and old age he became a mere shadow of a man. His legs were almost as slender as pipe stems, his chest singularly hollow, his left shoulder badly bent and his face thin, drawn, and very pale. His intellectual features, however, were more reassuring, for his

countenance was grave, his forehead large and beautiful, and his eye alert and sparkling until he died. Certainly no one has ever lived who fulfilled more completely the description of the epithet 'All mind and no body,' than this man of Königsberg.

During his life and ever since his death this strange man has been noted for the eccentric, old maidenish regularity and precision of his daily manners and habits of life. Every daily duty, whether large or small, was done with the regularity of machinery. Heine said of him that the catheral clock of Königsberg did not perform its daily task more dispassionately and punctually than its countryman. Every morning at the call of his servant, whether in summer or winter, he rose promptly at five of the clock. He did not eat any breakfast but, having dressed himself, smoked one full pipe of tobacco and drank two cups of tea. He would have preferred coffee, but found it overheating, and so was content with the milder beverage. Although he was a man of unusually temperate habits, he is said, too, to have been fond of a regular glass of rum.

From seven to ten o'clock in the forenoon the Professor, for such he was, lectured in the neighbouring University of Königsberg to some of the most distinguished students who have ever listened to any teacher. Nominally he was known as the Professor of Philosophy, but besides lecturing regularly on ethics and metaphysics, he also lectured on mathematics, physics, astronomy, natural theology, physical geography, anthropology and fortification. He was indeed *"Ein Professor der Allerlei-Wissenschaft,* or, as we should say in English, a Professor of all things in general." At ten o'clock in the morning, lectures over, he returned to his study, and there in the manner of the true college professor he spent exactly three hours of diligent work preparing his lectures for the following day.

The professor's dinner hour is fifteen minutes after one, and as his dinner is really his only meal in the twenty-four hours, he is resolved to make it something of a feast. He is a college professor, a German college professor, of a type happily not yet wholly extinct in Europe, a really great man and recognized as such. After the custom of great men, therefore, he usually has a few men of travel and learning and one or more counsellors of state to dine with him. The dinner sometimes lasts for two or even three hours, during which time the conversation turns upon many interesting and important subjects. Conscious of his acknowledged intellectual preëminence the Professor frequently indulges in monologue.

Perhaps he is a Swedenborgian. At any rate, he seems strangely moved by many stories of the wonderful powers of the greatest mystic who has ever lived, Swedenborg. He relates to his guests, for example, that story of how Swedenborg at Gothenburg saw the fire which was raging at Stockholm and threatening his own dwelling, and how, after anxiously watching it for several hours, he suddenly composed himself and remarked that the fire had stopped at a certain building. All of which subsequently proved to be exactly true just as Swedenborg had seen it two hundred and fifty miles away. Or, perhaps, he relates that other story of Swedenborg and the Princess. This Princess, as the story is, had heard many reports of the great mystic's spiritual powers, and being a lady of good sense and excellent understanding, she resolved to test him for herself. So she sent for Swedenborg and when he had come to see her she deputed him to deliver a secret message to the soul of one of her late departed and lamented friends. Swedenborg gladly undertook the task, and returning a few days afterwards was ushered into the brilliant presence of the Princess and her royal friends. "Well," said the Princess, in an in-

credulous tone of voice, "have you delivered my message?" Swedenborg stooped down and whispered something in her ear which sent a chill through her marrow bones. What he had reported was true, she said, and could only have been told to him by the dead.

Anon, the conversation turns to more serious and scientific subjects. Perhaps the learned host entertains his distinguished guests by his theory of the origin and development of the material world. According to this theory he claims that the entire material universe existed at the beginning in the form of a single vast nebula or dust-cloud of material particles or atoms not unlike what astronomers know the Milky Way to be at the present time. As these atoms possess the inherent power of attraction and so gradually move towards a common centre of gravity, they necessarily become condensed into solid masses and tend to assume a spinning or rotatory motion both around their own axes and around one another in their respective orbits, and thus in the course of ages, worlds, planets satellites, suns, comets, meteors, and whole solar systems come into being. He also points out that by mere physical laws this process of moving toward a common centre will necessarily in course of time come to assume the opposite direction, and thus all these heavenly bodies, including our own solid earth, will ultimately return to their original nebular condition, only to rise again Phoenix-like from their ashes, and so repeat the process again, time after time, cycle after cycle, until the last syllable of recorded time. Students of speculative physics will at once recognize this theory as the well-known Nebular Hypothesis usually attributed by them to Laplace. As a matter of fact Laplace only wrote a few pages on the Nebular Hypothesis, whereas the philosopher of Königsberg had written a whole treatise on the subject forty years earlier. Students of modern philosophy will also recognize this theory as substantially the thoery of Cosmic Evolution proclaimed in recent years by Herbert Spencer, Huxley, and Haeckel. Unlike Laplace and these others, however, the subject of this sketch is in no wise disposed to claim the credit of first proposing this hypothesis to the learned world, for he points out that all the salient outlines of the theory were fully elaborated in the first century A.D. by the Roman poet Lucretius in his great poem *De Rerum Natura* and that Lucretius in turn gathered them from speculations in natural philosophy well-known to the philosophers of Italy and Greece for several centuries before the Christian era.

"And is it not strange," the Professor remarks again, "that according to the first chapter of the book of Genesis the Almighty should have created the light on the first day and the sun, moon and stars on the fourth day of the creative week?" And yet, he contends, that is not wholly incredible on strictly scientific grounds, for light, illumination, visibility is essentially different from the white light of the sun or of the sun's rays on a bright summer day. The opposite of light is not darkness, for the face of darkness itself must be illuminated in order to be seen. The opposite of light is visible nothingness. Blind men do not see darkness; they do not see anything. To the blind man physical objects are like objects behind our backs; for the eye they simply do not exist. If darkness and the white light of physical science were opposites we should only see a white screen in front of our eyes in the day as we see a dark screen in front of our eyes in the night. What then is light, illumination, visibility? Is it an attribute inherent in material objects in space? Or may it not rather be the mind's own inherent power of seeing objects through the eye? May not the material world of earth and moon and sun and stars be essentially like the blind man's world

until sensitive eyes and conscious minds are illuminated to see them?

Or consider, also, he continues, the phenomena of tones and noises, which we hear through the ear as we see lights and colours through the eye. Lights and colours, tone and noises are clearly not material objects. All material objects possess the attributes of weight, resistance, and impenetrability. But lights, colours, tones, and noises do not possess any of these attributes and cannot, therefore, be material. It is true that the physicist speaks of weighing light and sound, but what he really does is only to weigh their physical stimuli or causes, the ether waves and the air waves, which prompt or stimulate the mind to see and hear lights and sounds. The seen, heard things themselves no man can weigh. What then are these seen, heard things? Are they not indeed really passing glimpses of some unseen silent world of spirit the nature and extent of which lies quite beyond our human powers of comprehension? It is strange, indeed, that our simple minds should be so overcome by the prejudice that all real things are material. Time is real. Space is real. The shapes and forms of things are real. The laws and forces of nature are real. Lights, colours, tones, and noises are real. Tastes and odours and warmth and cold are real. Life is real. Consciousness is real. Personal beings are real. And yet none of these realities is in any sense material.

Or, finally, if we wish to follow the subject further, may it not be, the Professor points out, that even the attributes of weight and resistance, which we usually suppose to peculiarly inhere in physical objects are really seen upon closer observation to be nothing more than sensory experiences within our thinking minds? Certainly the only knowledge the human mind has of weight and resistance is through the sensations of pressure and strain which it derives through the skin, muscles and tendons of its bodily organism. Indeed the very same objects which appear to the eye through the skin, muscles and tendons in the form of pressure and strain may appear to the mind through the eye and the ear in the form of lights, colours and sounds. The purest and deepest lights and colours and the most intense tones and noises may be produced, for example, by a blow on the head or by pressing against the eyeball or the eardrum. It would seem, therefore, that no physical object need be normally present in space before the ear or the eye in order to produce the experience of light and colour or tone of noise in the mind.

But if light, colour, tone, noise weight and resistance, then, be all subjective, it does not appear altogether improbable, no matter how incredible at first, to conclude that the only world of external nature really known to the human mind is in fact only a sensible world, a production of the mind's own subjective creative energies, and that the real world of physical things, *Dingen-an-sich,* is wholly unknown to us. May it not be, indeed, that all the many-tinted and many-toned world of nature, which lies about us with all its infinite variety of form and motion, is but the all enfolding garment of our inner selves, while the prompter, the weaver, the *Anstoss* remains inscrutably concealed, unheard, unseen, untouched, unknown? Or in the words of Teufelsdröckh: "So that this so solid, seeming world, after all, were an air image, our Me the only reality; and Nature with its thousand-fold production and destruction but the reflex of our own inward force. Creation itself lies before us like a glorious rainbow: but the sun that made it lies behind us hidden from us."

It is now thirty minutes after four in the afternoon. The distinguished dinner guests, now sufficiently impressed or confounded, disperse and

the philosopher in his old gray coat and with cane in hand starts for his daily afternoon walk. For thirty, perhaps forty, years, rain or shine, he has paced the same quiet path under an avenue of lime trees in Königsberg, since called after him Philosopher's Walk. The only adventures of his life appear to have happened on these daily walks. On one occasion a homicidal maniac bent upon killing someone and attracted no doubt by the strange, fascinating manner of the man, actually stalked him for three hours, but upon second thought, thinking it a pity to kill a poor, helpless philosopher with so many sins upon his soul, at least desisted and killed a humbler citizen of Königsberg instead. Perhaps it was on these walks, too, that he first met his Blumine, for he also had a Rose-goddess, a Queen of Hearts, a Nonpareil, some say two of them, but whether from diffidence or disappointment, all to no avail, for the strange casket of his heart early sprang to, never to open again. "Perhaps, indeed, there is now no key extant that could open it." "Singular Diogenes! No sooner is the vision past than he affects to regard it as a thing natural of which there is nothing more to be said." "Old business being soon wound up," he henceforth lived, indeed, one of the stillest, strangest, and most stoical old bachelor lives which any man has ever lived.

At six o'clock the Philosopher returns from his walk to his quiet study and there, in the dismal twilight of the Königsberg evening, fixes his gaze once again upon the face of the great clock and thinks over for the thousandth time his wonderful *Weltanschauung* or system of philosophy. The evening is spent in light reading. Or, perhaps, he writes. His manner of thinking in writing, indeed, seems at first altogether unlike the outer man, for excepting in his systematic treatises, he appears quite unmethodical. He has a peculiar habit of writing his passing reflections upon the backs of grocer's bills, old letters, envelopes and all sorts of shreds and snips of paper, so that his den always presents the appearance of a veritable Syballine cave strewn with all kinds of leaves whereon are written profound and sometimes altogether unintelligible sayings.

And now it is ten o'clock at night, and the Philosopher's man servant, his "right arm, spoon, and necessary of life," who has been with him for thirty years, who summoned him from his early morning dreams, and who has watched his every movement and supplied his every want during the day, appears to perform the last rites of the day by putting his master to bed. Quietly the Philosopher lays him down in his little bed with legs and arms nicely adjusted in a prescribed position, the servant snugly tucks him in, the mouth is firmly closed, the eyes' windows slowly fall, and the wise little body allows itself its regular seven hours of quiet and healthy slumber, only to arise again at five in the morning and repeat again, month after month, year after year, for more than half a century the same monotonous round of daily duties. "Strange contrast," says his fellow-countryman Heine, "between the outer life of the man and his world destroying thought. Of a truth, if the citizens of Königsberg had had any inkling of the meaning of that thought, they would have shuddered before him as before an executioner. But the good people saw nothing in him but a Professor of Philosophy, and when he passed at the appointed hour, they gave him friendly greetings—and set their watches."

The servant is Lampe and the man Immanuel Kant, perhaps the greatest philosopher who has ever lived except the two immortals of ancient Greece, Plato and Aristotle. He spells his name Kant, but is careful to point out that the correct spelling is Cant, but inasmuch as the Germans cannot pronounce C correctly

he has been compelled to change it to K. He is of Scottish descent, for his grandfather Cant emigrated from Scotland, a fact of which the little man is characteristically proud, for, as he says himself, it is a great honour to be a fellow countryman of the great Scottish philosopher David Hume, whose subtle and destructive philosophical scepticism he credits with having first aroused him from his "dogmatic slumbers" and with having first prompted him to attempt to construct a system of philosophy of his own.

Kant was born in 1724 and died in 1804. So simple and methodical was his life, that when he died the only materials available for his biography, apart from the general facts of his life and his published works, were to be found in the strange collection of documents in his den to which we have aleady referred, together with the reminiscences of his students and of a small circle of friends and acquaintances who had observed his strange way of life.

The sketch we have given is by no means a caricature. If our sources be trustworthy, it is true every word. It is, however, necessarily to some extent onesided, for Kant was a very manysided man. Primarily a metaphysician and scientist of keen analytic and constructive intellect, he was also a "humane lover of all things human." Even his extremely punctual habits of living were the outcome of a stern sense of duty. He found them absolutely necessary for the successful performance of his vast plan of life. Both in theory and in practice the ruling maxim of his life was, "do thy duty, do even the duty which lies nearest to thee, even if it be to form the simplest, minutest useful habits of daily living." He also had a keen love for all kinds of customs, manners, real affairs, descriptions of great men and strange books of travel. He had, too, a keen sense of the beautiful, for his writings on the æsthetic judgment are perhaps even to-day the best single extant treatment of that subject. His life was apparently almost blameless in personal rectitude and honour. He was kind to all and generous to the poor, for while he accumulated a small fortune of four thousand pounds late in life chiefly from the proceeds of his writings, his early and middle years were spent in poverty. He was indeed a man of strangely many parts, many interests, and many sympathies.

Kant's epoch-making work to which we have referred is *Die Kritik der reinen Vernunft,* the Critique of Pure Reason. It is both a large and difficult work; perhaps, indeed, the most difficult single work to understand which has ever been written. It is written largely in the most unattractive and crabid German prose style. The author actually undertakes the task of translating the great mass of technical terms in scholastic metaphysics, itself usually unintelligible enough, into vernacular German. As one of his critics says, he takes a mass of Latin words ending in *tion* and translates them into so many German words ending in *heit* and *keit* and calls this sort of thing philosophy. Once and again, however, in a few words or sentences Kant breaks out into the most profound and startling rhetoric. Unattractive and difficult, too, as the book is, it nevertheless accomplished the task of teaching the German people to think and speak philosophy. Germany, hitherto a nation decidedly unproductive in philosophy, has ever since remained the recognized home of philosophy. Fichte, Schopenhauer, Schelling, Hegel, Novalis and Richter were his immediate followers and pupils. Schiller is not slow to acknowledge his obligations, and even the great Goethe admits his debt, and justly so, for no one more than he was the child of the German school of Transcendental Idealism inaugurated by the Philosopher of Königsberg, and first outlined by him in The Critique of Pure Reason. In fact the

book itself is, to use Carlyle's description of the Volume on Clothes, "an extensive volume of boundless, almost formless content, a very sea of thought; neither calm nor clear, if you will; yet wherein the toughest pearl-diver may dive to his utmost depth and return not only with seawreck but with true orients; a masterpiece of boldness, lynx-eyed acuteness and rugged independent Germanism and Philanthrophy which will not assuredly pass current without opposition in high places; but must and will exalt the almost new name of Teufelröckh to the first ranks of philosophy in our German Temple of Honour."

Of Kant's plilosophy it is impossible to say more than a few words in a single article. Hundreds of learned works have been written upon it. We can only mention a few of his most pregnant sayings in order, if may be, to indicate his main position and his influence upon Carlyle.

"Two things strike me dumb" says Kant, "the starry heavens above my head and the moral law within me." Kant is not a mystic, nor a nature worshipper, much less a materialist. He begins by placing the human personality, the Me that knows, wills and does on at least an equal and co-ordinate plane with the material universe. In any real world which can be known, known and knower, subject and object, Ego and Non-ego, must be at least of equal importance. Magnify the starry heavens as much as you may, you are still paying unconscious reverence to the little mind, the thinking Me, which essays to comprehend its vastness, to mark its courses and to understand some of its mysteries. Marvel at the mystery and the power of the material world as much as you may, you are still but paying tribute to the mind which has the sense to marvel at it and can say; 'Universe, stand thou there, while I stand here, to understand Thee, to test Thee, to prove Thee, to discover of what matter Thou art made and to know the laws which govern Thy many and mysterious changes.'" Indeed Kant would go even further than this. The slightest observation shows at once, he says, that the moral personality, the willing and doing Me, stands on a higher plane than the physical Universe. The physical Universe merely *is,* whereas the Me proclaims what *ought to be,* and inasmuch as what ought to be is necessarily higher than what merely is, the moral Me is necessarily higher in nature than the physical world. The highest realities are moral realities, the most ultimate reality is the human moral personality; the highest law of being, the law of duty, the law of doing. "Well, said Saint Chrysostom, with his lips of gold, 'the true Shekinah is man.'"

Such seems to have been the ruling idea of Kant's life and of his philosophy. In his great work The Critique of Pure Reason, however, he goes much further than we have stated. In that work, after first deploring, like Teufelsdröckh, "that all metaphysics had hitherto proved so inexpressibly unproductive," he boldly ventures the hypothesis which, as we have seen, he had long entertained and discussed with his friends, that the only physical or natural world which we really know is in reality a construction of the thinking Me. Or, in the words of Bishop Berkeley, "The whole choir of heaven and furniture of earth have no subsistence without a thinking mind, there *being* is *to be known,* their *esse* is *percipi.*" Or, in Kant's own words, "Understanding makes nature"; "*Verstand natur gemacht.*" To the untrained reader, no doubt, these words are wholly meaningless. Nevertheless, and that even if we do not agree with Kant's philosophy, there is no denying the fact that these three words are probably more pregnant with wit and wisdom than any other three words which have ever been written. Is it not strange, for example, that each one of us stands in the middle of his own universe?

The universe of each of us surrounds his Me like a sphere and the Me stands alone in the centre like a spider in the middle of the web it has made. Each one of us measures up and down, right and left, north and south, before and after, by referring to the present position of his own person or Me. Each one of us draws about him the great rim of the world, builds above his head the great blue dome of heaven, peoples it with the twinkling stars, and makes the sun, the moon, and all the planets revolve each day about his feet. But, you say, this is not the real world. There is really no horizon, no blue dome of heaven, and the twinkling stars are really earths and suns millions of miles away, and the sun and moon do not really revolve about our feet. Well, there they indubitably are, the only world we see, the real world of artist and poet, and the only real world known to the many millions of the human race except a few students of modern science. And how, Kant would ask, do you know that these things are not real? How do you know that there is no horizon and no dome of heaven? How do you know that the twinkling stars are not the fairy lights you thought they were in your childhood days? How do you know that the sun and moon do not revolve about your feet? You have never been there to find out. Oh, but we know these things, you say, by scientific inference. But do you not see that the real world which you thus suppose by scientific inference to lie behind this world of sensory appearances is really, by your own admission, a suppository construction of your own thinking intellect? Understanding makes nature.

But what about space and time? Surely space is real and objective, and not merely a creation of the thinking Me! What then are space and time? Kant, like Teufelsdröckh, recognizes this to be the crucial point in his philosophy and is prepared to grapple with it. Clearly if space be subjective, then the whole content of space must also be subjective. But, strange as it may appear, we do not really need to go beyond the self-evident axioms of geometry to see that space is subjective. A point is that which has no magnitude. But that which has no magnitude cannot really exist objectively. It can only exist as a concept of the mind. A line is length without breadth. But that which has no breadth cannot exist except as a concept of the mind. A surface is that which has no depth, but that which has no depth cannot exist except as a concept of the mind. But space is only a vast web or network of points, lines, and surfaces. Is it not clear, therefore, that space must be constructed out of purely subjective mental materials?

Or let us look at the problem from another point of view. If distances in space really reach out in all directions from the Me, as we have seen they do, how is it possible for my Me to know them? How can I perceive distance from my own centre of orientation? I certainly cannot see it, for distance is merely a line projected endwise to the eye and occupies but one point in the fund of the eye, and is, therefore, the same no matter how long the distance may be. All I really see is the end of the line and not its length. Neither can I know, as Berkeley supposed, how far an object is from me by walking to it and placing my hand upon it, for all that I experience by walking towards it is a succession of strain and pressure sensations in my body and on my skin, but no mere successions of sensations in time could ever amount to a real distance in space. Clearly, therefore, if distance is objective, I could never really know it at all. Space, therefore, must necessarily be subjective. It is, to use the words of Teufelsdröckh, a form of perception, "a model of our human sense," the "warp and woof whereon are written all lights and colours

and forms and motions in thousand-figured harmonious nature." Or space is but a "clothes-screen" whereon all the other sensible clothing of my little Me is hung out in the clear light of him who is the light, the eternal and infinite Me. And what is true of space is clearly true of time. Even common-sense teaches us that past time is dead, the future yet unborn. Their only existence is in the memory and hope of man.

> Thus at the roaring loom of Time I ply,
> And weave for God the garment thou seest Him by.

Finally, in order that we may grasp more fully Kant's solution of this problem of the relation between mind and nature, let us look at the problem genetically, and not, as we have been doing, analytically. The new-born infant does not know anything about a world of nature. For it the world of nature does not even so much as exist. It does not recognize its mother's voice, to it the sweetest voice that earth has ever heard. Little by little, however, as it receives sensations through its eyes, ears, skin, muscles, and joints, it builds these together into a space-world of its own, first its mother's face, then its little crib, then its toys and the nursery in which it plays, next the great hall, next again the beautiful world outside, until finally, the little fellow, first a boy and then a man, "sees and fashions for himself a universe with azure starry spaces and long thousands of years." Understanding makes nature.

But how then, you will ask, if each of our understandings makes its own world, do we all make the same or similar worlds? The answer is very simple. Not primarily because all our worlds are the same, but because our understandings are the same and, therefore, work in the same way. And our understandings are the same because they are all fashioned after the pattern of the Infinite Understanding which created them and through which they live and grow continually. We are all sons of God and like Him. We are spiritually made in His image.

We do not think that we need go further to prove that the Philosophy of Clothes is the Philosophy of German Idealism inaugurated by Immanuel Kant. The Philosophy of Clothes is the philosophy which rests upon Kant's primary assumption that understanding makes nature. It is a philosophy, a *Weltanschauung,* which explains the world by saying that the physical world of nature is a garment of sense which the human personality, the Me, fashions about itself for its spiritual employment, shelter and ornament. If final proof be needed, Carlyle has expressly told us so. In "Prospective," chapter eleven, book one, he writes: "Thus in this one pregnant subject of *clothes* rightly understood, is included all that men have thought, dreamed, done and been; the whole external universe and what it holds is but clothing; and the essence of all science lies in the Philosophy of Clothes."

Neither, we think, need we go further to prove that the real volume on Clothes, *Die Kleider, ihr Werden und Wirken,* is none other than the Critique of Pure Reason, *Die Kritik der reinen Vernunft.* A more perfect and vivid description of both the style and thought of the great critique than that given by Carlyle in the clothes volume could scarcely be imagined. As a matter of fact, the order of ideas in the Sartor Resartus is substantially the order of ideas in the Critique: first Kant's lament touching the unfruitfulness of past metaphysics, then his theory of the personal Me as the ultimately real, then his theory of the subjectivity of space and time, next his elaboration of his central theory that understanding makes nature, next his solution of his world-famous Antinomies, the everlasting Yeas and Nays of human life, and finally the application of his

philosophy to the practical problems of morals and religion. The statement, often so lightly made that Carlyle's knowledge of German philosophy and literature was second-hand and superficial is wholly unwarranted. That Carlyle read and thoroughly mastered Kant's philosophy may be proved by a hundred evidences to the student alike of the sage of Chelsea and the sage of Königsberg. Differences, no doubt, there are between the two great books of these two great masters. The Critique of Pure Reason is a very finely-woven and elaborately-fashioned work of systematic metaphysics; the Sartor Resartus is confessedly a patchwork of vivid, startling colours. It is in very literal truth a Sartor Resartus, a tailor repatched.

But if Kant's philosophy is the original Philosophy of Clothes, and, if the original Volume on Clothes is the Critique of Pure Reason, is Immanuel Kant, the author of the Critique, the original Diogenes Teufelsdröckh, the author of the Volume on Clothes? There are many evidences that he was. Both Kant and Teufelsdröckh wrote epoch-making books which inaugurated a new and strange philosophical movement in the German Fatherland. Both were professors of things in general in German universities. Both were men of small physical stature and bachelor recluses of eccentric manners and of startling opinions. There is a strange disparity in the lives of both between the greatness of their thought and the meagreness of biographical incident in their lives. Both came and went among their little coterie of friends, more like phenomena of nature than like men. Nor are more particular details wanting to prove the likeness. *Weissnichtoo* is remote and winter-dismal Konigsberg. The watch-tower on the *Wahngasse,* rivalled in elevation only by the *Schlosskirche* weathercock, is Kant's lonely study with the famous cathedral spire clock of Königsberg in full view from the window where he used to sit and gaze out upon the city in the evening twilight. The "miscellaneous masses of sheets and oftener shreds and snips, written in Professor Teufelsdröckh's scarce legible *cursiv-schrift;* and treating of all imaginable things under the Zodiac and above it, contained in the six considerable paper bags, sealed with the six southern Zodiacal signs, beginning at Libra," and which formed the editor's basis for his biographical appreciation of Teufelsdröckh, are the strange miscellaneous collection of documents found in Kant's study after his death. The original contents of the six paper bags may this day be seen in the archives of the Königsberg library. Inexorable old Lampe, ever attentive to his master's every want, is assiduous old Lieschen, Teufelsdröckh's "right arm spoon and necessary of life," with the necessary change in sex. Hofrath Heuschrecke is a typical example of the few socially distinguished and appreciative guests whom Kant delighted to have with him to dinner. There is even a glimpse of suggestion in the name Diogenes, for as the original Diogenes, he of the tub, was the founder of the ancient, so Kant was the founder of the modern, school of ethical rigourism, the ethics of rational duty or of pure reason. I trust, however, that I am not pedant enough to force the comparison. The personality of Teufelsdröckh is a work of fiction, and probably, like every other work of fiction, built about a nucleus of fact. Was the original nucleus Immanuel Kant? For some years I have had the suspicion that he was, and that Carlyle knew it, and I am still inclined to think that there may be something in it.

FOUR ANGLES OF A FUTURIST CITY

BY R. C. READE

MR. RUPERT BROOKE, an eminent young English poet who recently published impressions of a tour in Canada, has found our cities sadly lacking in variety. Toronto, he asserts, can grow only in size. Its species and types are fixed. It can only multiply them indefinitely. It cannot enrich civilization with the creation of anything new. It is as if it suffered from dropsy and were capable of nothing but a diseased inflation.

It is interesting to note that, to the acute æsthetical perceptions of a new psychological school of poetry, Canadian cities appear sterile. Yet this is not a charge against our cities particularly. It is a part of the large and generous diatribe of modern idealists against modern pragmatism and materialism, activism, dynamism, and every other ism of soulless ugliness. The idealist would have us understand that industrial cities are monotonous, that is, that they are, artistically and creatively, dead. They have lost all power to effect that limitless efflorescence of variety, that ceaseless generation of heterogeneity which Herbert Spencer has declared to be the distinguishing characteristic of life and evolution.

It is assuredly fair to assume that the beauty idealism worships is a beauty derived from history and tradition. The past comes to us enriched with all manner of varieties and contrasts. Therefore it is interesting. If the present affords varieties and contrasts, it should be no less interesting than the past. If our present-day Canadian cities exhibit well-marked differentiations, then our English plaintiff is non-suited; for his charge is that they are monotonous and void of contrasts, mere *ad nauseam* reduplications of a squalid monochrome, Monctons, Hamiltons, Brandons piled upon Toronto and Montreal, like Pelion on Ossa, in a ridiculous attempt to scale an unattainable urban Olympus.

Cities consist roughly of four divisions, residential, manufacturing, business, and slum. They may be contrasted as art to utility and wealth to poverty. To demonstrate these contrasts our best method is to exhibit sketches of four characteristic buildings, the smart residence, the factory, the sky-scraper, and the slum dwelling.

Here is the urban residence. It is fenced from the rampant democracy of the street by an embryonic hedge, as thin as a young lieutenant's moustache. The moustache is as yet timid and infantile, but it gives promise of speedy growth to a formidable *chevaux de frise* of bureaucratic and aristocratic aloofness. It will soon be a genuine English hedge.

As the crow flies and the postman walks, it is scarcely one hundred feet

to the house. By the gravel driveway, it is three hundred. The drive is a serpentine. That is the Canadian edition of the English country-house avenue. A few low spruce shrubs do duty for stately elms.

At the end of the serpent's coil, is a smug, smirking portico with classical pillars. It looks like a fat commissionaire clad in a toga. The grave, austere Doric, the calm gracious Ionic, the sprightly *spirituel* Corinthian are all blended into a stiff-posted, residential grimace of welcome.

The sincerity of the welcome is belied by a pointed Gothic doorway barricaded by a huge door strengthened with visible ribs of iron. On either side of this forbidding portcullis are long, thin slits of windows all but closed in a malicious, Mongolian leer.

To the left and right of this Athenian and Mongolian vestibule are long French windows opening, in sublime confidence in perpetual summer, upon some kind of Italian parterre. There is a capacious Japanese wicker-work chair ready to receive the ghost of Cosmo de'Medici if he should wander this way. Around the corner from this terrace of perpetual summer apertures leading to the cellar provide for a generous avalanche of coal.

The second storey is in the Queen Anne style, with a dash of Georgian. At one corner there is a little balcony of Spanish lattice-work, crowned with an Italian cupola, a survival of what has been called the post-bellum, "Reign of Terror" in American domestic architecture.

Half-way up the wall there is a splash of purple and yellow light. It is not a pot of paint spilled by a careless workman. It is a modern stained-glass window darkening a central stairway. It is the "Flight from Egypt" surrounded by a bevy of Cupids. In the centre is inscribed "*Cave Canem.*" You look around for a ferocious mastiff. You see a toy Pomeranian taking the sun in a woollen blanket.

The third storey is partly in the Swiss châlet style, partly an adaptation of early Nuremberg heavy timbering, with interstices of Aztec adobe work. And the whole is coiffured by a Dutch hood with a Louis Quatorze, Mansard roof.

This is not all. There are still a few courses in this banquet of nations. From the four corners of the building there rise into the air, each from its respective corner, a squat Norman tower, a Moorish minaret, a late Gothic steeple and an Italian campanile!

On your way to the rear of this amazing edifice it will be a wonder if you do not stumble over some flying buttress that looks like a German dirigible in ruins. When you reach the rear you will discover a garage, a cinder tennis court, a quoiting pitch, a captive golf ball, and a Tudor garden.

Looking back at the house, your eyes are blinded by flashes of sunshine repercussing from two structures of glass. It is the solarium heliographing the conservatory!

Now, all this is not the opium-nurtured frenzy of some maniacal architect. It is not Bedlam—it is the real estate agent's dream of Paradise. It is merely on *edition de luxe* of a modern urban residence—with the owner's signature.

The thing is not *a* house, it is *the* house through the ages. It is a bazaar of architecture. It is a brick and mortar film of the whole history of domesticity. It is encyclopedic. It is eclectic culture. It reminds you of Homer, and, in the same breath, of Barnum and Bailey.

One needs to be a Swiss waiter to feel at home in such a cosmopolitan structure. It speaks all languages at once and speaks them badly. It is the Berlitz method by aeroplane. It gives you architectural homesickness. It makes you yearn for *terra firma*, for an interpreter, for some kind of architectural Esperanto.

At the back there is something that

appears intelligible. It is an oblong appendage of brick. It resembles a shoe-box. It is plainly a scullery, an annex to the kitchen. Eureka! One feels at home. This is unmistakable modern architecture.

As long as the urban landscape is adorned with edifices like this, no one can say that our residential districts are monotonous.

In passing to the factory building from this residential oasis of art, you naturally expect revelations of horror. You shrink from setting foot in the flaming Gehenna of utilitarian industry. But expectations are not always realized. Here is a factory building.

It is the modern work of utility *à outrance*. Utility spells ugliness. It ought to be as ugly as Caliban. On the contrary, it is festooned with ivy like a Christmas-tree. It ought to have an entrance like the entrance to Hades. On the contrary, it follows the latest æsthetic fashion. It has its classical portico.

You catch sight of a Grecian facade at the end of an avenue of flower-beds. You surmise that it is some temple of Flora. You advance towards this horticultural hall. There is a tracery of intricate stone foliage around the doorway. You read an inscription, "*Labor vincit omnia.*" If you have any suspicion, it is that you are in a college. But you reflect that it takes labour to grow flowers, and you press on. As you cross the threshhold your ears are deafened by the roar of blast furnaces. The place is a fraud and a delusion. It is not a conservatory. It is a foundry.

Surely, Mr. Brooke does not desire our foundries to be clothed in fine linen, and our tanneries to be scented with frankincense and myrrh. Industrial foppery would be a strange æsthetic gospel. Nothing can be more monotonous than to see our factories aping the graces of our residences.

One fares on, in high hopes of the supreme ugliness. One sees a massive structure on a hill. Its tall chimneys seem made to belch forth black volcanic smoke. Its frowning walls seem designed to bear the lateral thrust of ponderous machinery. A motor lorry laden with steel rails would be a mere feather on its broad cement driveway. It is a Hercules amongst buildings. Surely this is where iron is made! Surely this is a foundry! No; it is a millionaire's palace.

Still, there are factories that *are* factories. Here is a building which bears the same relation to other buildings as the monstrous grotesques of Egyptian temples to human features.

A veil of carbonic blackness enshrouds it. It is like a wrinkled palimpsest, or a prehistoric bone which the tooth of time has gnawed in its lusty youthful vigour. Its original substance is almost unfathomable. There is a faint suspicion of layers of brick. It is a wall.

The thing is like a blotting-pad which has absorbed all the ink-spots of the universe. It is like a case of elephantiasis bloated, scabrous, horribly unforgettable. It is seamed and furrowed. It quivers and trembles, as if in the throes of some indescribable agony. One hears behind it a terrific rumbling of machinery. Monstrous forces are tearing and rending at its entrails. One expects momentarily to see it disembowelled by some protruding piston. No wonder the wall trembles!

And its colour! No artist's palette ever held it. It is a conglomerate of the mournful gray of the sea, the charred ashes of burnt timberlands of dull December dusk, and pallid, ghoulish moonlight. It is a compound of all despair and hopelessness. It is of the very hue of work. It is synthethic gloom. And yet it thrills you. It is a frame which throws into relief the poetic intensity of the eclectic residence. It is a black swan among peacocks. It is plain broadcloth at a masquerade.

The wall is the *leitmotif* of the whole. The building is, artistically,

all wall, a hundred yards of wall. It crescendoes at times into hazy, windbitten cornices; there arefilmy arabesques that look like cobwebbed windows; there is a trombone protuberance that resembles a porch projecting over a door—but the rhythm of the whole returns incessantly to the dumb, drab blankness of the wall.

The factory is plain, unadulterated superficies. It is scarcely real. It is not architecture. It is like a masterpiece of stage daubery. It is the dropcurtain of industry. And that, precisely, is its merit. It gives a suggestion of artistic value. It hints at the human drama behind it. It is our New World illusion, our ruined castle on the Rhine, our rustic cottage, our old mill. It glows with the vitality of the commonplace. It is not ugliness. It is beauty in the rough, the raw material of art.

In a city there are all manner of contrasts—in equipages and coiffures, in beards and music. But there is no disparity so great as that between the factory and the skyscraper, except it be that between the skyscraper and the slum.

Here is a skyscraper. It rises from its narrow pedestal like a modern, winged statue of Victory. It is Mount Blanc civilized. It is like a pensive white swan of gleaming terra cotta, poised silently in altitudinous grace, dreaming over the rushing stream of city traffic, the inscrutable, enigmatic dream of the most majestic of waterfowl. It is a work of utility, but it is something more. It is Plutus in a reverie. It is modern wealth's interpretation of the ideal. The residence was eclectic art. This is speculative metaphysics.

Those who are familiar with the giraffe-like proportions of the Woolworth building will break out into loud guffaws at Canadian structures. But, when the American shouting and tumult has died away, they remain what they indubitably are—skyscrapers. They are, if not the ultimate, at least the penultimate syllable of the last word in business architecture. They are not giraffes. They are swans. And a swan, though it has not so lofty an elevation, illustrates the notion of elongation with even greater beauty. Manhattan may look as if it were feeding on mimosa leaves, but Montreal, Toronto, and Winnipeg are steadily rising, like new Iliums, into swan-like towers.

These shafts of marble and terracotta represent the best constructive skill of a great constructive epoch. They epitomize the *semper aliquid novi* of the modern era. To provide the adamantine caissons of their deepsunk foundations, gigantic furnaces have roared with oceans of molten iron. To articulate their huge joints and ribs and sinews a new race of industrial workers has come into existence, acrobats as adventuresome as Elizabethan mariners, whose trapeze is a sixty-foot girder; Titanic cobblers, whose awl is a pneumatic hammer, and whose thread a beam of steel; rough-handed, grimy jewellers who out of iron weave a mesh purse that can contain millions of dollars.

To clothe that great steel skeleton with flesh, to furnish it with arteries of elevator transport, with a respiratory system of ventilating shafts, and an immense nervous network of electrical conduits and telephone wires, to give it sight, hearing, and warmth, to make it function with the strictest economy of arrangement, as an immense, palpitating human hive—to do all this, a hundred arts and ten thousand workmen have been called upon. The whole forces of present-day civilization have been put under tithe. The entire world has travailed and brought to birth on a city street a microcosm of itself, a true child of the age, the Twentieth Century in miniature—a sky-scraper!

It is thus Pheidias would have moulded his genius had he read Adam Smith; or Michael Angelo had he studied Darwin. The Parthenon and St. Peter's are merged in this sub-

limation of all architectural creeds, in this stupendous, revolutionary, modern worship of the beauty of utility.

Yet there is another picture to look at. Within a moment's walk, there is another and very different and radically contrasted type of structure, if such a heap of crumbling detritus can be called a structure. It is only a step from the sky-scraper to the slum hovel.

It has once had the dignity of one storey and a garret; but the roof has sagged and the house presents the appearance of a decrepit old man sprawling forward precariously on a worm-eaten crutch. It is like Tennyson's stream that seemed ever to fall and pause. One instinctively waits for the crash. There is something uncanny in this arrested annihilation. The house is ghost-like. It squeaks and gibbers. One feels that the contractor has hung himself in remorse, that the owner has been carried raving to an asylum.

The house is of plaster that in parts has fallen away in horrible running sores through which a few blackened laths show like gangrened bones. It does not resemble a habitation. It looks like a Calcutta leprosy.

On top, there is a gable like a filthy, green, towzled night-cap. And in the walls, one on each side of an irregular, central orifice, two exceptionally large excoriations are in the plaster. These are windows. On the one window a rickety shutter, all its slats gone, dangles loosely at a sharp obtuse angle. Over the lower half of the other window is drawn a mass of rotting sacking, like a sail that has lain in bilge water. It is a curtain. On the window-sill a ghastly, yellowish-green, blossomless geranium shivers in a cracked flower-pot. It is *rus in urbe*. It looks more like a quarantine placard than a piece of vegetation.

Between this cadaverous hovel and the sidewalk is a narrow, six-foot strip of an indescribable material—to call it earth would be to malign nature. It is rather a quintessence of the Sahara desert and the alkali wastes of Utah. Fragments of livid gin bottles, crushed tomato cans, a crumbling drain-pipe, the remains of an express waggon, cinders, rags are its flora. Its fauna are not visible, but a fetid odour yields proof that they are somewhere near at hand in process of dissolution. This wilderness is what the hovel calls its lawn, its boulevard.

Crossing this, one discovers, inspecting it closely, that the irregular central orifice is a door-way. It has neither quadrangular nor any other geometrical shape. It is like the formless hole leading to some animal's burrow. The door is open, but it is doubtful if it could ever be anything else but open. Its hinges would drop off if moved.

One enters and trips over a noose of oilcloth, its arabesques scuffed into an indistinguishable blurr. It is the hall mat. In the centre is an irregular hole fringed with frowsy wisps of fibre, like dust-laden rushes at the edge of a cess-pool. It is into this that one has narrowly escaped falling. The rest of the hall is bare. The floor bristles with splinters as if it had been systematically raked with a sharp-pronged instrument. A few knots have resisted courageously.

There are two rooms, one on each side of the hall. To describe one is to describe the other. They are twin brothers in hideous wretchedness, the Menæchmi of squalour. In the centre of one is a small rusty stove. One of the legs is missing and has been replaced by a brick. Beside it is a paper sack of charcoal, the sides of which have burst, letting the contents flow over the floor. A heel has ground one lump into a black sugary mass. It suggests asphyxiation and coroners' inquests. Over the battered, tortuous stovepipe hangs a coarse blue flannel shirt. On the wall is a cracked mirror, and underneath it, on a rough unplaned pine shelf, are a

comb with half the teeth missing, a brush split in two like an orange, an old syrup tin with a half-consumed candle stuck in the hole. In one corner is a pallet bed with straw showing through a rent in the ticking. A thick gray blanket lies half in the bed, half in the dust of the floor. In the opposite corner is an old disembowelled horsehair couch. Its springs and wadding trail on the ground. A wooden chair, with one leg in a rope splint, a small table covered with greasy oilcloth, a rush chair with the bottom worn out, this is the rest of the furniture in the room. There is dust everywhere, gritty, noisome, palpable and impalpable, like the effluvium of a lava bed.

On the walls patches of some greasy paper-like substance, alternating with sections of grimy plaster, show that the room has once been papered. A recently-peeled patch, a foot long, flaps noisily in a current of air. The freshly-exposed plaster is still white, a deathly, glacial white, reminiscent of a mortuary slab. Oddly enough, the only trace of decoration in the room is a flounced Christmas bell of red tissue-paper.

At the end of the hall there is a ladder leading to some upper gloom and mystery. One shudders at the thought of what it may contain. It may be that human beings sleep there. The whole place is terrifying. It is not so much the uncleanliness as the inhuman absence of all design and purpose. It is a formless chaos. It absolutely negatives all creative will. It shatters all faith in cosmic truths.

The exterior of the hovel was abominable. The interior is desolating and loathsome. But that is nothing. On the steps of a door leading into the hideous litter of the back-yard a little eighteen-months child, its legs in the drippings from a rain-barrel, its face covered with dirt, is greedily eating bread crumbs soaked in a bowl of milk from which a flea-infested slum cat is at the same time feeding.

And this hovel with all its degredation is almost in the shadow of the sky-scraper, the towering witness of evolution and progress!

Cities which contain such contrasts illustrate modern life from zenith to Nadir. They may be sketchy and diagrammatic, but they have all the essentials for a perfect urban contour. They are kaleidoscopic; they are vortices of human variety; they are three dimensional; they are spacially complete. Your London and New York may exist in some psychic fifth dimension, but that is sheer civic occultism. It is more than can reasonably be demanded.

Let us take one last look as the subjects of these impressionistic, slightly futuristic canvases. Do they not make a city glitter like a diamond of many facets? Are they not as many-hued as the rainbow, as polychromatic as the spectrum? If these similes be thought too grandiose, it will at least be admitted that they are as variegated as a patchwork quilt, as heterogeneous as a brindled cow. And that is certainly not monotony.

KING CHARLES I
AS PRINCE OF WALES

From the Painting by Daniel Mytens
in the National Art Gallery of Canada

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

THE SIOUX WARRIOR'S REVENGE

A REMINISCENCE OF THE CUSTER MASSACRE

BY D. J. BENHAM

IT was in the moon of the falling leaves that a young Sioux warrior, while hunting amidst the foothills of eastern Montana, met two palefaces on the trail. He had never seen them at Fort Smith, Buford, or Benton, and knew them to be strangers on his hunting-grounds. He at once approached them with his hand raised in the salutation of friendship of his people, and greeted them with the single, expressive inquiry, "How?" meaning to ask as to their destination.

They spurned the proffered friendship of the young redskin, either through mistrust of his intentions or through the belief in the old saying that "the only good Indian is a dead one," and in answer to his cordial salutation they opened fire on him. The wanton attempt at murder failed, but the first shot fired crashed into the head of the horse of the young Sioux. His escape from death was almost miraculous; and the murderous declaration of hostility changed him in an instant from a friend to an enemy, with a Sioux vendetta which only blood would satisfy. With a war-whoop of defiance the Indian wheeled and galloped to safety amidst the timber and ravines of the foothills, around which he skirted in his flight, pursued by his two well-mounted assailants. His pony, though fatally wounded, had sufficient vitality to enable him to effect his escape, which he did by out-witting his pursuers, through woodcraft, stealth, and Indian wiles. He doubled back on his unsuspecting adversaries, who were evidently not accustomed to the tactics of the savage warrior, for they galloped on along the trail, believing their quarry had remained on the beaten track and was trusting his safety to straight-away flight. Thus within a short space of time their relative positions were entirely changed, and the hunters became the hunted, with a wily, determined, ruthless, and thoroughly incensed young savage in relentless pursuit. The quarrel had been of their seeking; revenge remained for him.

Within a few hours the Indian's horse died, but he continued the pursuit on foot. The incident, so far as the white men were concerned, was evidently soon forgotten, as a mere exciting episode; though their initial exertions in the fruitless chase carried them many miles in advance of their unmounted enemy. When they realized he had escaped, they resumed their journey leisurely, camping and cooking their meals as usual and sleeping as if in safety. Meanwhile their ruthless pursuer gradually gained on them; and sustained only by a desire for revenge he never rested nor camped. For three suns he tracked them, and as the third had set he finally overtook and killed them both. Thus with his honour and his vendetta satisfied according to the code of his people, he took their horses and

returned to his tribal tepee, guarding within his breast the gruesome secret of his thrilling adventure and its bloody climax.

That young Indian was Rain-in-the-Face, who was destined to become a power in the councils of his tribe, and one of the greatest chiefs, warriors, and orators his race has produced. The echo of the shot fired in the dastardly attempt upon his life by two swash-buckling gun-men of the frontier, like the gun at Fort Sumpter, was heard around the world. It was the trifling spark which smouldered for many moons and ultimately set the Montana prairies on fire; for this incident was the real beginning of the trouble which culminated in the memorable uprising of Sitting Bull (Ho-Too-Ah-Okh-Hose) the irreconcilable, the inveterate enemy of the white man, the hereditary chief and dominant power among the Uncpapa Sioux nation, who swept over the settlements like a scourge in the spring and summer of 1876. It was an outbreak which bathed Montana in blood, and had as its melancholy climax the massacre of General Custer and his entire command, excepting "Curley," the Crow Indian scout, on the banks of the Little Big Horn, on that ill-fated June morning thirty-seven years ago.

The unwritten pages of the history of that carnage, as recorded in the traditions of the redmen, and the memories of the frontier, unfold a story of dramatic interest centering around this unprovoked attack upon Rain-in-the-Face, and its sequel in his arrest on a charge of murdering the two unknown whites, six months afterwards. By a cruel decree of fate this charge was preferred against him by Captain Tom Custer, a brother of the ill-starred general, who had been an unwelcome and uninvited guest at Wauhepai (Sun Dance, or Dance to the Greatest God) of Sitting Bull's band during the ensuing spring. Custer took a solemn oath on his honour as a soldier and a gentleman, to regard everything he saw and heard there as confidential and secret before being allowed to attend this tribal feast, which included the ceremony of "making braves." He violated this oath and betrayed the trust and confidence reposed in him by the Indians. This was an unpardonable offence in the eyes of the Sioux, by whom personal honour was esteemed beyond life itself in such matters.

Regardless of whatever excuses may be offered in defence of the memory of Captain Tom Custer in this connection—his admitted devotion to duty, and to the enforcement of law and justice as he interpreted them—this act was construed by the Indians as one of the grossest treachery of the pale-faces, and fixed the responsibility for subsequent events on him. It was this offence against their code of honour—the perjury of an unwelcome guest—and consequent indignity suffered by a respected member of their band, that aroused the Sioux nation to wreak a terrible revenge on the war-path after summoning to their aid their equally ferocious kinsmen and allies, the Cheyennes.

However, poor Tom Custer, who unquestionably acted as conscience dictated in this unfortunate affair, paid the penalty with his life; for he died the death of a gallant soldier, with his face to the foe, fighting desperately at the Little Big Horn.

This story was told to me many years ago, near the scene of some of the tragic occurrences, by one of the most picturesque characters of the Far West—one who was intimately associated with those turbulent times, and who evidently had given at least passive support and sympathy to the hostiles. He had been a "Big Chief" among his own people, who had been enemies rather than allies of the Sioux for ages before, and who had been forced to depend upon the security of their mountain fastnesses for safety from raids and forays. On more than one occasion he had led the war parties to the country of their

hereditary enemies, the Blackfoots, in what is now Southern Alberta. He it was also who acted as runner, bearing a message of mystery still unsolved from the Nez Percees to the camp of Sitting Bull when the latter retreated into Canada after his defeat by General Miles at the battle of Bear Paw Mountain. Hence he was one peculiarly fitted to speak for the red men.

His views may have been biased, and his story coloured by his racial sympathies; but it was a story full of human interest he told me in the shimmering light of our camp-fire, after long associations and companionship on the trail had melted into confidences his stoical silence about the past. It was a story intended to demonstrate that the hostile Indians had been actuated by a feeling that an injustice had been done to them or to one of their band; and to dispel the popular estimate of their character and actions too often misunderstood and recorded as a dark and unintelligible mass of cruelty and barbarism. My companion vehemently maintained that this great tragedy of the frontier was not merely a raid of blood-thirsty and predatory Indians, whose internecine feuds had been waged relentlessly over those historic plains for centuries; neither was it the ferocious and last desperate resistance of the savage against the occupation of his hunting-grounds by the vanguard of civilization. It was a protest against a wrong—real or fancied—by a nation of warriors who had never brooked an insult, and had never failed to resent an indignity; who knew no code of ethics, no court of appeal, save to mortal combat, to the tomahawk and the scalping-knife.

The Indian who related the incidents that led to the Custer Massacre.

The great Wauhepai to which reference has been made was held in the spring of 1876. These dances were part of the religion of all the Indians of the Siouan and Algonquin stock on the plains, with the possible exceptions of the Winnebagoes and the Osages. They were not necessarily annual events; but were held whenever the exigencies of the tribe warranted prayer for its success in battle or in the hunting-moon, or in returning thanks for victory, relief from plague or pestilence, or some favour bestowed by Manitou. Usually the ceremony of "brave-making" was observed in connection with the sun dance, as the entire tribe would then be present. On this memorable occa-

sion the making of braves was a feature of the gathering, with all its cruel, self-inflicted torture of the young warriors, who were frequently suspended for hours by skewers through the muscles of their backs or chests. No one, not a member or an associate of the tribe in whom they had implicit trust and confidence, was allowed to witness this ceremony, or to hear the ambitious young bucks recount their exploits in the hunting camp, their daring deeds of valour, their prowess in war, and their feats of cunning and endurance which would entitle them to distinctive honours and the right to submit to the tortures incidental to being made braves of their nation. The one who was deemed to have excelled all others was selected by the senior councillors of the tribe for a position of trust and honour in the band such as an elective chief, hence there was a perpetual incentive to stir the ambitions of the young men and to arouse their warlike spirits. But with all the rivalry the ceremony aroused, it is not recorded that any Indian ever sought distinction by false testimony. Such testimony in the shadow of the holy offering lodge would have spoiled his medicine forever. It was because of these recitals of deeds of daring and often bloodshed, and the gruesome spectacle of the bleeding braves, that strangers were tabooed.

Among the privileged guests at the dance of the Uncpapas in 1876 was "Charley" Reynolds, one of the greatest scouts of his time, whose life had been spent among the tribe. He was attached to Fort Buford, where Captain Tom Custer was also stationed, along with his brother, the General. Reynolds and Captain Custer are said to have been very intimate personal friends; so that when the former announced that he would attend the sun dance at the camp of Sitting Bull, the Captain begged to be allowed to accompany him, as he wished particularly to see the fearsome ceremonies about which so much had been said and written. Reynolds, of course, was practically "a squaw man"; every one of the Uncpapas knew and trusted him; and anyone whom he vouched for would be received into the confidence of the tribe; but he objected strenuously to taking Custer, for fear of the very thing that actually did happen. He anticipated that something might be said or done there which Custer, as a commissioned officer of the garrison and a representative of the law on the frontier, should not know and remain silent. What he did not know could not hurt. Custer, however, was so anxious to go that after demurring for a time, Reynolds finally agreed to take him; but not until the Captain had sworn to preserve inviolate the secrets of the Indians; and never to reveal what he saw or heard. Reynolds knew that his own life would be the forfeit exacted for the faithlessness or the perjury of his friend for whom he stood sponsor to the band. No wonder he hesitated!

It so happened that Rain-in-the-Face was a candidate for the distinctive honours of elected chief and of being made a full-fledged warrior. It was a great gathering of the Sioux, and nearly 4,000 painted and fanatical savages were assembled around the offering lodge when the ceremony began. One by one the young bucks arose and told of their exploits since the last dance, just as knights of old were wont to win their spurs. Young Rain-in-the-Face for the first time revealed his bloody secret which he had cherished for this great occasion, and told of his adventure with the two pale-faces the previous fall in the minutest details.

His recital excited the most vigorous applause by the councillors and by the band in general, who hailed him as a hero worthy of his warlike ancestors, and acclaimed him as being worthy of being elected a chief, provided he stood the acid test of the torture of the brave. This was a ter-

SITTING BULL (HO-TOO-AH-OKH-HOSE)

The hereditary chief of the Uncpapa Sioux, the dominant power of his tribe and great "Medicine Man" whose natural ability was equalled only by his ferocity. His indomitable character is well illustrated by his remarks to General Miles at the pow-wow on the Yellowstone, when he said: "Manitou made me an Indian but not an agency Indian," and he proceeded to clinch his argument by adding that he did not wish or intend to balk the will of providence by becoming one. He would fight. He concluded by saying "In-nit-tse-e-Veno" (all white men are liars) and that no pale face who ever lived had loved an Indian, and he personally heartily reciprocated their feelings. It was at this council or pow-wow that Sitting Bull sat throughout with a pistol concealed under his blanket or in a fold of his buffalo robe, having brought it there with the avowed intention of shooting General Miles, just as General Canby had been assassinated three years previously.

rible ordeal for human flesh and blood to withstand; and that the braves sustained it, as they invariably did, is a tribute to the physical perfection of the Indian race before the vices and the liquor of the white men sapped their vitality, weakened and debased them.

Rain-in-the-Face was then stripped to the waist and a skewer was driven through the muscles of his back under the shoulders, according to the custom. To each end of the skewer was attached a long thong of buffalo sinew, and he was then suspended in the air, where he hung exposed to the burning sun until the elders of the band considered he had passed this final test with honour. The young brave hung there enduring the tortures of the cross without a murmur or a sign of weakness for more than an hour. He was therefore acclaimed a chief of the tribe by democratic procedure, and entitled to sit in the council wigwam, while yet dripping with blood.

Captain Custer was thoroughly aroused by the confession of Rain-in-the-Face, whom he looked upon as a

cold-blooded, crafty murderer. When returning to Buford the matter was discussed between him and Reynolds; but the latter believed that the young Indian had done nothing he was not really justified in doing.

"The Injun was justified in killing them," he said to his friend, "and, of course, we can say nothing about it at the fort. You see now how important it was to have a declaration of secrecy from you."

"I never thought of anything like that," replied Custer. "I do not consider my oath applies to it; and I positively refuse to shield a murderer and carry his guilty secret on my conscience."

It was all in vain that Reynolds argued with him from every standpoint. He knew that a revelation of the killing by the Captain would mean that he personally would be branded by his red-skinned friends as a liar and a traitor to his trust, a mere renegade, worthy only of death. The scout pointed out that such a position of affairs would destroy his usefulness forever, as it would change the entire associations of a life-time in a moment. He also wished to protect his own honour, which, like many a man of his peculiar make-up, was more to him than life.

All the hard pleadings and arguments, however, were in vain. Captain Custer was obdurate, and determined to have the Indian murderer, as he chose to call him, properly punished. Reynolds appealed to General Custer to listen to his counsels in the interests of peace, friendship, and honour, and his own usefulnes to the garrison. The general, however, took the view of his brother and deemed that the act of Rain-in-the-Face, instead of branding him as a hero to be worshipped, stamped him as a criminal of a dangerous class. Therefore when Captain Custer requested a detail of soldiers to effect the arrest of Rain-in-the-Face it was promptly placed at his disposal. Captain Custer took command in person and immediately returned to the camp of Sitting Bull, where he found Rain-in-the-Face enjoying his glorified position and newly-found honours with the blood from the skewers still on his back, and in no physical condition to resist arrest.

The appearance of the soldiers upon such a mission created a furore in the camp, though the feelings were somewhat suppressed for the time being by the show of force. The Indians, however, knew someone had played the traitor and that the person was the young officer before them. His fate was settled then and there.

The arrest of Rain-in-the-Face is said not to have been effected in a very dignified manner, but in a way calculated to heap indignity upon him and to impress the rest of his band with the terrors of the law. He was thrown astride a pony with his back to the horse's head, the position of greatest degradation in which an Indian prisoner could be placed, and his feet were tied under its body. Thus was he taken to Buford and placed in the cells of the fort, where he remained for three months. At the expiration of that time he effected his escape by tunnelling under the wall and fled back to his tribe, actuated by but one burning desire and that was revenge for the indignity heaped upon him by Captain Custer. He found the band already planning vengeance on the whites, and promptly took a leading rôle. The runners were despatched to the Cheyennes, and soon the war dancing was in progress in preparation for the outbreak.

Notwithstanding the hereditary position of Sitting Bull as acknowledged head of the tribe, the great war chief, John Gall, was really the commander-in-chief of the Sioux, and he was the master mind of the uprising. John Gall was a magnificent specimen of manhood, then in his prime, being but thirty-six years of age, weighing more than 200 pounds of brawn and hardened muscle. His

ME CLARK

A typical warrior of the Custer massacre

declaration of war is said to have been first conveyed to a friend of his, a trader whom he wished to save from the extermination of the whites which had been planned by the Sioux. Gall went to him and told him to leave the country forthwith. "There will be trouble," he said emphatically, "for we are going to fight the long-knives."

The trader took the friendly tip and made good his escape, and almost immediately afterwards the Sioux and Cheyennes took the war-path. The rest is a matter of melancholy history. "Charley" Reynolds met the death of a frontiersman. He took the field with his command, knowing that his scalp would decorate some Sioux belt if he were unfortunate enough to fall into their hands. He participated in the battle of the Little Big Horn and died in the thickest of the fray. Tom Custer also was killed there, as previously stated; and it is said on the best of authority that Rain-in-the-Face was the one who actually killed General Custer. It is more than probable, as he roamed the field like a tiger.

Rain-in-the-Face cherished his bitterness against Captain Custer to his dying day. Years afterwards when he was an apparently harmless and genial old man around the reservation, one of the Montana pioneers who knew him well showed him a photo of the ill-advised and over-conscientious officer. The old chief looked at it without showing even interest or moving a muscle, but he turned it face down in front of him, merely saying, "Bad."

Ten years after the slaughter of

Custer's brigade a reunion of a few of those who had participated in the campaign was held on the historic ground along the Little Big Horn. Among those present was Chief Gall, and from his lips was learned for the first time the details of that carnage. It was only after a great deal of persuasion that he was induced to relate the story, but when he did undertake it he told it with dignity and animation in the following language, which may be interesting now:

"We saw the soldiers early in the morning crossing the divide. When Reno and Custer separated we watched them until they came into the valley. Then the cry was raised that the white soldiers were coming, and orders were given for the village to move immediately. Reno swept down on the upper end so swiftly that we were forced to fight there. Sitting Bull and I were in command at the point where Reno first attacked us. Sitting Bull was the Big Medicine Man. The women and children of the village were hastily despatched down the valley to where the Cheyennes were encamped. We Sioux then attacked Reno, and the Cheyennes charged upon Custer, and then all became mixed up. The squaws and children caught horses for the bucks to mount, and then we mounted and charged upon Reno's soldiers. We checked him and finally drove him back into the timber. The soldiers, however, tied their horses to trees there and returned and fought us on foot. We were finally successful, and as soon as Reno was beaten and driven across the river the whole force turned on Custer and fought him until they killed every one of his soldiers.

"Custer did not reach the river, but was met about a half a mile up the ravine, at what is now called Reno Creek. We fought the soldiers and drove them back step by step until all were killed. [One of Reno's officers confirms this, saying, 'It was probably during this interval of quiet on Reno's part that the Indians massed on Custer and annihilated him.'] We ran out of ammunition, and then used bows and arrows. We fired from behind our horses. The soldiers got shells stuck in their guns [pistols]. We were in couples behind and in front of Custer as he moved up the ridge to take a position, and were just as many as the blades of grass over which he was marching. The first two companies [Keogh's and Calhoun's] got off their horses and fought on foot. They never broke, but were driven back step by step until forced back to the ridge where all were finally killed. They were shot down in the lines where they stood. One company [Keogh's] were all killed in a bunch.

"Our warriors directed a special fire against the troopers who held the horses while the others fought. As soon as a holder of horses was killed, by waving blankets and doing a great deal of shouting the horses were stampeded, which made it impossible for any of the soldiers to escape us. The soldiers fought desperately and hard, and never surrendered. They fought standing. They fought in line along the ridge.

"As fast as the men fell the horses were herded and driven towards the squaws and old men, who gathered them up.

"When Reno attempted to find Custer by throwing out a skirmishing line, Custer and all with him were dead. When the skirmishers reached a point overlooking the field where Custer and his soldiers had been, the warriors were galloping around and over the wounded, dying and dead, shooting bullets and arrows into them.

"When Reno made his attack at the upper end he killed my two squaws and three children, which made my heart bad. I wanted to kill the soldiers. I fought with a tomahawk. The soldiers ran out of bullets early in the fight. The supplies of bullets were in the saddle-pockets

of the horses which had been driven off by our warriors. We then ran up to the soldiers and killed them with our tomahawks. A lot of horses ran away and jumped into the river, but were caught by our squaws.

"Only forty-three of our people were killed in the battle, but a great many wounded ones came across the river and died in the bushes. We had the Ogalallas, Mineconjous, Brule, Teton, Unepapas, Cheyennes, Arapahoes, and Grosventres with us.

"Afterwards when the big dust in the air came down the river [Terry and Gibbons's brigades march] we struck our lodges and moved up a creek towards the Whiterain Mountains. The Big Horn Mountains were covered with snow. We waited there four days and then went over the Wolf Mountains."

It was generally supposed that Custer entered the river, but according to the story of John Gall, such was not the case.

AMOR SEMPITERNUS

By GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

WHEN first I found thee, Ruth, I thought: "How rare!"
As one with quiet pleasure may behold
A wildwood flower her fairy leaves unfold
Because a herald zephyr lingered there.
After a new adventure: "She had an air
Of mirth and mischief"; then—"With how controlled
And clear a vision she views the stars untold!"
Last, on a sudden: "God, how she is fair!"

When was the mystery that made thee mine?
What moment married us—the first surprise?
The summing of thy linked lovelinesses?
Or the pang of passionate hope, desire divine? . . .
Ah, none! We looked each other in the eyes,
Remembering a chaos of caresses.

WHERE CANADA FAILS US

BY MRS. DONALD SHAW

IN touching upon any points of Canadian life and character in a manner which is not wholly complimentary, I am aware that I am laying myself open to the risk of bringing scathing and indignant denials down upon my devoted head. But I would ask those who read my remarks to do so believing that there is no unkindness or adverse criticism intended. "Lookers-on see most of the game" is an old and tried truism; and sometimes newcomers see things which are hidden from old residents. It is impossible for anyone to live in a country without forming opinions of it, and a country which like the Dominion, is developing with extraordinary rapidity naturally presents phases of life and character entirely different from those one notices in established nations.

It is curious to anyone who has lived for many years in England to discover how tender are the susceptibilities of Canadians and, in fact, I think, any citizens of a new country, towards anything savouring of criticism. We in the "old country" are so accustomed to be criticized that we should feel strange if we did not get it. Everyone who visits us has something to say about us, and generally says it very frankly, as do those who deal with English life and character in their home papers and literature. We, as women, are quite aware that American and French women look upon us as being the worst dressed women in the world—our men-kind have long ago assimilated the idea that they are regarded as being bumptious, insular, and conceited. But these frankly expressed opinions trouble us not one whit; in fact, they amuse us.

As an instance of this I quote a case which occurred a couple of years ago. A well-known Canadian journalist went over to London and sent back to his papers a series of articles in which he pulled us and our habits to shreds. He laughed at our chilly houses, our heavy meals, our thick tweeds, our tiny trains, our enormous sponges, and our small baths. He was very amusing indeed at our expense, and no one was more amused over the articles, or admitted the truth of what he said more readily than the English people who read his remarks.

I wrote a reply to one of these articles, which I sent to a London paper, in which I made some retaliatory statements regarding national habits on this side of the water, whereupon I think that every Canadian whose eye fell upon my harmless little article promptly seized pen and paper, and wrote infuriated epistles saying that I was talking utter nonsense, and that Canadians were the most "so-and-so and so-and-so people in the world."

Not long ago I received a severe spanking from a gentleman who took umbrage at some very simple remarks I made about the state of education in some of the eastern Provinces of Canada, and he informed me, in print, of course, with some considerable heat, that I did not know what

I was talking about, and "who cared what I said, anyway" and so on. Evidently he cared, but he was too angry to note that point.

The average Canadian when annoyed does not as a rule mince his words, nor cloak his resentment in any polite or veiled sarcasm. The form of argument, especially that which appears in the press anent politics or civil matters, usually appears to be carried on the style allotted to the British navy, namely:

Stage 1—Positive assertion.
Stage 2—Flat contradiction.
Stage 3—Personal abuse.

One is forced to conclude that Canadians as a general rule are "touchy," and apt to take offence where none is intended. I fear that some of my remarks may have this effect, but I am always open to conviction and ready to receive proofs that I am in the wrong and to concede points where I am mistaken in my opinions.

One thing that strikes one most forcibly on becoming part of the internal life of the Dominion is the almost entire absence of a sense of introspective humour on the part of those who have become by birth or adoption identified with the country. Probably many people will dispute this statement, but I must confess I have yet to meet Canadian men or women who can see the funny side of their own country, or are alive to their own inconsistencies in many of the traditions which they profess to uphold, and yet which they act in total contradiction to.

Another point which is forcibly borne in upon the newcomer is the absolute deadly earnestness of everything. It is almost a crime to be cheerful or to speak lightly or frivolously about anything appertaining to the life of the country. This trait appears very prominently in newspaper work. The typical English reporter or editor is outwardly the most irresponsible person in the world, and it is only if you happen to catch him at one particular period of the day's work that you realize that he is working at all. But in Canada the total reverse side of the picture is presented. The "newspaperman," whatever his rank, and whatever his job, and whatever his assignment, is always in deadly earnest. Even if he only has to write a paragraph on the view from the office window he does it with such intensity that it is a crime to speak with the slightest approach to levity upon the subject, and in consequence he is better at statistical than at descriptive writing, and the subtle embroidery and imagery which is characteristic of the best of our English journalism is missing from Canadian newspapers at present. One of the finest descriptions of an international automobile race that I ever read in my life was written by a man who had not moved a step beyond the confines of his room and who interspersed his moving and thrilling sentences with comments on the extreme badness of the dinner he had had and the prospects for his next week-end's golf; nevertheless, his vivid imagination was more than sufficient for him to fill in the gaps of the skeleton telegrams from which he prepared his copy.

In spite of the fact that Canadians do not like to hear themselves criticized, they are not particularly cordial to those of their own country who achieve destinction in arts or letters. I was particularly struck with this when a few months ago a very celebrated Canadian actress put on and played one of the most difficult Shakespearian plays to produce and interpret. The reports of the critics were almost unanimously adverse, and only one of them succeeded in grasping the point which made her production rank amongst the first of its kind. One would naturally think that a people who are warmly in love with their own country would err on the side of over-appreciation of their own products.

This inconsistent trait is very noticeable, too, in those who oppose na-

tional defence, especially naval defence, but as this is a subject on which I shall probably be told I know nothing, perhaps it would be better for me to omit it in detail, and to pass on to that most surprising inconsistency of all in the viewpoint of the average Canadian who cherishes the fond delusion that he or she is British in any one way except that of tradition and sentiment.

Agents go over to the British Isles, and one of the points they lay most stress upon in inviting settlers to bring their capital and energies to Canada is that by doing so they will be merely changing their place of residence, and not going to a strange country or amongst strangers.

"You will be under the same flag," say they. "You will find people speaking the same language, having the same ideals living the same life; people who will receive you as brothers and make you welcome." This bait has been worn pretty well threadbare by now, but many immigrants have arrived in Canada to discover very shortly after they set foot on its soil that so far from being in a home country, they are in truth in a very foreign one, and one to which they have to speedily adapt their speech, manners, dress, and ideals before they can hope to make any headway. As a matter of fact, it is a distinct drawback to be of English birth and education in coming to Canada; that is, at first. The drawbacks are overcome in time, but the shock to the newcomer is apt to be severe, so severe at times as to tend to make him actually averse to the country. Especially does this apply to those English people who are drawn from the upper stratas of society. For the British workingman, after he gets over his first few bumps, there can be no question but that Canada is a paradise on earth.

This transitional period was less trying to me than it is to most people who come out under similar circumstances to what I did. Having lived for many years in the States, much that is strange to the raw newcomer was familiar enough to me. And moreover, it is plain to me that life could never be lived in this country on the same lines as it is in England. The climate alone precludes it, and in addition to the climate there are the other differences in the dearth of domestic help, the absence of people with fixed incomes and the preponderance of commercial life over that professional and service (army and navy) life which forms the nucleus of upper-class English society. Moreover the American system of living has much to recommend it, and the absence of class differences are a necessary part of the development of a new country. It is not that I find fault with the life, but with the incongruity of Canada in professing to be a British country, when in fact she is a very good copy of the United States, and becoming more so every year. Practically the whole social, political, judicial, commercial, and educational life of Canada is modelled on that of the United States.

One notices this point very forcibly in small ways. For instance, take the difference in the manner in which a woman celebrity from the States is received and the manner in which one from the British Isles is treated. The latter may get a line or two in the local papers, but the former will be interviewed, paragraphed, entertained, and fussed over, and whatever statements she may make or advice she may give to the Canadian women as to how they should buy their meat, manage their houses and bring up their children is received with acclamation.

The fact is, that the United States is essentially a woman's country, and is growing more so every day; and Canada apparently is destined to follow in her lead—that is, if one can judge at all from the trend of the times. Now, although I am an upholder of women's interests, I have no desire whatever to see a country

under the British flag run by women, for the simple reason that at the present time I do not think the average woman is able to think imperially. I think that she has an excellent grasp of municipal management and the detail working of a city, but I do not think that she is fit to handle international matters.

One of the great points of difference between American and English women is that, inspite of the suffrage agitation, the majority of English women still hold fast to the idea that the strongest force in the world is the woman behind the man, and not the woman openly at the head. Personally, I am unable to see that the one sex is in any way whatever superior to the other, and consider that the points which women are making capital out of nowadays regarding the selfish and inherently immoral nature of man are merely faults brought about by education, and which in the natural course of evolution will be rectified. So that perhaps I have less sympathy with the idea of the woman predominant than I ought to have in the opinion of the leaders of the so-called "woman movement." From what I have seen of both sexes in the working world, I think that men are infinitely better fitted for public life than women, but I think that the women's influence in public life is boundless and inestimable.

One notices this craving for publicity very much, however, on coming over here. The Englishwoman, as a general rule, has no craving for official position, though she admittedly has more political influence than perhaps any other woman in the world and is never behindhand in helping out her menkind; as an instance, take the women of Ulster at the present moment. Whether anyone approves or disapproves of the Ulster movement, the fact that the women work shoulder to shoulder with the men is so obvious as to be indisputable. Whereas the tendency of American women is to separate themselves from the men and work independently. The women's conventions, organizations, and societies are so thick in America and Canada that one has some difficulty in dissociating one from the other, and it is sometimes difficult to find out what they are all founded for, since they appear to be overstepping one another. Most of them are run by women for women alone, while the craving for office is so predominant as to sometimes make it appear necessary for a society to be composed of officers alone in order to get anyone to work in it.

One wonders sometimes whether all the feminine organizations really do much good in the end. So much time is taken up in personalities and trivialities that it seems as though they were merely an excuse for meeting together and that the real object of organizing is often lost. I have been at a meeting where an entire afternoon was squandered in wrangling over infinitesimal points of parliamentary law which had absolutely no bearing whatever on the work that was supposed to be the object of the gathering.

Shall I be considered unkind if I say that I think the vision of the American and Canadian woman is as a general rule very circumscribed and entirely local? There are many intelligent women who admittedly never read any part of a daily paper except that devoted to the women's clubs and interests, and naturally this must tend to narrow their outlook down to their own immediate and local affairs.

One of the greatest lacks in Canadian life, that is, the life of the city, to an English mind, is the entire absence of that society which makes up the best part of life in England. The sexes here are separated—husbands and wives have a different set of friends; parents and children have different interests. The women hold big teas and attend society meetings; the girls and young men have their parties and their friends independ-

ently of their elders—and the fathers —well, I have never yet discovered how they entertain themselves, since one rarely meets them.

Consequently there seems to be no cohesion and no home life as we understand it—one never seems to get beyond the fringe of intimacy; never sees a family together, or is able to form any idea of what their home existence really is. You are seldom admitted into the rooms in which they live, and you seldom meet them unless they are specially robed and prepared for the occasion.

Again, and especially to anyone who has lived many years in London, there is lacking that semi-intellectual atmosphere which has brought about the giving of small dinner-parties where six or eight guests are selected for their society and not for their income, and where conversation is general and one must be up in every topic of the day, whether it be the newest book, the latest play, a revolution in China, or the type of torpedo that the navy will adopt in future. For any and everyone may be touched upon and half a hundred others as well, and if you know nothing about them you will be out of it; yet personalities and localities will never come forward.

Another lack, to my mind, is the absence of children, real children! I suppose it is that the nursery and the school-room are as yet in their infancy which tends to make the children, especially the young Canadian girl, so terribly unchildlike. One positively longs at times for the sight of an English schoolgirl in a shabby serge skirt and a tam-o'-shanter on the back of her head who has frankly no time to bother about fashions and thinks veils and gloves "a horrid bore." All the little girls are so neat, so smart, so clean, and so up-to-date that one really is afraid to approach them, and you have an uncomfortable sensation that Miss Canada, aged eight, is able to tell at a glance that your hat is at least two years old, and that you bought your shoes at a store noted for cheap sales. Her appraising glance sweeps you from head to foot, and leaves you speechless and wretched, or possessed with a desire to roll her over the nearest bank and see if a crumpled dress and a crushed hat will bring her into some sort of mental condition suitable to her age limits.

A young Englishman, a very nice, clean-minded, healthy boy, that any girl, it seemed to me, might be glad to be seen with, was lamenting to me a few days ago the entire absence of girls here. He was by no means unintelligent, yet he admitted that he could not talk to Canadian girls—he could find nothing in common with them.

"They don't seem to care to go out for an ordinary walk," he said. "Unless you will go down town and buy them candy and ice cream they don't take any interest in you—and, of course, when a fellow isn't getting much and has to live and pay his washing bill he can't keep up with it."

Is it that there is such hard work in keeping up with the girl's demands that there is an increasing lack of children resultant on the marriages of so many young people to-day? If so, there is a flaw somewhere in the upbringing which should be put right or disaster will inevitably result.

Readers, do not think that I am writing with a view to disparaging Canada; I am only setting forth the drawbacks and the discrepancies as they present themselves before me. Some day, if I am allowed space, I will set forward the advantages, and Canada has many, and perhaps it is for her faults, as well as her virtues, just as it is with human beings, that one learns to love her so quickly and to be interested, vitally interested, in her future, so speedily. Even when she treats you badly you cannot fail to realize why she has excuses for her apparent, at times, lack of friendliness and outward hardness.

After all, all great characters and all great nations have flaws; one would not have them without, and it is only the small and insignificant ones that no one bothers to criticize. The mere fact of criticism alone is a tribute to their greatness. People who write books and paint pictures and compose music realize this fact more than do the general public. To invite criticism and to be able to view one's own failings from the point of view of another person is an essential step towards reaching the top rung of the ladder—for it is by criticism that we learn and not by flattery.

THE BREAD LINE

By LUCY BETTY McRAYE

THIN, threadbare coats, buttoned across the breast,
Thin, mended shoes, under the sombre skies,
Sharp shoulders hunched to reddened ears, lean hands
Thrust deep in empty pockets, wolfish eyes,
Pale faces, stamped by hunger's seal and sign,
Flayed by a nagging wind, they form the line.

A vision shapes within the spectral mist,
Where the lights blur and while the cold rain drips,
Her weeping children huddled at her skirts,
An infant, fretting with small, moving lips
At her dry bosom: where the street lamps shine,
The spirit of the woman breaks the line.

Splashed by defiling mud from silent wheels,
Shunned by sweet women with averted gaze,
Brushed by the careless shoulders of the crowd,
In sight of churches, where the priest gives praise,
In warm, dim aisles, o'er holy bread and wine,
Lifting white, blessing hands, they form the line.

Along the oozing pavement in the rain,
Defeated, furtive, on their aching feet,
Oh, blind heart of the world! is there not One
Standing beside them in the squalid street?
You pass Him by, compassionate, divine,
When you reject your brothers in the line.

WITH TEARS THEY BURIED YOU TO-DAY

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

WITH tears they buried you to-day,
But well I knew no turf could hold
Your gladness long beneath the mould,
Or cramp your laughter in the clay;
I smiled while others wept for you,
Because I knew.

And now you sit with me to-night,
Here in our old, accustomed place;
Tender and mirthful is your face;
Your eyes with starry joy are bright.
Oh, you are merry as a song,
For love is strong!

They think of you as lying there,
Down in the churchyard grim and old;
They think of you as mute and cold,
A wan, white thing that once was fair,
With dim, sealed eyes that never may
Look on the day.

But love cannot be coffined so
In clod and darkness; it must rise
And seek its own in radiant guise,
With immortality aglow,
Making of death's triumphant sting
A little thing.

Ay, we shall laugh at those who deem
Our hearts are sundered! Listen, sweet:
The tripping of the wind's swift feet,
Along the byways of our dream,
And hark the whisper of the rose
Wilding that blows.

Oh, still you love those simple things,
And still you love them more with me;
The grave has won no victory;
It could not clasp your shining wings;
It could not keep you from my side,
Dear and my bride!

IN THE WOOD LOT

From the Painting by Homer Watson. Exhibited by the Canadian Art Club

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

BROOD OF THE WITCH QUEEN

IV.—THE LAIR OF THE SPIDERS

BY SAX ROHMER

I.

DR. BRUCE CAIRN stepped into the boat which was to take him ashore, and as it swung away from the side of the lines, he sought to divert his thoughts by a contemplation of the weird scene. Amid the smoky flare of many lights, amid clouds of dust, a line of laden toilers was crawling ant-like from the lighters into the bowels of the big ship, and a second line, unladen, was descending by another gangway. Above, the jewelled velvet of the sky swept in a glorious arc; beyond, the lights of Port Said broke through the black curtain of the night, and the moving ray from the light-house intermittently swept the harbour waters; whilst, amid the indescribable clamour, the grimily picturesque turmoil, so characteristic of the place, the liner took in coal for her run to Rangoon.

Dodging this way and that, rounding the sterns of big ships, and disputing the water-way with lesser craft, the boat made for shore.

The usual delay at the Custom House, the usual soothing of the excited officials in the usual way, and his *arabeeyeh* was jolting Dr. Cairn through the noise and the smell of those rambling streets, a noise and a smell entirely peculiar to this clearing-house of the Near East.

He accepted the room which was offered to him at the hotel, without troubling to inspect it, and having left instructions that he was to be called in time for the early train to Cairo, he swallowed a whiskey and soda at the buffet, and wearily ascended the stairs. There were tourists in the hotel, English and American, marked by a gaping wonderment and loud with plans of sight-seeing; but Port Said, nay, all Egypt, had nothing of novelty to offer Dr. Cairn. He was there at great inconvenience; a practitioner of his repute may not easily arrange to quit London at a moment's notice. But the business upon which he was come was imperative. For him the charm of the place had not existence, but somewhere in Egypt his son stood in deadly peril, and Dr. Cairn counted the hours that yet divided them. His soul was up in arms against the man whose evil schemes had led to his presence in Port Said, at a time when many sufferers required his ministrations in Half Moon Street. He was haunted by a phantom, a ghoul in human shape; Antony Ferrara, the adopted son of his dear friend, the adopted son, who had murdered his adopter, who, whilst guiltless in the eyes of the law, was blood guilty in the eyes of God!

Dr. Cairn switched on the light and seated himself upon the side of the bed, knitting his brows and staring straight before him, with an expression in his clear gray eyes whose significance he would have denied hot-

ly, had any man charged him with it. He was thinking of Antony Ferrara's record; the victims of this fiendish youth (for Antony Ferrara was barely of age) seemed to stand before him with hands stretched out appealingly.

"You alone," they seemed to cry, "know who and what he is! You alone know of our awful wrongs; you alone can avenge them!"

And yet he had hesitated! It had remained for his own flesh and blood to be threatened ere he had taken decisive action. The viper had lain within his reach, and he had neglected to set his heel upon it. Men and women had suffered and had died of its venom, and he had not crushed it. Then Robert, his son, had felt the poison fang, and Dr. Cairn, who had hesitated to act upon the behalf of all humanity, had leapt to arms. He charged himself with a parent's selfishness, and his conscience would hear no defence.

Dimly the turmoil from the harbour reached him where he sat. He listened dully to the hooting of a siren—that of some vessel coming out of the canal.

His thoughts were evil company, and, with a deep sigh, he rose, crossed the room and threw open the double windows, giving access to the balcony.

Port Said, a panorama of twinkling lights, lay beneath him. The beam from the lighthouse swept the town searchingly like the eye of some pagan god lustful for sacrifice. He imagined that he could hear the shouting of the gangs coaling the liner in the harbour; but the night was full of the remote murmuring inseparable from the gateway of the East. The streets below, white under the moon, looked empty and deserted, and the hotel beneath him gave up no sound to tell of the many birds of passage who sheltered within it. A stunning sense of his loneliness came to him; his physical loneliness was symbolic of that which characterized his place in the world. He, alone, had the knowledge and the power to crush Antony Ferrara. He, alone, could rid the world of the unnatural menace embodied in the person bearing that name.

The town lay beneath his eyes, but now he saw nothing of it; before his mental vision loomed—exclusively—the figure of a slim and strangely handsome young man, having jet black hair, lustreless, a face of uniform ivory hue, long dark eyes wherein lurked lambent fires, and a womanish grace expressed in his whole bearing and emphasized by his long white hands. Upon a finger of the left hand gleamed a strange green stone.

Antony Ferrara! In the eyes of this solitary traveller, who stood looking down upon Port Said, that figure filled the entire landscape of Egypt!

With a weary sigh, Dr. Cairn turned and began to undress. Leaving the windows open, he switched off the light, and got into bed. He was very weary, with a weariness rather of the spirit than of the flesh, but it was of that sort which renders sleep all but impossible. Around and about one fixed point his thoughts circled; in vain he endeavoured to forget, for a while, Antony Ferrara and the things connected with him. Sleep was imperative, if he would be in fit condition to cope with the matters which demanded his attention in Cairo.

Yet sleep defied him. Every trifling sound from the harbour and the canal seemed to rise upon the still air to his room. Through a sort of mist created by the mosquito curtains, he could see the open windows, and look out upon the stars. He found himself studying the heavens with sleepless eyes, and idly working out the constellations visible. Then one very bright star attracted the whole of his attention, and, with the dogged persistency of insomnia, he sought to place it, but could not determine to which group it belonged.

So he lay with his eyes upon the star until the other veiled lamps of heaven became invisible, and the

patch of sky no more than a setting for that one white one

In this contemplation he grew restful; his thoughts ceased feverishly to race along that one hateful groove; the bright star seemed to soothe him. As a result of his fixed gazing, it now appeared to have increased in size. This was a common optical delusion, upon which he scercely speculated at all. He recognized the welcome approach of sleep, and deliberately concentrated his mind upon the globe of light.

Yes, a globe of light indeed—for now it had assumed the dimensions of a lesser moon; and it seemed to rest in the space between the open windows. Then he thought that it crept still nearer. The realities—the bed, the mosquito curtain, the room —were fading, and grateful slumber approached and weighed upon his eyes in the form of that dazzling globe. The feeling of contentment was the last impression which he had, ere, with the bright star seemingly suspended just beyond the netting, he slept.

II.

A man mentally over-tired sleeps either dreamlessly, or dreams with a vividness greater than that characterizing the dreams of normal slumber. Dr. Cairn dreamt a vivid dream.

He dreamt that he was awakened by the sound of a gentle rapping. Opening his eyes, he peered through the cloudy netting. He started up. and wrenched back the curtain. The rapping was repeated; and, peering again across the room, he very distinctly perceived a figure upon the balcony by the open window. It was that of a woman who wore the black silk dress and the white *yashmak* of the Moslem and who was bending forward looking into the room.

"Who is there?" he called. "What do you want?"

"*Ssh!*"

The woman raised her hand to her veiled lips, and looked right and left as if fearing to disturb the occupants of the adjacent rooms.

Dr. Cairn reached out for his dressing-gown which lay upon the chair beside the bed, threw it over his shoulders, and stepped out upon the floor. He stooped and put on his slippers, never taking his eyes from the figure at the window. The room was flooded with moonlight.

He began to walk towards the balcony, when the mysterious visitor spoke.

"You are Dr. Cairn?"

The words were spoken in the language of dreams; that is to say, that although he understood them perfectly, he knew that they had not been uttered in the English language, nor in any language known to him; yet, as is the way with one who dreams, he had understood.

"I am he," he said. "Who are you?"

"Make no noise, but follow me quickly. Someone is very ill."

There was sincerity in the appeal —spoken in the softest, most silvern tone which he had ever heard. He stood beside the veiled woman, and met the glance of her dark eyes with a consciousness of some magnetic force in the glance, which seemed to set his nerves quivering.

"Why do you come to the window? How do you know—"

The visitor raised her hand again to her lips. It was of a gleaming ivory colour, and the long tapered fingers were laden with singular jewellery—exquisite enamel work, which he knew to be ancient Egyptian, but which did not seem out of place in this dream adventure.

"I was afraid to make any unnecessary disturbance," she replied. "Please do not delay, but come at once."

Dr. Cairn adjusted his dressing-gown, and followed the veiled messenger along the balcony. For a dream city, Port Said appeared remarkably substantial, as it spread out at his feet, its dingy buildings whit-

ened by the moonlight. But his progress was dreamlike; for he seemed to glide past many windows, around the corner of the building, and, without having consciously exerted any physical effort, found his hands grasped by warm jewelled fingers, found himself guided into some darkened room, and then, possessed by that doubting which sometimes comes in dreams, found himself hesitating. The moonlight did not penetrate to the apartment in which he stood, and the darkness about him was inpenetrable.

But the clinging fingers did not release their hold, and vaguely aware that he was acting in a manner which might readily be misconstrued, he nevertheless allowed his unseen guide to lead him forward.

Stairs were descended in phantom silence—many stairs. The coolness of the air suggested that they were outside the hotel. But the darkness remained complete. Along what seemed to be a stone-paved passage they advanced mysteriously, and by this time Dr. Cairn was wholly resigned to the strangeness of his dream.

Then, although the place lay in blackest shadow, he saw that they were in the open air, for the starry sky swept above them.

It was a narrow street—at points, the buildings almost met above—wherein he now found himself. In reality, had he been in possession of his usual faculties, awake, he would have asked himself how this veiled woman had gained admittance to the hotel, and why she had secretly led him out from it. But the dreamer's mental lethargy possessed him, and with the blind faith of a child he followed on—until he now began vaguely to consider the personality of his guide.

She seemed to be of no more than average height, but she carried herself with unusual grace, and her progress was marked by a certain hauteur. At the point where a narrow lane crossed that which they were traversing the veiled figure was silhouetted for a moment against the light of the moon, and through the gauze-like fabric he perceived the outlines of a perfect shape. His vague wonderment concerned itself now with the ivory, jewel-laden hands. His condition differed from the normal dream state, in that he was not entirely resigned to the anomalous.

Misty doubts were forming, when his dream guide paused before a heavy door of a typical native house which once had been of some consequence, and which faced the entrance to a mosque, indeed, lay in the shadow of the minaret. It was opened from within, although she gave no perceptible signal, and its darkness, to Dr. Cairn's dull perceptions, seemed to swallow them both up. He had an impression of a trap raised, of stone steps descended; of a new darkness almost palpable.

The gloom of the place affected him as a mental blank, and, when a bright light shone out, it seemed to mark the opening of a second dream phase. From where the light came, he knew not, cared not, but it illuminated a perfectly bare room, with a floor of native mud bricks, a plastered wall, and wood-beamed ceiling. A tall sarcophagus stood upright against the wall before him; its lid leaned close beside it . . . and his black-robed guide, her luminous eyes looking straight over the *yashmak,* stood rigidly upright within it.

She raised the jewelled hands, and with a swift movement discarded robe and *yashmak,* and stood before him in the clinging draperies of an ancient queen, wearing the leopard skin and the *uraeus,* and carrying the flail of royal Egypt!

Her pale face formed a perfect oval; the long almond eyes had an evil beauty which seemed to chill; and the brilliantly red mouth was curved in a smile which must have made any man forget the evil in the eyes. But when we move in a dream world, our emotions become dream-

like, too. She placed a sandalled foot upon the mud floor and stepped out of the sarcophagus, advancing towards Dr. Cairn, a vision of such sinful loveliness as he could never have conceived in his waking moments. In that strange dream language, in a tongue not of East, nor West, she spoke; and her silvern voice had something of the tone of those Egyptian pipes whose dree fills the nights upon the Upper Nile—the seductive music of remote and splendid wickedness.

"You know me, *now?*" she whispered.

And in his dream she seemed to be a familiar figure, at once dreadful and worshipful.

A fitful light played through the darkness, and seemed to dance upon a curtain draped behind the sarcophagus, picking out diamond-points. The dreamer groped in the mental chaos of his mind; and found a clue to the meaning of this. The diamond-points were the eyes of thousands of tarantula spiders with which the curtain was bordered.

The sign of the spider! What did he know of it? Yes! of course; it was the secret mark of Egypt's witch-queen—of the beautiful woman whose name, after her mysterious death, had been erased from all her monuments. A sweet whisper stole to his ears:

"You will befriend him, befriend my son—for *my* sake."

And in his dream-state he found himself prepared to forswear all that he held holy—for her sake. She grasped both his hands and her burning eyes looked closely into his.

"Your reward shall be a great one," she whispered, even more softly.

Came a sudden blank, and Dr. Cairn found himself walking again through the narrow street, led by the veiled woman. His impressions were growing dim; and now she seemed less real than hitherto. The streets were phantom streets, built of shadow stuff, and the stairs which presently he found himself ascending were unsubstantial, and he seemed rather to float upward; until, with the jewelled fingers held fast in his own, he stood in a darkened apartment, and saw before him an open window, knew that he was once more back in the hotel. A dim light dawned in the blackness of the room and the musical voice breathed in his ear:

"Your reward shall be easily earned. I did but test you. Strike—and strike truly!"

The whisper grew sibilant—serpentine. Dr. Cairn felt the hilt of a dagger thrust into his right hand, and in the dimly mysterious light looked down at one who lay in a bed close beside him.

At sight of the face of the sleeper—the perfectly chiselled face, with the long black lashes resting on the ivory cheeks—he forgot all else, forgot the place wherein he stood, forgot his beautiful guide—and only remembered that he held a dagger in his hand, and that Antony Ferrara lay there, sleeping!

"Strike!" came the whisper again.

Dr. Cairn felt a mad exultation boiling up within him. He raised his hand, glanced once more on the face of the sleeper, and nerved himself to plunge the dagger into the heart of this evil thing.

A second more, and the dagger would have been buried to the hilt in the sleeper's breast—when there ensued a deafening, an appalling explosion. A wild red light illuminated the room, the building seemed to rock. Close upon that frightful sound followed a cry so piercing that it seemed to ice the blood in Dr. Cairn's veins.

"Stop, sir, stop! My God! what are you doing!"

A swift blow struck the dagger from his hand, and the figure on the bed sprang upright. Swaying dizzily, Dr. Cairn stood there in the darkness, and as the voice of awakened sleepers reached his ears from adjoin-

ing rooms, the electric light was switched on—and across the bed, the bed upon which he had thought Antony Ferrara lay, he saw his son, Robert Cairn!

No one else was in the room. But on the carpet at his feet lay an ancient dagger, the hilt covered with beautiful and intricate gold and enamel work.

III.

Rigid with a mutual horror, these two so strangely met stood staring at each other across the room. Everyone in the hotel, it would appear, had been awakened by the explosion, which, as if by the intervention of God, had stayed the hand of Dr. Cairn—had spared him from a deed impossible to contemplate.

There were sounds of running footsteps everywhere, but the origin of the disturbance at that moment had no interest for these two. Robert was the first to break the silence.

"Merciful God, sir!" he whispered huskily, "how did you come to be here? What is the matter? Are you ill?"

Dr. Cairn extended his hands like one groping in darkness.

"Rob, give me a moment to think, to collect myself. Why am I here? By all that is wonderful, why are *you* here?"

"I am here to meet you."

"To meet me! I had no idea that you were well enough for the journey, and if you came to meet me, why—"

"That's it, sir! Why did you send me that wireless?"

"I sent no wireless, boy!"

Robert Cairn, with a little colour returning to his pale cheeks, advanced and grasped his father's hand.

"But after I arrived here to meet the boat, sir, I received a wireless from the P. and O. due in the morning, to say that you had changed your mind, and come via Brindisi."

Dr. Cairn glanced at the dagger upon the carpet, repressed a shudder, and replied in a voice which he struggled to make firm:

"I did not send that wireless!"

"Then you actually came by the boat which arrived last night?—and to think that I was asleep in the same hotel! What an amazing—"

"Amazing indeed, Rob, and the result of a cunning and well-planned scheme." He raised his eyes, looking fixedly at his son, "You understand the scheme; the scheme that could only have germinated in one mind—a scheme to cause me, your father, to—"

His voice failed and again his glance sought the weapon which lay so close to his feet. Partly in order to hide his emotion, he stooped, picked up the dagger, and threw it on the bed. ,

"For God's sake, sir," groaned Robert, "what were you doing here in my room with—that!"

Dr. Cairn stood straightly upright and replied in an even voice:

"I was here to do murder!"

"Murder!"

"I was under a spell—no need to name its weaver; I thought that a poisonous thing at last lay at my mercy, and by cunning means the primitive evil within me was called to slay that thing. Thank God!—"

He dropped upon his knees, silently bowed his head for a moment, and then stood up, self-possessed again, as his son had always known him. It had been a strange and awful awakening for Robert Cairn—to find his room illuminated by a lurid light, and to find his own father standing over him with a knife! But what had moved him even more deeply than the fear of these things had been the sight of the emotion which had shaken that stern and unemotional man. Now, as he gathered together his scattered wits, he began to perceive that a malignant hand was moving above them; that his father and himself were pawns, which had been moved mysteriously to a dreadful end.

A great disturbance had now arisen in the streets below; streams of people, it seemed, were pouring towards the harbour; but Dr. Cairn pointed to an arm-chair.

"Sit down, Rob," he said. "I will tell my story, and you shall tell yours. By comparing notes, we can arrive at some conclusion. Then we must act. This is a fight to a finish, and I begin to doubt if we are strong enough to win."

He took up the dagger and ran a critical glance over it, from the keen point to the enamelled hilt.

"This is unique," he muttered, whilst his son, spellbound, watched him; "the blade is as keen as if tempered but yesterday; yet it was made full five thousand years ago, as the workmanship of the hilt testifies. Rob, we deal with powers more than human! We have to cope with a force which might have awed the greatest masters which the world has known. It would have called for all the knowledge, and all the power of Apollonius of Tyana to have dealt with—*him!*"

"Antony Ferrara!"

"Undoubtedly, Rob! it was by the agency of Antony Ferrara that the wireless message was sent to you from the P. and O. It was by the agency of Antony Ferrara that I dreamt a dream to-night. In fact, it was no true dream; I was under the influence of—what shall I term it?—hypnotic suggestion. To what extent that malign will was responsible for you and I being placed in rooms communicating by means of a balcony, we probably shall never know; but if this proximity was merely accidental, the enemy did not fail to take advantage of the coincidence. I lay watching the stars before I slept, and one of them seemed to grow larger as I watched." He began to pace about the room in growing excitement. "Rob, I cannot doubt that a mirror, or a crystal, was actually suspended before my eyes by—someone, who had been watching for the opportunity. I yielded myself to the soothing influence, and thus deliberately—deliberately—placed myself in the power of—Antony Ferrara!"

"You think that he is here, in this hotel?"

"I cannot doubt that he is in the neighbourhood. The influence was too strong to have emanated from a mind at a great distance removed. I will tell you exactly what I dreamt."

He dropped into a cane arm-chair. Comparative quiet reigned again in the streets below, but a distant clamour told of some untoward happening at the harbour. Dawn would break ere long, and there was a curious rawness in the atmosphere. Robert Cairn seated himself upon the side of the bed, and watched his father, whilst the latter related those happenings with which we are already acquainted.

"You think, sir," said Robert, at the conclusion of the strange story, "that no part of your experience was real?"

Dr. Cairn held up the unique dagger, glancing at the speaker significantly.

"On the contrary," he replied, "I *do* know that part of it was dreadfully real. My difficulty is to separate the real from the phantasmal."

Silence fell for a moment. Then:

"It is almost certain," said the younger man, frowning thoughtfully, "that you did not actually leave the hotel, but merely passed from your room to mine by way of the balcony."

Dr. Cairn stood up, walked to the open window, and looked out, then turned and faced his son again.

"I believe I can put that matter to the test," he declared. "In my dream, as I turned into the lane where the house was—the house of the mummy—there was a patch covered with deep mud, where at some time during the evening a quantity of water had been spilt. I stepped upon that patch, or dreamt that I did. We can settle the point."

He sat down on the bed beside his

son, and, stooping, pulled off one of his slippers. The night had been full enough of dreadful surprises; but here was yet another which came to them as Dr. Cairn, with the inverted slipper in his hand, sat looking into his son's eyes.

The sole of the slipper was caked with reddish brown mud.

IV.

"We must find that house, find the sarcophagus—for I no longer doubt that it exists—drag it out, and destroy it."

"Should you know it again, sir?"

"Beyond any possibility of doubt. It is the sarcophagus of a queen."

"What queen?"

"A queen whose tomb the late Sir Michael Ferrara and I sought for many months, but failed to find."

"Is this queen well known in Egyptian history?"

Dr. Cairn started at him with an odd expression in his eyes.

"Some histories ignore her existence entirely," he said, and, with an evident desire to change the subject: "I shall return to my room to dress now. Do you dress also. We cannot afford to sleep whilst the situation of that house remains unknown to us."

Robert Cairn nodded, and his father stood up, and went out of the room.

Dawn saw the two of them peering from the balcony upon the streets of Port Said, already dotted with moving figures, for the Egyptian is an early riser.

"Have you any clue," asked the younger man, "to the direction in which this place lies?"

"Absolutely none, for the reason that I do not know where my dreaming left off and reality commenced. Did someone really come to my window and lead me out through another, downstairs and into the street, or did I wander out of my own accord, and merely imagine the existence of the guide? In either event, I must have been guided in some way to a back entrance; for had I attempted to leave by the front door of the hotel in that trance-like condition, I should certainly have been detained by the *bowwab*. Suppose we commence, then, by inquiring if there is such another entrance?"

The hotel staff was already afoot, and their inquiries led to the discovery of an entrance communicating with the native servants' quarters. This could not be reached from the main hall, but there was a narrow staircase to the left of the lift-shaft by which it might be gained. The two stood looking out across the stone-paved courtyard upon which the door opened.

"Beyond doubt," said Dr. Cairn, "I might have come down that staircase and out by this door without arousing a soul, either by passing through my own room, or through any other on that floor."

They crossed the yard, where members of the kitchen staff were busily polishing various cooking utensils, and opened the gate. Dr. Cairn turned to one of the men nearby.

"Is this gate bolted at night?" he asked, in Arabic.

The man shook his head, and seemed to be much amused by the question, revealing his white teeth as he assured him that it was not.

A narrow lane ran along behind the hotel, communicating with a maze of streets almost exclusively peopled by natives.

"Rob," said Dr. Cairn slowly, "it begins to dawn upon me that this is the way I came."

He stood looking to right and left, and seemed to be undecided. Then:

"We will try right," he determined.

They set off along the narrow way. Once clear of the hotel wall, high buildings rose upon either side, so that at no time during the day could the sun have penetrated to the winding lane. Suddenly Robert Cairn stopped.

"Look!" he said, and pointed. "The mosque! you spoke of a mosque near to the house?"

Dr. Cairn nodded; his eyes were gleaming, now that he felt himself to be upon the track of this great evil which had shattered his peace.

They advanced until they stood before the door of the mosque—and there in the shadow of a low archway was just such an ancient, iron-studded door as Dr. Cairn remembered. Latticed windows overhung the street above, but no living creature was in sight.

He very gently pressed upon the door, but as he had anticipated, it was fastened from within. In the gray light, his face seemed strangely haggard as he turned to his son, raising his eyebrows interrogatively.

"It is just possible that I may be mistaken," he said; "so that I scarcely know what to do."

He stood looking about him in some perplexity.

Adjoining the mosque was a ruined house, which clearly had had no occupants for many years. As Robert Cairn's gaze lighted upon its gaping window-frames and doorless porch, he seized his father by the arm.

"We might hide up there," he suggested, "and watch for anyone entering or leaving the place opposite."

"I have little doubt that this was the scene of my experience," replied Dr. Cairn; "therefore, I think we will adopt your plan. Perhaps there is some means of egress at the back. It will be useful if we have to remain on the watch for any considerable time."

They entered the ruined building and, by means of a rickety staircase, gained the floor above. It moved beneath them unsafely, but from the divan which occupied one end of the apartment an uninterrupted view of the door below was obtainable.

"Stay here," said Dr. Cairn, "and watch, whilst I reconnoitre."

He descended the stairs again; to return in a minute or so and announce that another street could be reached through the back of the house. There and then they settled the plan of campaign. One at a time they would go to the hotel for their meals, so that the door would never be unwatched throughout the day. Dr. Cairn determined to make no inquiries respecting the house, as this might put the enemy upon his guard.

"We are in his own country, Rob," he said. "Here we can trust no one."

Thereupon they commenced their singular and self-imposed task. In turn they went back to the hotel for breakfast, and watched fruitlessly throughout the morning. They lunched in the same way, and throughout the great mid-day heat sat hidden in the ruined building, mounting guard over that iron-studded door. It was a dreary and monotonous day, long to be remembered by both of them, and when the hour of sunset drew near, and their vigil remained unrewarded, they began to doubt the wisdom of their tactics. The street was but little frequented; there was not the slightest chance of their presence being discovered.

It was very quiet, too, so that no one could have approached unheard. At the hotel they had learnt the cause of the explosion during the night; an accident in the engine-room of a German steamer, which had done considerable damage, but caused no bodily injury.

"We may hope to win yet," said Dr. Cairn, in speaking of the incident. "It was the hand of God."

Silence had prevailed between them for a long time, and he was about to propose that his son should go back to dinner, when the rare sound of a footstep below checked the words upon his lips. Both craned their necks to obtain a view of the pedestrian.

An old man stooping beneath the burden of years and resting much of his weight upon a staff, came tottering into sight. The watchers crouched back, breathless with excitement,

as the newcomer paused before the iron-studded door, and from beneath his cloak took out a big key.

Inserting it into the lock, he swung open the door; it creaked upon ancient hinges as it opened inward, revealing a glimpse of a stone floor. As the old man entered, Dr. Cairn grasped his son by the wrist.

"Down!" he whispered. "Now is our chance!"

They ran down the rickety stairs, crossed the narrow street, and Robert Cairn cautiously looked in the open door which had been left ajar.

Black against the dim light of another door at the further end of the large and barn-like apartment, showed the stooping figure. Tap, tap, tap! went the stick; and the old man had disappeared around a corner.

"Where can we hide?" whispered Dr. Cairn. "He is evidently making a tour of inspection."

The sound of footsteps mounting to the upper apartments came to their ears. They looked about them right and left, and presently the younger man detected a large wooden cupboard set in one wall. Opening it, he saw that it contained but one shelf only, near the top.

"When he returns," he said, "we can hide in here until he has gone out."

Dr. Cairn nodded; he was peering about the room intently.

"This is the place I came to, Rob!" he said softly; "but there was a stone stair leading down to some room underneath. We must find it."

The old man could be heard passing from room to room above; then his uneven footsteps sounded on the stair again, and glancing at one another, the two stepped into the cupboard, and pulled the door gently inward. A few moments later, the old caretaker—since such appeared to be his office—passed out, slamming the door behind him. At that, they emerged from their hiding-place and began to examine the apartment carefully. It was growing very dark now; indeed, with the door shut, it was difficult to detect the outlines of the room. Suddenly a loud cry broke the perfect stillness, seeming to come from somewhere above. Robert Cairn started violently, grasping his father's arm, but the older man smiled.

"You forget that there is a mosque almost opposite," he said. "That is the mueddin!"

His son laughed shortly.

"My nerves are not yet all that they might be," he explained, and bending low began to examine the pavement.

"There must be a trap-door in the floor," he continued. "Don't you think so?"

His father nodded silently, and upon hands and knees also began to inspect the cracks and crannies between the various stones. In the right-hand corner farthest from the entrance, their quest was rewarded. A stone some three feet square moved slightly when pressure was applied to it, and gave up a sound of hollowness beneath the tread. Dust and litter covered the entire floor, but having cleared the top of this particular stone, a ring was discovered, lying flat in a circular groove cut to receive it. The blade of a penknife served to raise it from its resting-place, and Dr. Cairn, standing astride across the trap, tugged at the ring, and, without great difficulty, raised the stone block from its place.

A square hole was revealed. There were irregular stone steps leading down into the blackness. A piece of candle, stuck in a crude wooden holder, lay upon the topmost. Dr. Cairn, taking a box of matches from his pocket, very quickly lighted the candle, and with it held in his left hand began to descend. His head was not yet below the level of the upper apartment when he paused.

"You have your revolver?" he said.

Robert nodded grimly, and took his revolver from his pocket.

A singular and most disagreeable smell was arising from the trap which they had opened; but ignoring this they descended, and presently stood side by side in a low cellar. Here the odour was almost insupportable; it had in it something menacing, something definitely repellent; and at the foot of the steps they stood hesitating.

Dr. Cairn slowly moved the candle, throwing the light along the floor, where it picked out strips of wood and broken cases, straw packing, and kindred litter—until it impinged upon a brightly-painted slab. Farther he moved it, and higher, and the end of a sarcophagus came into view. He drew a quick, sibilant breath, and, bending forward, directed the light into the interior of the ancient coffin. Then he had need of all his iron nerve to choke down the cry that rose to his lips, and:

"By God! *Look!*" whispered his son.

Swathed in white wrappings, Antony Ferrara lay motionless before them!

The seconds passed one by one, until a whole minute was told, and still the two remained inert, and the cold light shone fully upon that ivory face.

"Is he dead?"

Robert Cairn spoke huskily, grasping his father's shoulder.

"I think not," was the equally hoarse reply. "He is in the state of trance mentioned in—certain ancient writings; he is absorbing evil force from the sarcophagus of the Witch-Queen."* . . .

There was a faint rustling sound in the cellar, which seemed to grow louder and more insistent, but Dr. Cairn apparently did not notice it, for he turned to his son, and albeit the latter could but see him vaguely, he knew that his face was grimly set.

"It seems like butchery," he said evenly, "but, in the interests of the world, we must not hesitate. A shot might attract attention. Give me your knife."

For a moment the other scarcely comprehended the full purport of the words. Mechanically he took out his knife, and opened the big blade. Then:

"Good heavens, sir," he gasped breathlessly, "it is *too* awful!"

"Awful, I grant you," replied Dr. Cairn, "but a duty—a duty, boy, and one that we must not shirk. I, alone, among living men, know who and *what* lies there, and my conscience directs me in what I do. His end shall be that which he had planned for you. Give me the knife."

He took the knife from his son's hand. With the light directed upon the still, ivory face, he stepped towards the sarcophagus. As he did so something dropped from the roof, narrowly missed falling upon his outstretched hand, and with a soft dull thud dropped upon the mud-brick floor. Impelled by some intuition, he suddenly directed the light to the roof above.

Then with a shrill cry which he was wholly unable to repress, Robert Cairn seized his father's arm, and began to pull him back towards the stair.

"Quick, sir!" he screamed shrilly, almost hysterically. "My God! my God! *be quick!*"

The appearance of the roof above had puzzled him for an instant as the light touched it, then in the next had filled his very soul with loathing and horror. For directly above them was moving a black patch, a foot or so in extent . . . and it was composed of a dense moving mass of tarantula spiders! A line of the disgusting creatures was mounting the wall and crossing the ceiling, ever swelling the unclean group!

Dr. Cairn did not hesitate to leap

*It seems exceedingly probable that the mummy-case (sarcophagus) with its painted presentment of the living person, was the material basis for the preservation of the Khu (magical powers) of a fully-equipped adept.—Collectanea Hermetica, Vol. VIII.

for the stair—and as he did so, the spiders began to drop. Indeed, they seemed to leap towards the intruders, until the floor all about them and the bottom steps of the stair presented a mass of black, moving insects.

A perfect panic of fear seized upon them. At every step spiders *crunched* beneath their feet. They seemed to come from nowhere, to be conjured up out of the darkness, until the whole cellar, the stairs, the very fetid air about them, became black and nauseous with spiders.

Half-way to the top Dr. Cairn turned, snatched out a revolver, and began firing down into the cellar in the direction of the sarcophagus.

A hairy, clutching thing ran up his arm, and his son, uttering a groan of horror, struck at it and stained the tweed with its poinsonous blood.

They staggered to the head of the steps, and there Dr. Cairn turned and hurled the candle at a monstrous spider that suddenly sprang into view. The candle, still attached to its wooden socket, went bounding down steps that now were literally carpeted with insects.

Tarantulas began to run out from the trap, as if pursuing the intruders, and a faint light showed from below. Then came a crackling sound, and a wisp of smoke floated up.

Dr. Cairn threw open the outer door and the two panic-stricken men leapt out into the street, and away from the spider army. White to the lips they stood leaning against the wall.

"Was it really—Ferrara?" whispered Robert.

"I hope so," was the answer.

Dr. Cairn pointed to the closed door. A fan of smoke was creeping from beneath it.

The fire which ensued destroyed not only the house in which it had broken out, but the two adjoining; and the neighbouring mosque was saved only with the utmost difficulty.

When, in the dawn of the new day, Dr. Cairn looked down into the smoking pit which once had been the home of the spiders, he shook his head and turned to his son.

"If our eyes did not deceive us, Rob," he said, "a just retribution at last has claimed him!"

Pressing a way through the surrounding crowd of natives, they returned to the hotel. The hall porter stopped them as they entered.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, "but which is Mr. Robert Cairn?"

Robert Cairn stepped forward.

"A young gentleman left this for you, sir, half an hour ago," said the man—"a very pale gentleman, with black eyes. He said you'd dropped it."

Robert Cairn unwrapped the little parcel. It contained a penknife, the ivory handle charred as if it had been in a furnace. It was his own—which he had handed to his father in that awful cellar; at the moment when the first spider had dropped; and a card was enclosed, bearing the pencilled words: "With Antony Ferrara's Compliments."

The next story in this series is entitled "The Bats of Meydurn."

THE NEW BRUNSWICK DIVORCE COURT

BY T. C. L. KETCHUM

THE question of marriage and divorce — more especially devorce — is prominently before the public at the present time. It is presented in varied modes and shapes. The papers are full of it, particularly the United States papers, which are largely circulated in Canada. The Sunday editions reek with it, until one is almost forced to the conclusion that marriage instead of being the life-long companionship, in which the one takes the other "for better or worse until death us do part", is an experimental incident in the life of a man and woman, to be dissolved at the pleasure of either party to the temporary arrangement. In Canada, thanks to the views of our legislators of earlier days, the marriage tie is not easily severed, but, it can be severed, and it would appear that if the evidence necessary is forthcoming, advantage is freely and frequently taken of it.

The question, we are told, is about to be raised in the Dominion Parliament, by a proposition to alter the law under which divorce is granted in the Provinces, other than the Maritime Provinces and British Columbia, where there are divorce courts.

It is quite certain that in these Provinces by the sea, a change whereby the divorce courts would be abolished and the question referred to Parliament for adjudication would not be at all welcomed. Individuals may have and do have their opinions on this subject, most vital to the welfare of the state. On religious grounds a large section of the people do not believe in divorce at all or, at least, unless on rare grounds sanctioned by the religious body in which they believe. Theological students are divided in their interpretation of the words of the Saviour, when He appears to allow divorce where adultery has been committed. But there is scarcely any ground for the view that for any other cause, at all events, this high sanction can be invoked.

It may not be an altogether uninteresting contribution to the subject, to discuss the law in regard to marriage and divorce in the Province of New Brunswick. In the first place, it will be well to remember that New Brunswick is a Province, originally created by the Loyalists—carved out of the large pre-Loyalist Province of Nova Scotia. The Loyalists brought with them their own views on this most important question, and the law as it is to-day is essentially the same as it was when the first Act on the subject was passed in 1791, as far as the causes for which marriage may be dissolved. It is interesting to note that in the original Act the questions of marriage and of dissolving marriage were both dealt with. At that time the Church of England was by law established. The solemnization of matrimony was primarily

placed in the hands of clergymen of the established church, with important provisos. When there was no such clergyman in any parish or town, justices of the peace of the quorum were authorized to perform the ceremony according to rites prescribed by the Governor-in-Council. Ministers of the Church of Scotland, and Quakers, and clergymen in Holy Orders of the Church of Rome were allowed to celebrate marriages between persons of their respective communions. The question of such a marriage when the principals were of different religious beliefs does not appear to have been specially dealt with, but as penalties are provided for those who celebrate marriages without proper authorization, the inference may be drawn that a marriage of a mixed nature might not have been held void, although performed by officials with limited authority.

It was not long before privileges to clergy of the Church of England were done away with, and ministers of all denominations were authorized to celebrate marriages between any parties competent to enter into the contract. So much for the brief history of the form of marriage in New Brunswick.

The Governor and Council or any five members of the Council together with the Governor were by the early Act constituted a Court of Judicature in matrimonial causes. The Governor could deputize the Chief Justice or one of the judges to act in his place, but for many years to come this tribunal was to be known as the Court of the Governor-in-Council. In 1834 a change was made, when the Executive and Legislative Council became separated, and it was provided that the Lieutenant-Governor and the Executive Council, together with any judge of the Supreme Court, or the Master of the Rolls for the said Province, should form the court, and it was further provided that the judge so named should be the vice-president of the court, and that he, with any two members of the Executive Council, should be a sufficient court. This, then was the Court for Matrimonial Causes for nearly thirty years. In 1860 the Act was passed under which the "Divorce Court" as at present constituted, was first established. Under this legislation one of the judges of the Supreme Court was to be appointed the judge for Divorce and Matrimonial Causes, which jurisdiction is still exercised, the judge of the Divorce Court being also one of the puisne judges of the King's Bench. Some years ago, very little came before the Divorce Court, but the cases are multiplying rapidly, and many causes now come up for consideration.

The grounds upon which divorce *a vinculo matrimonii* may be granted are set forth in exactly the same wording as in the Act of George the Third of 1791.

It will not be amiss to quote them: "The causes for divorce from the bond of matrimony and of dissolving and annulling marriage are and shall be, frigidity or impotence, adultery and consanquinity within the degrees prohibited in and by an Act of Parliament made in the thirty-second year of the reign of King Henry the Eight, intituled an Act for marriages to stand notwithstanding pre-contracts, and no other causes whatsoever." There is also another section derived from the original Act, still unrepealed, under which it is provided that the issue of a marriage dissolved for adultery shall not be bastardized; nor the wife be barred of her dower, or the husband of his tenancy by the courtesy of England unless expressly so adjudged by the decree of divorce.

Allowing that divorce is to be dealt with by a secular tribunal, it is in every way better that the tribunal should be a court of justice, in the ordinary acceptation of the word. For one reason there is the expense. If it be right that a divorce be granted, on a certain statement of facts, it is

not right that the applicant should be prevented of his remedy by reason of the cost to him. The doors of a divorce court should not swing open at the touch of the rich man, and remain closed to the push of the poor man. Surely Lazurus should have equal rights with Dives; France may be looked to as an example in this. A divorce before that estimable body the Senate of Canada, is said to be a most expensive process, even where the case is undefended. In the New Brunswick Divorce Court a decree, where the case is undefended, may be obtained at an entire cost to the applicant of from $150 to $200, and probably in some instances for less. In fact, the expense would be about the same as in an undefended Supreme Court case, the fees as laid down being exceedingly moderate. So much for the question of expense. Now as to the tribunal itself. One of the New Brunswick judges is appointed to deal with this subject. He is an official who is trained in the consideration and weighing of evidence, and holds a position in which he has no other motive than to perform his judicial functions creditably, uninfluenced by either party to the action, quite removed from any good or harm either can do him. Surely such a court is better able to deal with the matter of a proposed separation of married people than a legislative body many of whom have no conception of the laws of evidence, and who are not by any means uninfluenced by their party political affiliations. There is the right of appeal from the Divorce Court judge to the Supreme Court *en banc*.

It may be said for New Brunswick that divorce is not popular. This comes from the influence, still felt, of the old Loyalists, who made divorce difficult to obtain on account of the few causes for which it would be granted, and who, in their own example, had little to do with it. In those early days there were practically no divorces, and the result was that marriage came to be looked upon as a solemn matter, not to be lightly taken in hand and not to be easily broken when once entered upon. So that even to-day divorce is unpopular, and until very recently, at any rate, the divorcee was not welcomed into social circles. But gradually this healthy attitude is less firmly maintained, and opposition to divorce is weakening. It is weakening with what we must all deeply deplore but cannot dispute, the waning of religious influence.

While such a Divorce Court as exists in New Brunswick is unquestionably the best for the purpose, and while upon what are called Scriptural grounds only are divorces granted, there is a new difficulty in the path which in a measure threatens to undo all the good that the strictness of the law has wrought and to accomplish all the evil that it has prevented.

We are next door to Maine, and the people of Maine are the most charming of neighbours, as keen in business as they are hospitable and charitable in private life. But they do not agree with us on the marriage and divorce question. With them you can get a divorce while you wait. Very easy indeed is it to get the bond cut, across the line, and of late our young people who live close to Uncle Sam's boundary have acquired the habit of seeking in Maine the relief they cannot get in New Brunswick. A time comes in the hitherto happy life of the young married couple when things become monotonous, when perhaps one or both find they would prefer different mates. Neither is averse to divorce, but how to get it is the question. The austere court at Fredericton would not listen to the plea for a moment—all the less, if collusion were in the air, for collusion when it shows its head in court damns the chances of an applicant. So easy to step across into Maine! Almost as easy to acquire a "domicile." Domiciles in Maine are peculiarly easy

for parties seeking divorce decrees. The next step is a decree from the Maine court pronouncing the divorce, and then back again to the Province once more open to matrimonial proposals. When the next marriage takes place, it generally has to be "solemnized" in the country where the divorce was granted, for ministers on this side are a bit shy as to the legality of the divorce so easily acquired. However, the newly-wed expects, and is not very often disappointed, to be received into the social brotherhood together with the new mate—revised and improved.

Of course, this is an evasion of the law. How can it be that one can leave one's own country, where the law will not meet the case, to secure relief in a country where easier rules prevail? By and by, and probably not long hence, the Divorce Court of New Brunswick will be called upon to give a decision on these get-free-quick divorces, of which Maine is so prodigal. The question of property rights will presently crop up, and it will be a question of "who's who." Even the shade of bigamy looms up in the not far distance.

This matter has been dealt with briefly and, it is hoped, succinctly. While many columns might be covered enough has been said for the purposes of information. It will be noted that the Divorce Court was gradually evolved. With the matter in the hands of the Governor-in-Council, as in the earlier days, there was a condition, not altogether unlike that under which the Senate deals with the cases under its jurisdiction. It was not until 1860 that the admirable change was made under which the present court exists. It is certainly also a matter for congratulation that the "causes" remain unchanged, and one hears of no wish that the reasons for divorce be enlarged. Even with the restricted grounds there are many more cases than a decade ago, which cannot be accounted for by an increase in population. Can it be accounted for by the passing of that feeling of delicacy, which would endure great suffering rather than the airing of family dishonour in public? Or, from another viewpoint, are the genuine causes for divorce more prevalent than years ago? Are husbands and wives less faithful than of yore? These are questions for the thinker to solve as the facts present themselves to him. Certainly sexualism, or animalism, is very superaboundant, and where and when it abounds divorce courts will be busy.

AUTUMN

From the Painting by Gertrude Des Clayes. Exhibited by the Ontario Society of Artists

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

THE ANCHOR TO WINDWARD

BY BERT LESTON TAYLOR

I WAS smoking an after-dinner pipe on the verandah of the one-too-many hotel at Errol, when I was accosted by a gentleman who had arrived the evening before on the stage from Colebrook.

"Is this Mr. Sam Gilkey?" he asked. I pleaded guilty.

"The landlord of this illustrious inn tells me that you are the best guide in this part of the country," said he.

"Well, sir," I replied, "I have frequently noted in Mr. Bragg a passion for the exact truth that amounts almost to a disease."

"You don't talk like a guide," remarked my prospective employer, eyeing me curiously.

"That may be the fault of my education," said I, a little tartly. "Are you afraid it would interfere with my duties?"

"No; I guess I can stand it if you can," he observed, good-naturedly. "I'll tell you what I require," he went on, handing me a cigar. "First, a guide who knows thoroughly the country about here for fifteen or twenty miles; second, a man—same man—who will not make remarks upon my method of fishing; third, a man with grit enough to stand by me in any adventure that Providence may throw in my way."

In reply I stated that I knew like a book the country between the New Hampshire line and the Rangeleys, and as far north as the Canadian border; that any method of fishing he might select would have my approval, if not the flattery of imitation; and that my fidelity to an employer had yet to be questioned.

"Consider yourself engaged," said he, and we shook hands on it.

Edward Atherton, Boston—so the hotel register read—was a man of about thirty years, of medium height, slender of build, with small, aristocratic-looking hands and feet, dark brown hair and eyes, and a face in which was mirrored a kindly disposition and a light heart; withal an expression of confidence and resolution, a suggestion of the "grit" he had asked for in me. He was unusually well dressed, though without a trace of flashiness.

Atherton informed me that his destination was Brown's Farm, ten miles up the Magalloway. As the log drive was not yet by, the little steamer that plied between Errol Dam and the Magalloway country was not in service. But my canoe was at the dam, and Atherton readily chose that method of locomotion in preference to the tedious drive over Errol hill.

During the trip up the Magalloway, Atherton proved the most delightful sportsman that had ever engaged my services. He was possessed of a fund of capital stories, all humorously and gracefully told. Thus the hours sped quickly by.

The lights of the few houses that comprise the settlement in Magalloway Plantation had been twinkling scarce five minutes when we swung around the last bend in our journey, and I beached the canoe at the foot

of the slope on which stood the hotel.

"What! A piano in this wilderness!" cried Atherton.

I explained that there was a very good piano at the hotel. "That is probably Miss Vaughn playing," said I. "I brought her up from Errol yesterday."

"Egad, then, Miss Vaughn shall have an appreciative audience," said he. "Hand me that flask and those cigars in my fishing coat. Chopin, or I'm a sinner," he murmured, stretching himself in the canoe and lighting a cigar. "I swear that Chopin himself could not have desired more poetic surroundings amid which to listen to his lovely creations."

I had never heard of Mr. Chopin and his creations, but I did find a peculiar sympathy between the music Miss Vaughn was making and the soft swish of the river around the bend, the miles of forest stretching away in the ghostly distance, and the giant peak across the narrow vale, whose wooded slopes the rising moon was lighting.

"Miss Vaughn plays well," said Atherton presently, "but there is no soul in her fingers. The only person that ever played that nocturne to my liking was a slip of a girl who, alone in a White Mountain hotel parlour, entertained me unconsciously, as Miss Vaughn is now doing. I saw her but once afterwards, kicking in a comic opera chorus under the name of Polly Edwards. I'll warrant that the 'tender grace of a day that is dead' has long since vanished from her piano fingers. By the way, who is this Miss Vaughn?"

"Bill Vaughn's girl. She spends her summers here. Lives in Boston, I believe, during the winter."

"Vaughn, I infer, is the big man of the plantation."

"Well, he's big enough," I laughed. "Stands six foot two in his hunting boots. He's a guide and trapper. Makes his headquarters here, but for excellent reasons spends most of his time in the woods."

"Ah!" he remarked casually.

"The game-warden shot his deer dog last summer; he shot the warden."

"Sort of evened the thing up. And the authorities—had they nothing to say concerning the affair?"

"They said all they could. Bill was indicted, but never caught; he's a good shot. And you might as well hunt for a needle in a stack as try to run a man down in the Maine woods. Folks around here always give Bill a tip when the sheriff or any of his deputies are in the neighbourhood. They don't like game-wardens."

"Well, the concert is over, and we may as well hunt supper," remarked Atherton. We shouldered our traps and walked up the stretch to the hotel.

The next morning, at breakfast, Atherton was introduced to Miss Inez Vaughn, a tall, well-shaped, and handsome girl, for whom I had long entertained a warm admiration; a praiseworthy sentiment which she never took the trouble of returning. Atherton was apparently more in her line. Before the forenoon was gone they were the best of friends. She played about everything he asked for—a nocturn in this, a ballad in that, and a lot of other things that were Greek to me. When Miss Vaughn disappeared to dress for dinner—another compliment to my employer, as she was not in the habit of dazzling the natives with her toilettes—Atherton joined me in a smoke on the verandah.

"Samuel," said he, "your Miss Vaughn"—*my* Miss Vaughn—"is a very entertaining young lady, who has thoroughly captivated me by her charms."

As I had not heard him speak ten consecutive words seriously, I accepted his enthusiasm for what it was worth. "Yes," he went on, "she is good looking, she is bright, and decidedly intelligent, and her music alone entitles her to a degree from the

University of Culture. But she is no more a part of these rustic environments than I am, and I regard it as strange that a young woman of her tastes and accomplishments should elect to bury herself for any considerable time in a wilderness that borders on the howling."

I suggested that a natural interest in her father might lead a daughter to pass a few months each year in his neighbourhood, and Atherton let it go at that. "Far be it from me to complain," said he. "Thanks to Miss Vaughn's geographical position, I expect to pass a very pleasant vacation."

"But I understood that you came up here to fish."

"And you also understood," he retorted, "that there was to be no comment on my method of fishing."

"Very good, sir," I smiled. "You are not going out to-day?"

"I am going out driving. You can fish if you want."

After dinner I strung my line and started off to see how the trout were biting. As I left the hotel, Atherton was handing Miss Vaughn into a carriage. After the rebuke I had received, good-natured though it was, I concluded to let Atherton find out for himself that he had a rival for the smiles of Miss Vaughn in Mr. Jack Carruthers, of Boston,whose appearance each summer at the farm usually followed closely upon Miss Vaughn's arrival. I surmised that he would put in an appearance before the week was out, and when I came up from the river at sundown I was not surprised to find him on the hotel verandah, talking with Bill Vaughn.

Vaughn was a splendid specimen of physical manhood, straight as a pine, despite his more than fifty years. His gait was lumbering, but it was the awkwardness of immense strength, which showed in every movement of his huge frame. He was a taciturn man, and although I had summered and wintered with him, as the saying is, I never got very close to him. Since the game warden episode I had seen very little of him.

Carruthers I never fancied, although I had piloted him on more than one fishing trip, and he had given me no specific cause for dislike. He was a handsome, reckless sort of chap, who greeted folks cordially, and spent money freely, and I was probably the only person in the Plantation who did not express an unreserved liking for him. Possibly the favour with which Miss Vaughn regarded him may have had something to do with my prejudice, but that explanation would not cover my strong liking for Atherton.

The latter drove in about dusk, and Miss Vaughn presented him to her father and Carruthers. The newcomer extended his hand graciously, and then dropped it with the exclamation, "Hello! Haven't we met before?"

"I fancy not. I have no recollection of the pleasure," said Atherton.

"Gad, you'd remember the meeting if you were the chap I took you for," said Carruthers. As he turned away I noticed a peculiar smile on Atherton's face.

"Come up to my room after supper," my employer remarked to me; "I have some work for you."

The "work" proved to be the manufacture of a detail map of "Magalloway Plantation, State of Maine."

I had an old map of the Plantation. This we enlarged to a scale of about one mile to an inch, and at Atherton's suggestion I indicated every brook and its most insignificant tributary within a radius of a dozen miles, together with the ranges of hills, timber land, roads, and trails.

It was well into the morning ere the map was completed, and we breakfasted together. Carruthers and Miss Vaughn had gone away for the day; drove off toward Upton, Landlord White said, in response to Atherton's casual inquiry. "That being the case, Samuel," my employer remarked to me, "we will follow the advice of one Walton, and go a-fishing."

An hour later found us on the Diamond River, at "the Rips," a mile and a half of swift water without a pool. Although I announced that here was the best fishing for a dozen miles about, Atherton left me with the remark, "Fish, then, and be happy," and went up stream.

I followed leisurely, zigzagging in long reaches across the river because of the current. It was too bright for good fishing, but when I reached the head of the Rips I was satisfied with my catch, and here I made a discovery that caused me to reel up my line and go in quest of Atherton. Away up on the Diamond, in a wild gorge through which the river is a roaring, foam-flecked torrent, I found him, perched on a monster boulder, drawing lazily on his pipe and examining the map we had made the night before. "Any luck?" I sang out.

"Not a rise. Guess all the fish are below."

"Perhaps you'd have better success if you took your bait-box," I remarked, passing it over.

"Hello! Did I leave that behind?" he asked, in some surprise. "I hadn't missed it. We'll try the Dead Diamond to-morrow."

But he didn't; for the next morning Carruthers was absent, and Miss Vaughn informed Atherton that he had gone away for several days on business. "Then," remarked my patron, with a dazzling smile, "I suppose we may resume our studies in Chopin."

During the next few days, there being no call for my services, I had nothing to do but wonder what sort of a game Atherton was playing; whether he was simply amusing himself with Miss Vaughn, or whether his "intentions" were serious. If the former, I told myself that I would call him to account the moment he ceased to be my employer. My regard for the young lady was as warm as it was unsuspected.

My worldly experience had not been large. Certainly I never saw a man make love so rapidly, so dashingly, and irresistibly as Atherton; and I was merely a spectator at long range. There were rambles in the woods and fields in the forenoon, drives in the afternoon, and *tête-à-têtes* in the remotest corner of the verandah when the moon silvered the drifting logs on the Magalloway. When the pair were about the hotel the piano was going nearly all the time, and sometimes Atherton sang in a fine tenor voice, and, it seemed to me, with rare skill, songs that breathed of passion and romance, and which, from the brief but eloquent silence that usually followed them, must have had the desired effect. Coming around the corner of the house one evening, I overheard the following fragment of conversation: "No, Ned, dear; Dad would kill me if he knew I even hinted at it. For all he looks so good-natured, he is the most violent man in the world. There, don't rumple my hair. Mrs. White has the chief failing of her sex in an aggravated form, and if"— At this point I beat an honourable retreat, with the reflection that Carruthers had better stay at home and look after his fences before they were all down.

Atherton spoke no more to me of Miss Vaughn. Once, when I complimented him jokingly upon his skill as a heartbreaker, he answered, with pretended solemnity, "Samuel, I am heaving an anchor to windward," a remark which I gave up attempting to fathom after pondering over it the better part of the day.

On the fourth day Carruthers returned. Somewhat to my surprise, Atherton did not contest with him the possession of Miss Vaughn's society, but resumed his fishing excursions. Yet he fished little or none. Toward sundown I usually found him at the head of the brook, dozing on the bank, or so engrossed with his thoughts that he did not notice my approach. This continued for the rest of the week.

Monday morning I rose very early,

as was my habit, and as I was feeling in unusually good spirits, I took a long stroll up what is known as the Black Brook road, a corduroy affair formerly used for lumbering purposes. On my return I digressed into the woods to follow what looked to be but actually was not a deer track, and when I returned to the road I heard the sound of carriage wheels. A buckboard had passed, and as it disappeared around a twist in the road I was certain that the travellers were Carruthers and Miss Vaughn. I was more certain, if possible, when, on returning to the hotel, I learned that they had driven away shortly before. I mentioned the circumstance to Atherton, and he seemed pleased for no apparent reason.

Carruthers and Miss Vaughn did not return that night. I had an explanation handy, but as it was not asked for, I kept it to myself. On the following morning Atherton observed to me: "I believe that there is only one more brook on our map to fish."

"Yes; Black Brook."

"We'll fish that to-day."

A ten-mile drive brought us to our destination, a dismantled lumber works, deserted these many years. In the shed attached to the cabin we discovered a buckboard; the horse that had drawn it was doubtless in a neighbouring bit of pasturage. Atherton made no comment, nor did I.

After caring for our horse and eating a lunch, we joined our rods and got on the brook. Atherton for once did not hurry away, but fished ahead, never more than a few rods away. He fished carelessly, however, as if his eyes and mind were bent on something besides his rod and line.

To avoid a pool that defied wading boots, we clambered up the right bank and struck the old lumber trail, now so grown over that it was the blindest of paths. We had gone but a few yards when I heard an exclamation from Atherton, and when I came up to him, he was on his knees, examining a mud-hole in the path, caused by a spring that gushed from a little ledge at the right. On the farther side of the bog was a single bootprint, so deep in the mud, however, that the size of the foot could only be guessed at.

"This would seem to indicate," remarked Atherton, glancing up at me, "that some one had passed this way since the snow went off."

"And this," I added, showing him the disturbed bushes at the left, "would seem to indicate that some other fisherman had taken the trouble to go round."

"Well reasoned, Samuel," he smiled. "Fishermen usually go out of their way to avoid a few inches of mud. Never mind the brook, but follow me."

The exhibition of woodcraft that Atherton now displayed astonished me. Half a dozen times the trail led off onto the mountain, and more than once, after clambering over a giant windfall, my eyes, trained by long experience, would have been bothered for a few minutes to discover the elusive track. But I had only to follow Atherton. He was never at fault.

Suddenly the trail ran off into the brook, and there, apparently, was an end of it. Atherton noted with evident satisfaction vague bootprints on the bit of pebbly beach made by the receding waters. They led straight to the bed of the stream, and vanished in the swift water.

Atherton beat the bushes on the opposite bank, but found not a vestige of a trail. For fifty feet each way the brush was practicably impenetrable. He tried the right bank, beyond where the trail had come down, with a like result. Then he lighted his pipe, threaded a worm on his hook, and moved slowly up the brook, casting occasionally, and I noticed that his gaze was exploring every foot of the banks.

A bend in the brook brought us to as lovely a spot as it has ever been my pleasure to look upon. To our right the mountain around which the

stream wound straightened up for a height of two hundred feet, the top of the precipice being surmounted by a mass of jagged, naked rock that hung, grim and threatening, over the gorge. Before us a cataract of wondrous beauty flung itself from a shelf thirty feet overhead, and plunged into a dark and frowning pool. To our left was the forest, rising, tree upon tree, to the brink of the cascade.

Atherton stopped short, with an emphatic, "Well, I'm damned!" I supposed he was impressed with the majesty of Nature's picture, but he had not given it a thought.

"This black pool, which only a giant could wade, is the logical termination of the trail," he murmured. Mindful of my pledge to refrain from comment on his method of fishing, I kept silence.

"Wait for me a few minutes," he requested, swinging his basket from his shoulder. From the basket, in which there was not a fish, he took a pair of field-glasses and a pair of lineman's spurs. He slung the glasses around his neck, fastened the spurs to his heels, and, skirting the pool, began the tedious and perilous ascent of the cliff down which the cataract tumbled. What the deuce did he want the spurs for, I wondered. I soon saw. After reaching the top of the ledge he took a brief rest, and then began to move up the trunk of a lone pine that dominated the gorge. He had been gone nearly half an hour, when the rattling of loose stones told me that Atherton was descending. I watched him silently as he let himself down the cliff and regained my side, and then my curiosity slopped over.

"Mr. Atherton," said I, "if you will raise the embargo on my tongue for a few seconds, it will afford me a large measure of satisfaction to remark that you are the damnedest fisherman I ever knew."

"Certainly, my boy," was the imperturbable response; "and let me say, in return, that you are the damnedest map-maker I ever employed."

"Ah?" I remarked questioningly, not having an idea what he was driving at.

"Look," said he, taking the map from his pocket and spreading it on a rock. "Here is Black Brook, and here you have indicated this cascade, with the mountain on the right. On the left you have marked 'High plateau. Heavy timber land, owned by Berlin Lumber Company and untouched for fifty years.' From the spot where we stand, to the old lumber works where we struck in on the brook, you have not indicated a single tributary."

"There is none."

"Pardon me; there must be. Near the top of that pine I found a coign of vantage from which an unobstructed view was to be had, and I levelled my field-glasses over the sea of treetops that stretches away to the northeast, unbroken, as far as I could see, by a single clearing—the great woods of Maine. But that there *is* a clearing I have reason to believe. My glasses caught far up the valley—for there *is* a valley, in spite of your map—a slender column of smoke, almost lost in the haze of the atmosphere."

"And what do you conclude?" I asked, as he paused.

"That where there is a valley in this country there is a brook, and that brook, my study of the country convinces me, must join Black Brook between here and the old lumber works."

"I believe you're right," I burst out suddenly, after racking my brains for several minutes. "I remember my father speaking of a brook that came down from the north and joined Black Brook below the falls. But it has been lost these five years. My acquaintance with Black Brook dates back as far as that, and during that period, in the score of times I have fished through here, I recall no such tributary."

"Nevertheless, I believe there is

one, and that we need not look for it below the spot where the lumber trail ran off into the brook."

We retraced our steps slowly, Atherton keeping up a pretense of fishing. Suddenly he stopped, and held up one hand. "Listen!" he cried.

The brook at this point was broad and comparatively tranquil, and above the gentle swish of the current I heard the gurgle of swifter water.

Atherton pointed a convincing finger at an object on the north bank, which had not attracted his serious attention when he passed up the stream. It was the heap of dead boughs familiar to fishermen who have toiled up streams by which has rung the woodsman's axe. This particular brush heap was fully a dozen feet high. About midway of it a huge birch bough, which had been half torn from its parent trunk, hung down into the stream. "Wait a minute," smiled Atherton, as I started forward; "I want to make this exposé as dramatic as possible."

He pulled himself up the bank and plunged into the bushes, where I heard him thrashing about. A suspicion of what I was later to know was flitting through my brain.

"Nature has been cleverly improved upon," Atherton reported. "For fully fifty feet into the wood a man could scarcely cut his way past this spot with an axe. And now, Samuel," he cried, drawing aside the birchen bough, "behold the opening of the Lost Brook Trail!"

We peered into the aperture thus made, and saw the outlet of a good-sized brook.

Atherton dropped the bough, threw himself on the bank, and motioned me to a seat at his side. "Sam, my boy," said he, in such a grave voice that I looked up in surprise, "although I have your promise—given, perhaps, as you may have thought it was asked, lightly—to stand by me in any adventure that might present itself, you are at liberty now, if you so desire, to return to the hotel and leave me to finish the work I have begun. Yonder," pointing to the northeast, "lies danger."

"Mr. Atherton," I replied, after a few moments of thought, "to redeem the pledge I gave you, I only desire your assurance that the enterprise on which you are engaged is an honest one."

"That you may have freely. I do not care to say more until I am assured that I am not off my reckoning. But, if I have correctly sized up the situation, I have desperate men to deal with, and it may be dangerous for you to be found in my company. I do not ask for your active support unless an emergency should require it. What do you say now?"

For answer I extended my hand, which he gripped without other comment.

"Three o'clock," said Atherton, glancing at his watch and rising. "We will leave our rods and baskets here. You have a revolver?" I nodded. "You may need it; and now," —as he lifted the bough that screened the mouth of the new-found brook, —"leave faint-heartedness behind, all ye who enter here!"

For a few feet we had to almost wallow in the bed of the brook, but as we advanced, the aqueduct of boughs, as Atherton happily characterized it, enlarged sufficiently to afford a comparatively clear passage. So cunningly had nature been utilized that a fisherman blundering into the place would not have given its formation a second thought. On each side small trees had been felled, boughs interlaced, and old logs carelessly piled, so that for fifty yards or more the brook and the valley through which it coursed were effectually concealed, as travel past the outlet was possible only in the bed of Black Brook or along its south bank.

The aqueduct gradually expanded until we found ourselves in the woods, beside as handsome a trout brook as the wilderness holds. As it had been a "close" stream for a number of

years, I promised myself excellent fishing at some future time.

For half a mile or more our only route was the brook, but search for a trail was finally rewarded, and our subsequent progress became as rapid as was consistent with the prudence exercised by Atherton.

"Softly, my boy," he called back to me. "One could hear you coming a mile off."

"I am not an Indian," I replied, and at that moment I made a break that would have disgraced a tenderfoot. I caught my foot on a snag and fell headlong.

Atherton laughed. "You may be able to track a deer," said he, "but you'd never do to run down moonshiners. Slow up here," he added, before I had opportunity to reply. "I'm going ahead." With that he glided away as noiselessly as a snake.

For two hours I tramped over the vilest of trails, clambering over fallen trees that crumbled into dust beneath my weight, and toiling through swamps into which I sank to my knees. In spite of Atherton's caution, I had travelled at a rapid pace, which finally told on me, and I threw myself down beside a spring to rest.

As I resumed my tramp, I came upon a bit of paper fluttering from a raspberry bush. It was a message, and I comprehended its half-dozen words in some perturbation: "*Turn to the right. Lay low.*"

A partial explanation of this message was shortly presented by the forking of the trail. The main track kept along and across the brook, while a second path led up the hill. I should not have detected this path had not a tall bush which screened it been bent down.

The sun was declining, and twilight comes swiftly in the forest. I had not proceeded far when I saw through the brush the dispersion of shadow which betokens a clearing, and towards this I crawled noiselessly on my hands and knees.

The tension on my nerves was increased by the sight of a log shanty on the farther side of the clearing. No smoke issued from the blackened chimney, and the place appeared deserted. There was an entrance midway of the shanty, and on each side a sashless window. In the centre of the clearing the remains of a brush fire smoldered.

As I peered forth upon this scene the bushes to the left were parted, and Bill Vaughn stepped into the open. As he walked slowly toward the entrance to the shanty he glanced in at the window. He started back, wheeled, and bounded noiselessly to a small shed, from which he emerged with a double-barrelled shotgun. He again walked to the window, and I heard his voice, low and stern: "Come out of there!"

As he stepped back and threw the shotgun across his arm, Atherton stood in the doorway. I never witnessed such a magnificent nerve as the latter displayed. There was not a tremour in his voice as, flipping the ash from his cigar, he remarked nonchalantly, "Hello, Vaughn! Why this warlike demonstration?"

An expression of frightful ferocity came into Vaughn's face. "What in hell are you doing here?" he demanded, in a voice husky with passion.

The reply came like a shot. "I was looking for you."

"What!" roared the outlaw, and I heard the hammers of his gun go back. I had drawn and cocked my revolver, and it was pointed toward Vaughn's bulky frame, but my hand shook so that if I had pressed the trigger the result would not likely have been fatal.

"Yes," continued Atherton calmly, elevating his chin and blowing a cloud of smoke skyward; "I thought it might interest you to know that the sheriff and a couple of deputies were on your track."

"He lies!" shouted another voice, and I saw Carruthers, followed by Miss Vaughn, step into the clearing.

"He's a damned spy, Bill," went on Carruthers, walking up to Atherton and staring into his face. "I thought I knew you, and now I'm certain of it. You're the chap who put a ball through me in Bridgeport five years ago."

"Under the circumstances, I am sorry I did not aim better," said Atherton, with an exasperating smile.

"You'll be sorrier before long," sneered the other. "Keep him covered a moment, Bill, and I'll truss him up."

Carruthers went into the shanty, and reappeared with a coil of rope, at one end of which he fashioned a running noose. This he threw around Atherton's shoulders, and dragged him ungently to the pine tree by which I was lying, scarce daring to breathe.

When the trussing operation was completed Carruthers walked away, and I thought it a seasonable time to let my employer know that the pledge I had given him was in good working order. I reached forth a cautious hand and gave the calf of his leg a reassuring squeeze.

"Blücher's battalions!" I heard him murmur, and he called out cheerfully to his captors: "Well, gentlemen, how long am I to be tied up here?"

"You'll find out soon enough," flung back Carruthers. "Polly, put the kettle on"—to Miss Vaughn.

That young woman, from the moment of her appearance on the scene, had remained a silent witness of the dramatic affair, and I had well-nigh forgotten her existence. As she moved toward the shanty, in obedience to Carruthers's careless order, she threw upon Atherton an expressive glance in which I saw the "anchor to windward" which Atherton had cast on the moonlit verandah at Brown's Farm. Help would have been forthcoming from that quarter, I felt assured.

"For God's sake, Sam," whispered Atherton, "cut this rope. These cursed mosquitoes are eating me alive."

"All right," I replied; "but don't make a move till I get that gun."

"Good boy!" he muttered, comprehending my plan, which was to work my way around the clearing and capture the shotgun that Vaughn had stood against the end of the shanty.

"What's all that?" called out Carruthers sharply, pausing in the act of throwing an armful of brush upon the smoldering fire.

"I was merely remarking," returned Atherton mildly, "that the mosquitoes were devilish thick."

Carruthers chuckled. "You ought to thank your stars that the black fly season has gone by," said he.

I drew my fishing knife, and with infinite caution cut through Atherton's bonds until they hung by a thread; then I dropped on my stomach and crawled away in the brush. The crackling of the fire drowned the slight rustle that accompanied my progress. Vaughn and Carruthers sprawled on the ground beside the fire, smoking and conversing in low tones. "Polly," her skirts tucked up in picturesque fashion, had "put the kettle on," and it was singing merrily over the flames.

I reached the desired point at last, and I was not a moment too soon. Goaded to desperation by the assaults of the mosquitoes, Atherton had raised a hand to brush them from his tortured face, and Carruthers's watchful eye had caught the movement. The latter sprang up and started toward the tree.

I saw Atherton drop his hand behind him, and an instant later his arm straightened. "Stop!" he cried. With an oath Carruthers leaped forward. There was a flash and he went down like a log.

With a bellow of rage Vaughn turned for his gun. But it was in my hands, and pointed at his heart. "Sam Gilkey!" he cried in astonishment, and the reproach in his voice staggered me a bit.

"I don't know as much about this affair as you do, Bill," said I, "but you'll oblige me by throwing up your hands. This gun may go off."

Slowly his hands went up, and came down with a jerk. Atherton had slipped up behind him and pinioned him with the rope that lately bound his own form. "Blow his head off, Sam, if he moves," said Atherton, twisting the cords about the giant's arms and legs.

After Vaughn had been rendered null and void, I walked to where Carruthers lay, face down, and turned him over. "He's dead!" I reported, and turned away horror stricken.

"He will not remark again on my shooting ability," said Atherton coolly. "Keep Vaughn covered, Sam. He's a muscular devil, and that rope is none too strong. And now, Polly Edwards"—taking a fish-line from his pocket and advancing to Miss Vaughn, who, when the shot was fired, had rushed from the shanty and stood transfixed with terror—"your hands, if you please."

"Ned!"

I shall never forget that cry. It pierced my heart like a knife-blade. If Atherton was affected, there was no evidence of it in his quiet rejoinder: "I regret, Polly, that my duty rises superior to my natural sentiments."

"Who are you?" panted the girl, as Atherton wound the line gently about her arms.

"Edward Marlowe, United States secret service, at *your* service," he replied. "Gad! I gave her credit for more nerve," he added quickly, as he caught the fainting girl in his arms. "Get some water, Sam. I'll look after Vaughn."

I was dazed and hot all over. I felt a bitter and unreasoning resentment toward Atherton, which was intensified as I watched him laving the unconscious girl's temples, with the tenderness of a lover. Vaughn hardly needed watching. He sat by the fire, his head sunk upon his breast.

Atherton bore Polly—for such it seemed was her name—to a nearby bank of green sward, and, taking off his coat, he rolled it up and placed it beneath her head. "Feel all right, now?" he asked, as she opened her eyes. She turned her head away.

Atherton lit a cigar with a brand from the fire, and turned to me. "Sam, my boy," said he, "that gentleman who is growing cold over yonder was one of the most dangerous counterfeiters that ever operated in the East. Five years ago he was in the green goods business, and I helped to arrest him in Bridgeport. This fellow"—with a gesture toward Vaughn, who never raised his head—"is entitled to more consideration; he was led into it through his daughter, though I imagine the State will want him for that game-warden affair. Polly, here, 'shoved the queer.' In that shanty you will find a complete lay-out for the free coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to nothing."

I had nothing to say. A sob from Polly broke the silence.

"Sam," said Atherton, "see if you can find a lantern or two in that shanty. We shall have a devil of a time getting out of here."

THE WHITE BRICK

BY F. E. CHASE

Figg Street was one of those thoroughfares, so common in American cities whose houses, all precisely alike, are ranged with military precision as if marshalled in battle array by their speculative builders against the army of wage-earners for whose occupancy they were designed. Organization and discipline were strongly suggested by the uniform ranks of octagon fronts, each capped with its formal mansard roof, and accoutred with its high flight of stone steps, and the effect of this suggestion was promptly confessed by their intimidated tenants, who paid an excessive rent with apprehensive alacrity. There were some in the neighbourhood who, under a not uncommon stress of pecuniary circumstances, might have defied a solitary landlord in single combat, but to challenge the might of the brigaded proprietor whose capital had brought the street into being was beyond their courage. So the monthly tribute exacted by this besieging force of bricks and mortar was promptly yielded, and thus it came about that tenants stayed on Figg Street, and were penetrated with a strong sense of fellowship which quickly engendered a friendly intimacy.

I, like all my neighbours, had moved in when the place was first built, lured by the odour of fresh and damp plaster, which is always so inscrutably attractive to the habitual rent-payer. Rumours of open plumbing and porcelain tubs had robbed the adjacent avenues of their choicest tenants, and in an incredibly short time after its establishment Figg Street had become fully populated, with the exception of one tenement. Number Seventeen, eight doors below the house I occupied, and upon the same side, was not immediately taken, and remained mysteriously untenanted for almost a year.

This circumstance was strongly resented by a neighbourhood which had testified so strongly by its impetuous conduct to the desirablity of the street, the persistent emptiness of this refactory domicile serving as a kind of standing criticism of its hasty judgment. A kind of hauteur seemed to be expressed by its persistent refusal to come into proper relations with the other houses in the block, and by degrees it became distinctly unpopular. Too new to be plausibly accused of being haunted, it was vaguely slandered as possessing defective drainage, and became the subject of other injurious rumours which tended toward making the agent's placards in its lower windows permanent fixtures. And when, after a year's time, it became known that it had at length been let, all its accumulated unpopularity was promptly and unanimously transferred to its occupants as a matter of course.

These were an elderly man and his wife, who apparently had no family and kept no servant. Their few belongings had been moved in before it was even noticed that the place had found a tenant, which was in itself generally regarded as an aggravating circumstance. No one knew the man by name or could find out anything

about him. It was strongly resented that from the beginning he kept the green blinds on both the front and the rear of his premises constantly closed, and when it became evident that he did not intend to put up a door-plate, popular feeling rose almost to indignation. He did not permit himself to be seen very much, only occasionally going forth, while his wife was almost never visible. No one ever seemed to visit the couple, whose only caller was an occasional expressman with a parcel. Attempts on the part of the male inhabitants of Figg Street to draw the man into conversation encountered a baffling resistence in his shy reticence of manner, while the few ladies who sought to penetrate the secret of the house through the cunning device of a neighbourly call were quite unable to get any response to their repeated rings at the doorbell, though they were painfully conscious of being investigated from within through the blinds of the parlour window.

A fever of curiosity prevaded the neighbourhood for a time. Social gatherings, assembled under a thin pretext of whist or music, straightway resolved themselves into deliberate bodies sitting upon the question of Number Seventeen. Certain persons even stooped to the employment of small boys as detectives, but these unworthy emissaries failed as completely as did everybody else to solve the mystery of the house. Finally the fever, having run its course, died out, and Number Seventeen came to be accepted as an objectionable but stubborn fact.

For nearly two months matters remained in this unsatisfactory condition, but at the end of that period the excitement was renewed by a very peculiar circumstance. Twice a day, on my way to business, I was obliged to pass these mysterious premises, which still strongly piqued my curiosity without ever having once gratified it ever so little. My interest in the house was just beginning to flag a little when one morning as I was going down to the office my always observant eye noticed a slight but startling change. A single white brick had taken the place of one of the common red ones in the sidewalk in front of Number Seventeen. It was precisely the size of an ordinary brick, and had a smooth enamelled surface of glittering white. I was quite sure that it had not been there the evening before when I came up town; so striking and unusual a detail could hardly have escaped my notice. I puzzled over the matter all day and devoted the evening meal to discussing it with my wife, but without arriving at any satisfactory conclusion. Going down town in the morning I spoke of it to a neighbour, and at night to two more with whim I rode up town. Three or four people called on us that evening to discuss this new phrase of the mystery, and as they went home we saw several small parties from the neighbourhood walking up and down by this inexplicable object with an elaborate assumption of indifference, evidently engaged in verifying the strange report which had spread rapidly throughout the street.

For a week there was a revival of the original excitement, manifested by much hypocritical sociability. For a week the white brick was always trumps at whist, and was eaten over and over again in the form of Welsh rabbits of parallel indigestibility. Indeed, the formula of invitation during that period might very reasonably have been "The pleasure of your company is requested at a White Brick," had perfect candour obtained.

We were just beginning to get accustomed to the thing when one morning as I was going down town I missed it. I looked hastily up at the door. Yes, it was Nnmber Seventeen without a doubt, but the white brick was gone.

I made a round of calls that evening with my wife and disseminated this startling information. As the

bearers of this important news we enjoyed a quite unusual popularity, and went home in a very pleasant frame of mind. The third morning after, the white brick was again in its former place, the exchange having taken place, as before, some time during the night.

I was very absent-minded over my duties that day, and was more than once sharply reprimanded by my employer for my inattention to the routine of the office. If I had had a brick in my hat, as the slang phrase goes, I could not have been more hopelessly muddled than I was by the white brick which I could not get out of my head. This uncanny happening began to suggest to my mind all kinds of dreadful deeds of which it might be the sign or signal. Was Number Seventeen a den of counterfeiters, thus conclusively but silently indicated to interested persons? Was it a haunt of unspeakable vice, masked by the white purity of this symbol? Were deeds too dreadful to name, or an enterprise too criminal for utterance thus proclaimed? I passed the day in a fever of fruitless speculation and went home but with one clear purpose —to find out when and by whom this baleful message was placed and replaced.

To this end I determined upon an heroic measure. I remembered that the brick had been exposed the first time precisely one week. Now, if there were any uniformity in the purpose which lay behind it, it should again be removed on the following Tuesday night. I accordingly determined to sit up all that night, on this chance, and watch. I passed the interval in a state of great nervous excitement, and upon the appointed evening established myself at my second story front window, which commanded a full view of that part of the sidewalk, with a plentiful supply of cigars, determined to solve the mystery. Sitting there in the darkness I heard the clocks strike eleven, twelve, one, two, three, four, and, I think, five. I fear I must have dozed for a moment, toward morning, however, for when daybreak surprised me at my vigil the confounded thing was gone.

Nearly two days after this it was replaced, remaining, as before, for a week, at the end of that time it again disappeared. All this period I spent in a miserable state of suspense, reading the criminal items which the enterprise of the daily press provided, and striving by the exercise of all my ingenuity to somehow connect the deeds of their doers with this ominous manifestation; but to no purpose. I had said nothing to anyone about my futile experiment in detective work, but I was gratified to hear it whispered about that several of my neighbours had also sat up all night with a similar purpose and with similar results.

This had gone on for nearly two months when a brilliant idea came to me. Why on earth had it never occurred to me before? Nothing could be simpler or more promising, nothing surer to bring about something significant—something, at least, affording a clue to the mystery of Number Seventeen. That night I went out secretly at two a.m., in a drizzling rain, and, removing the white brick from the sidewalk where it had been placed two days before, set it in a corresponding position in front of my own door, putting in its place an ordinary red brick.

I slept very little the rest of the night, but, rising early, took up my position at the window to await results. In order to miss nothing I sent word to the office that I was home with a sore throat—which was indeed quite true—and ate my breakfast uncomfortably as I sat at the window.

Nothing happened until eleven o'clock, when the elderly tenant of the suspected premises came out of his door and walked down the steps. He had not got half-way down, however, when it became evident that he had discovered his loss. He paused

in apparent consternation and after looking earnestly at the sidewalk for an instant, ran back with unaccustomed sprightliness into the house. Presently his wife came out with him, and together they carefully examined the footway where the brick had been. If ever two people had appeared anxious and alarmed it was this guilty looking twain. All my old suspicions came back to me as I triumphantly beheld the manifest disquietude of the pair, who, after a brief search and a hurried consultation, went quickly back into the house, from which neither emerged again that day. The next morning another white brick had been planted in its usual position in front of Number Seventeen.

The exaggerated alarm which my experiment had caused in my mysterious neighbours made me a little uneasy as to the possible consequences of my act to myself, and, as nothing definite had resulted, I determined to wait a day or two, to remove the borrowed brick, which, being farther up the street than its owner ever had occasion to go, had remained unnoticed by him, though it had begun to cause amused comment among the neighbours. I had planned on a certain evening after dark, but on my return I found my wife in a state of great doubt and anxiety over a large box which the teamster had left at our house just at dusk.

She had noticed him driving down from the upper end of the street, looking inquiringly at the houses on our side. At the sight of our white brick he had pulled up suddenly, and taking from his cart a large box had rung our bell and delivered it to our servant without a word of explanation, and then had driven away. Our maid had received it as a matter of course, and there it lay upon the entry floor, marked emphatically upon its upper surface

THIS SIDE UP.
HANDLE WITH EXTREME CARE.

It was an ordinary rough packing case, three feet long by two feet wide and a foot deep, and was lettered in the bold script employed by commercial packers. The corners of a tag which had evidently borne an address were still held down by four large tacks, but the greater part of the middle had evidently been torn off in the process of getting the box in at the door and could nowhere be found. There was no doubt at all in my wife's mind, nor in mine, that the case had been intended for our mysterious neighbour, and that the teamster had been led into this blunder in its delivery by our duplicate white brick, which was the first he would encounter in coming down the street from its upper end, and which he had become accustomed, by habit or instruction, to recognise as the sign of his destination. His mistake had, perhaps, placed in my hands the clue to the secret of Number Seventeen.

All my previous doubts and misgivings vanished in the face of this piece of providential good fortune, and sending for a hammer I prepared to have a look at the contents of the box. My wife's tremulous promptings to be careful and her scruples as to the propriety of such an act were evidently mere sops to her conscience, for she was inspired with quite as lively a curiosity as my own. The idea of any physical danger from an infernal machine never entered our heads, so entirely commonplace had been all the circumstances of the delivery of the case. So, adapting the usual loose-handled domestic hammer as well as possible to the unequal task, I finally succeeded in getting the lid off. Upon the folds of brown packing paper which covered its contents lay an envelope, blank and unaddressed.

From such a wrapper I felt no scruples about taking the note which it enclosed, and accordingly did so; but my wife spared me the shame of violating another person's letter by snatching it from my hand and reading it aloud. It ran as follows:

Mr. James Millican,

Dear Sir—The sample sent is a great improvement over the last one, and would, no doubt, be effective against the enemy. We must take no chances in this struggle, however, and when we show our hand it must be to deal a death blow to them. Therefore carry out the improvement you suggest. Do not worry about the cost—at this stage of the game money is nothing. The loss you speak of might be dangerous if the article fell into the right hands, but that is unlikely. We send the chemicals you ask for. Do not take any unnecessary risks. We must guard above all things against a premature explosion.

Yours truly,

SYLVESTER DAFT.

At the word "explosion" my wife turned pale and sat weakly down on the edge of a chair looking at me with a frightened face. I, however, with a resolute air, but with many internal misgivings, laid hold of the paper which still covered the contents of the box, and prepared to strip it off. As I turned back the first layer the hammer which I had left upon the edge of the case fell to the floor with a crash, which served to show me conclusively the state of my own nerves. I persisted, however, in my unpacking, and presently laid bare the contents. The box was filled, apparently, with a fine white powder and nothing else. It was tasteless and gritty beneath the teeth, and bore every physical sign of harmlessness. I was greatly disappointed at this poor answer to my expectations and discontentedly plunged my hand into the yielding mass. As I did so my fingers encountered a hard object.

Carefully digging away the white powder I presently disclosed the neck of a large bottle, which I pulled carefully forth. The label bore a Latinized name, quite meaningless to me, but below it was a conspicous legend: "Dangerous. Keep in a cool place." I complied at once by placing the bottle as far as possible from myself, and cautiously continued my search. There were four more bottles, containing different liquids, and several packages of unknown chemicals, including one of common borax, which I recognized with relief, as one meets a friend in a strange land. The removal of these articles left the case about half full of powder and gave our front parlour, where they stood about, the appearance of a chemical laboratory. My wife or I could make little out of all this, and after having devoted the evening to vague and profitless discussion, we opened the windows of the room in compliance with the demand printed on the first bottle, and carefully locking the door went upstairs to bed.

But not to sleep. We tossed and turned for several hours, starting at every noise from below, until finally I could stand it no longer, and getting up again I dressed and went down stairs. All was quiet in the parlour, where the chemicals still stood intact. I sat down for an instant in an easy chair where I had them in full view, and there, of all places, fell fast asleep before I had any idea of such a thing.

When I awoke it was half-past seven in the morning, and I was stiff with cold that had poured in all night at the open windows, and had another frightful sore throat. I rose with pain and difficulty to shut out the chilling draught, and as I stood at the open window commanding a view up the street toward Number Seventeen, I saw Mr. Millican, as I now know him to be, coming in my direction, which I had never before seen him take. He was walking rapidly, his hands behind him, his eyes looking reflectively down upon the sidewalk.

A wave of apprehension crossed my mind. His route would take him past my house, where he had never, to my knowledge, passed before, and he would certainly see the stolen white brick. What would happen? Would he face me, or would he take alarm and flee? If he did face me, what should I do—resolutely pluck his secret from him in the interests of the public welfare, or consult my own personal safety in as plausible

an explanation as I could well devise.

Before I could decide he had reached my door. Without an instant's hesitation or the least appearance of surprise he turned and walked up my steps, taking something from his pocket as he did so. I heard a key rattle for an instant in the lock, which cheaply furnished article readily yielded to the intruder, and in another instant Mr. Millican walked into the room where I stood in frightened perplexity.

He looked first at me in great surprise, and then glancing hurriedly about him, his eyes fell upon the opened box. A look of utter consternation appeared on his face and he sat down in a frightened way upon the edge of the case, playing idly with the white powder with his hand, and looking at me with a baffled air.

Presently he cleared his throat.

"I see you are working on the same track," he said, in a dejected voice. "Well, I knew something was up when my experimental brick was stolen, but I'd no idea you were so near. How did you happen to locate here?"

The harmless dejection of his manner and appearance had already removed the worst of my suspicions, and I had decided to make the best explanation I could, but his opening puzzled me.

"I—I don't understand," I began.

"Then you are not Babelon's man," he cried eagerly, rising as he spoke. "You are not working for Babelon & Company in this matter?"

I hastened to explain that I was not working for Babelon & Company in any matter, but was in the insurance business; and then, taking advantage of the high good-humour with which this confession seemed to fill him, I made a very frank explanation of the whole matter, to which he listened with great amusement. I returned to him his white brick and the box of chemicals, and during the next two months was privileged to visit him in his laboratory which occupied the cellar of Number Seventeen, where I spent many pleasant evenings over a pipe in his interesting company. At the end of this period I received one morning this circular:

MILLICAN'S ENAMELLED BRICK.
For Pavements, Warehouse Flooring and all Building Purposes Demanding
DURABILITY AND CLEANLINESS.
Indestructible by Wear or Fracture, Acid Proof and Hygienically Perfect. The only Flooring that can be Permanently Kept in a State of
CHEMICAL PURITY.
Patented June, 1899, by James Millican.
Manufactured by
SYLVESTER DAFT & CO.,
Dealers in Builders' Supplies and Hygienic Appliances.

Mr. Millican's brick had undergone the practical test of actual wear and tear in the sidewalk of Figg Street, to the consternation of its inhabitants, before it was offered to the public, and so was put upon the market in such a state of perfection as to defy all competition. At any rate, Messrs. Babelon & Company never, to my knowledge, advertised the competing article which had forced upon Millican so much secrecy in his experiments.

CHARITY

From the Painting by Frank Brangwyn in the National Art Gallery of Canada

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

RUINS OF FORT PRINCE OF WALES, PORT CHURCHILL

WHY HEARNE SURRENDERED

BY R. J. FRASER

TWO years ago, at White River, on the Canadian Pacific Railway, there died, at the age of eighty-two, an old French-Cree half-breed who went by the name of Peter Gibeault. Among Peter's possessions were certain papers thought to have been lost years ago, when one of the trading-posts of the Hudson's Bay Company was destroyed by fire. It was the post known as Fort Churchill. As Peter was a servant of the company at that time, it is presumed that the papers formed part of the property rescued by him from the flames, and not knowing their contents, nor realizing their value, which after all, is of a purely historical nature, he neglected to turn them into appreciative hands. One paper, dated the year 1820, was evidently part of a private journal belonging to Josiah Broadworth. It purposes to give the journalist's conception of the real reasons why Governor Hearne, in 1782, surrendered the almost impregnable stronghold, Fort Prince of Wales, to the French Admiral de la Pérouse. This paper is now in the private archives of a prominent Canadian statesman.

At the mouth of the Churchill River, on Hudson Bay, near the sixtieth parallel of north latitude, stood the once proud Fort Prince of Wales. On the edge of the great Barren Lands, in the very sub-Arctics, who would expect to find such a structure as is now represented by roofless walls, shattered parapets, and rusty implements of war? Glance at a map of Canada and wonder anew. Our point of interest is, to-day, four hundred and fifty miles from the

nearest centre of habitation, containing more than one hundred souls. This vast virgin territory is represented only by a few traders, two outposts of the Northwest Mounted Police, less than half a hundred white trappers, a rare prospector, and the swiftly-diminishing numbers of the aboriginal redmen. In a word, it is four hundred and fifty miles from civilization.

"From civilization?" you ask. "Is there not a kind of settlement at Fort Churchill?"

No, not a kind of settlement—a settlement of a kind. There is a small trading-post of the Hudson's Bay Company, replacing the one that was burned during the service of our friend Peter, and an Indian mission. For seven months of every year both these are surrounded by ice and snowdrifts; the other five by swamp, bare granite, and insect pests. These establishments are invisible from the shores of the harbour and from any vessel lying in the anchorage. One can almost be grateful for the absence of woods of any description, which allows the police barracks and the flagstaff to monopolize the skyline.

The trader, the missionary, the soldier, the forerunners of the army of civilization, all are there. But the vanguard is still that four hundred and fifty miles in the rear. For we know that a yard of calico, and a beaver-skin, a surplice, brass buttons, and the Union Jack, do not make up the sum of civilization.

Get away from roll-top desks, paved streets, and a menu card; forget the colour of the mail-carrier's uniform, and the music of an orchestra; put the cities' "smoke down" below the horizon; and get away beyond the end of steel; spend a twelvemonth north of "fifty-eight", and you will join with the other exiles there in calling the state of human existence what the trader and the soldier before you have called it, what the missionary dare not. For civilization, you would learn, is not made up of the few paltry necessities you have with you, but of all those tempting, desirable things you had to leave behind.

All this is an attempt to give one a picture of the isolation and lonely surroundings of this old guardian of the North, once equal in strength to Louisbourg, scarcely inferior to Quebec. Port Churchill's assets are a good harbour, doubtful promises, and future prospects. All she can offer to-day to the sightseer, the traveller, the tourist, is folk-lore and history—moss-covered, shot-shattered ruins for the curious to peer into, half-buried cannon over which to stub their toes.

In the year 1688, sixteen years after the Hudson's Bay Company received their royal charter, they located a post at Churchill. This charter authorized them to erect fortifications, arm and man them, and defend them and the country against all-comers, for the Crown. To protect this post against their French rivals they built, in 1718, a wooden fort, and gave it the name of Prince of Wales. But the wooden structure did not remain long. The remembrance of the loss by fire, at the hands of the intrepid French-Canadian, D'Iberville, of their more southern establishments aroused the company to the need of more substantial structures to safeguard their interests. Churchill, their best harbour, they designed to be their principal retreat. So, in 1733, the company began the erection of a most formidable object of defence. Military engineers, who had served under Marlborough, designed it; Henry Robinson, the builder, was brought out to superintend the work. After twelve years of labour, accompanied by many trials and vicissitudes, Fort Prince of Wales, one of the strongest on the North American continent, was reared at the mouth of the Churchill. Its granite walls were forty-two feet thick and of such solid masonry that the Frenchmen, after expending all

THE GATEWAY, FORT PRINCE OF WALES, PORT CHURCHILL

the powder found in the magazine, as well as a considerable quantity of their own, with the purpose of making a thorough demolition of the fort, met with but partial success. They were obliged to be content with destroying the interior structures, the parapet, and dismounting the guns. These latter were massive pieces and numbered forty, pointing across the harbour and out to sea.

It was in the summer of 1782, during what is known as the Hudson's Bay Last War, that the French Admiral de la Pérouse hove in sight off Fort Prince of Wales and demanded its surrender. He had only three small vessels in his fleet, all of which had suffered damage in the ice; his crew and soldiers had been reduced by many hardships throughout the long voyage; his stock of provisions was alarmingly low. Altogether the invaders were in no condition to prosecute a long siege. Unfortunately the Englishmen were unaware of this. On the first summons Governor Samuel Hearne snatched up a table-cloth, and wildly waved it from the walls. Without a single shot being fired on either side, Fort Prince of Wales was surrendered to the enemy.

It has been remarked as greatly strange that the Governor, who, as Samuel Hearne, the Arctic explorer, had shown much resourcefulness and personal bravery, should here have been guilty of such a craven act. In defence of his conduct, he said he had no idea of de la Pérouse's unfitness to prosecute a siege; he underestimated the enemy's strength, and, he could place no reliance on the steadfastness of his own men.

It is in connection with this last condition of affairs that the paper lately ressurrected from among the effects of the old half-breed is of such historical value. Without further comment I shall give the substance of the letter.

Several long years of service at Churchill, to which they were bound by contract, with little employment and few recreations to break the monotony of garrison life, had bred

disaffection in the ranks of Hearne's following. In the summer previous to the capture of the fort several turbulent spirits in the ranks raised an insurrection, deserted, and attempted to escape on the company's vessel, then leaving for England. But, failing to accomplish this, they were taken, and for several weeks were confined in irons. Two, at least, of the culprits were far from tamed by the rigorous punishment. When the French vessels were sighted off the harbour, these two saw, through a possible fall of the fortress, a chance of escape from military bondage, and a passage out of the country. But well aware that Fort Prince of Wales was capable of resisting the attack of such a puny squadron as lay before it, the scoundrels dreaded the outcome if Hearne determined to resist. So to treachery they resorted.

From one of the four corner bastions of the fort, in which were arched chambers, used as store-houses and magazines, there led an underground passage, with an outlet among the rocks in the direction of Buttons Bay. The only use that was made of the passage was for the storage of liquor, and at the time, according to tradition, there were in it a considerable number of casks of rum. The traitors planned that when the fort should be attacked they would desert their leader, leave by the passage, and join the enemy. The latter they would inform of this means of access to the heart of the defence. A comrade was taken into their confidence, in the hope that he would join with them, but the plotters were disappointed. The least he would promise was not to betray their plans to the Governor; he was content to remain a passive accomplice in the base act of treachery.

The enemy had landed on the shore, four hundred strong, with cannon and mortars and, dividing into two detachments, practically surrounded the fort. Then, supported by the lieutenants of the frigates *Astree, Engageante,* and *Sceptre,* Admiral de la Pérouse approached the gate and called on Governor Hearne to surrender.

Up to within a few minutes of this time the English had been busy with preparations for defence. Then the sudden panic of fear, told of by historians, fell upon Hearne. One of the soldiers—'twas he to whom the traitors had entrusted the knowledge of their plans—had rushed up and informed his commander of the treachery in his ranks. With frantic haste, fearful that the enemy might be even now within the fort, Governor Hearne tore the covering off the mess-table, and running out upon the parapet, wildly waved it above his head. Ten minutes later, the victorious de la Pérouse, not having fired a single shot, marched through the gates of Fort Prince of Wales, known to be the most formidable stronghold in the North.

Had Hearne but parleyed for a few minutes and investigated to what extent the plotters had gained their end, all might have been well. The two traitors were not yet half-way through the passage when the Governor learned of their escape, and that way of entrance could easily have been blocked. But the moral effect had been sufficient.

Several years later, on the shores of James Bay, there fell into the hands of the company an Englishman, one of a party of French-Canadian trappers from Quebec. The nature of his offence was shrouded in mystery. His captors put him on board the ship bound for Churchill. A few weeks later the latter sailed into the harbour, past the ruined walls of once proud Fort Prince of Wales, from which the hand of time was already erasing the Frenchman's powder stains. On the granite rocks bordering the harbour a memorable scene was enacted. From the cross-arm of a gibbet, by command of the ship's master, a man, said to have once been a servant of the company who had broken his term of contract,

INTERIOR OF FORT PRINCE OF WALES, PORT CHURCHILL

was hanged, charged with the stealing of a goose. Strange tales circulated to the effect that the condemned man's crime had been a greater one, of which sufficient evidence could not be obtained. The crime of theft *was* proved, and the law of that day decreed the death penalty for such.

Had we more than that single page of the journal of Josiah Broadworth we could better test his worth as a chronicler, and so constitute ourselves judges of the merits of his story. But this we have—that the chance traveller visiting Port Churchill to-day will find on the granite rocks of the harbour shore, half-way between the trading-post and the police barracks, a rude carving. It represents a man suspended by the neck from a gibbet; below is the figure of a goose. Also, from time to time, there is revived for the benefit of the latest arrival, a legend of an underground passage to the old fort, in which are buried some casks of rum. Each raw apprentice clerk, or police recruit, on his first relief from duty, may be found poking about the historic pile in the hope of being the fortunate discoverer.

CANADA'S COAST-GUARDS AND PRIVATEERS

BY CHARLES S. BLUE

THE creation of miniature navies on the lakes, which formed the subject of a previous article,* marked a picturesque and, indeed, unique development of colonial sea power. But Carleton's thirty fighting ships and Haldimand's Provincial marine did not, by any means, represent the sum of Canada's naval aspirations and achievements. On the ocean, as well as on the inland waters, she had her armed ships and war fleets flying the King's flag or carrying the King's commission, equipped and manned by her own people and under her own control.

Like the navies of the lakes, these coast armadas had their limitations. They consisted of ships of a miscellaneous rating, mostly improvised for war purposes; their officers had little or no experience of naval service, and their crews were untrained and undisciplined. And yet, with all these shortcomings, in the stirring sea dramas that had the North Atlantic for a theatre they played an important and not inglorious part.

In the days when Canada was the prize for which nations contended there dwelt along her ocean frontier a maritime spirit born of a natural love for the sea, fostered by surrounding conditions, and developed by close association with the power that ruled the waves. The British navy, represented by the squadron on the North American station, the training-school of so many illustrious seamen whose names are linked with Canadian history, was the bulwark to which the people of the Acadian peninsula looked for protection. It was not only a present help in time of trouble, but an inspiration and an influence which dominated their social and business life.

Halifax was the centre of a naval activity that gave colour and life to the community, and that was as beneficial to trade as it was profitable to the King's service. There the officers and seamen of the royal squadron found a temporary home and congenial society; money was plentiful, and so were recruits. The "lords of the sea" were heroes, whose adventurous life, free and easy manners, and swaggering mien, inspired a pride and admiration that looked kindly on their faults and, we are told, even aped their vices.

Thus was developed a spirit which supplied the British navy with some of its finest material—hardy mariners, who could splice, knot, reef rail, and work a ship with the best in the service. It caught boys watching the cruisers come in with their prizes, sent them to sea while still of school age, and made admirals of them; witness the careers, writ large in Bri-

*"The Wooden Walls of Canada," in The Canadian Magazine for May, 1913.

tish naval history, of Hallowell, one of Nelson's bravest captains, and the one above all others upon whom, it is said, he stamped his heroic qualities; Watt, another "bonny fighter" with a stirring record; Westphal, one of the heroes of Trafalgar; Wallis, of *Shannon* fame; Belcher, whom Marryat described as "the first surveying officer in the world"; and Henry Mowat, whose activities in the Revolutionary War are bitterly recalled by American historians. All these were sons of Nova Scotia, most of them natives of Halifax, and all, with one exception, rose to fly their own broad pennants.

But it was not only in the service of the royal navy that the maritime zeal and patriotism of the Acadian people was fully manifested. Powerful though it was, the North Atlantic squadron was not always available for the defence of the bays, harbours, and rivers of the peninsula. Its field of operations extended from Newfoundland to Bermuda, and there were times when only a few ships could be spared to guard Halifax and the surrounding ports. Hence arose the necessity for a system of local defence, to provide which vessels were hired and manned by the Provincial Government. At one time Nova Scotia had as many as four armed ships in her service. Like the craft that composed the little navies of the New England colonies, with which they cooperated before the Revolution, they were of the class known as guarda-costas, and, to quote the words of one of the Governors, were "various in their employ." Sometimes they were utilized for transport purposes; at other times they did the work of scouts. Occasionally they acted as convoys, and more often as auxiliaries of the ships of the navy. But they also took a part in the fighting, and in skirmishes with hostile Indians, French brigantines, and marauding privateers, and gave a good account of themselves.

More real and effective, however, was the part played by the Nova Scotia privateers. In the fight with France, in the Revolutionary conflict in the Napoleonic struggle in the war of 1812-14, these vessels, fitted out chiefly by the merchants of Halifax, Yarmouth, Liverpool and other ports, manned by local crews, and commissioned in the name of the King to burn, sink, destroy, or capture the ships of the enemy, proved a factor of some importance and a source of no little gain, as well as of much thrilling adventure to those who took part in their operations.

Privateering was, of course, a barbarous form of warfare which a more enlightened and humanitarian age has long since condemned, but in the eighteenth century and well into the nineteenth it was a practice not only regarded as legitimate, but generally approved. It can at least be said for the mariners of Nova Scotia that they resorted to privateering only in self-defence or in retaliation for depredations committed by the sea rovers of other countries, and though one suspects that it was not altogether for honour and glory that they fitted out their ships and went forth to fight, conquer, and take possession, neither was it solely for pelf. The spirit of patriotism was behind the movement, and it is to their credit that, while flying the red flag, they never forgot that they also carried the King's commission. Theirs was a form of enterprize full of hazard and adventure, the records of which, unfortunately all too meagre, furnish a picturesque and romantic chapter in Canadian naval history.

It was amid "a furious din of drums and trumpets" and thundering broadsides that the curtain was rung up upon the great naval drama of the Atlantic seaboard by the bold and crafty Virginian, Captain Argall, who, in the 300-ton ship *Treasure,* carrying fourteen guns, swept down upon the defenceless Acadians in 1513, captured their only vessel, *La Saussaye,* and later destroyed Port

Royal. His was the first real display of armed force in Acadian waters, and for two centuries afterwards they continued to resound, almost incessantly, with the echoes of the guns of ships of war engaged in deadly conflict. Thither came the Kirke brothers, bold and masterful seamen, blazing their way to Quebec, and Roquemont and Razilly with the squadrons of the King of France. Latour and Danbury, with their mimic fleets and top cannon furnished an interlude that was in the nature of comic relief, and then followed what has been described as "a sort of chronic warfare of aggression and reprisal, closely akin to piracy" between the armed ships of New England, on the one hand, and the privateers of Acadia on the other, culminating in the final capture of Mount Royal by Nicholson in 1710.

With British rule established at Annapolis, the question of naval defence became one of some importance. For protection, the new colony could always look to the little navies of New England, or, in the last resort, to the sea power of Britain, but with this guarantee the early administrators of Annapolis do not appear to have been altogether satisfied. Seated around the first council board were military officers and gallant sea-dogs who had taken part in the attacks upon Port Royal, and who realized the necessity for strengthening the defences of the settlement. Prominent among them were Jean Paul Mascarene, a clear-eyed and lion-hearted Huguenot, who was to figure prominently later in the history of Nova Scotia; and Captain Southack, a sturdy New Englander who had commanded one of the provincial ships of Massachusetts. Mascarene was the first to recognize the advantages of a system of local naval defence, as he was the first to fit out a privateer; and it was doubtless on his advice that in 1720 Governor Philipps urged the provision of "a ship of war, and two sloops of about fifty tons, which are necessary, and which may be manned out of the garrisons and serve as guard vessels, as well as tugs and transports to the places which do not admit of the men-of-war."

To this request the Lords of Trade appear to have paid no attention, and it was left to the little colony itself to take the necessary measures for its protection. When the Indian war broke out in 1722, Philipps and his associates armed and manned several vessels for transport purposes, and in addition fitted out two sloops, one of them, the *William Augustus*, commanded by Captain Southack. These took part in the fighting that ensued and caused considerable havoc among the Indians. At the close of hostilities one of the ships was retained in the Government service and stationed at Canso, and a few years later it was replaced by a vessel described by Philipps as "of a less burthen and more fit for the service." He explained to the Lords of Trade that the old guardship required twelve men, while six would be sufficient to man the new sloop, which, we are told, cost £280. It is evident from the letters of the Governor that the primitive Dreadnought was regarded with some pride, but of her services there is no record, and we hear nothing more of Nova Scotia's coast sentinels until the renewal of hostilities between France and Britain in 1744.

News of the declaration of war was conveyed to Annapolis by one of the armed ships of Massachusetts, and the courageous Mascarene, now Governor of the colony, at once set about making preparations for its defence. The only armed vessel he had was a brigantine, but he retained the Massachusetts galley, fitted out two or three smaller craft, and boldly awaited the attack of Duvivier, who appeared with a greatly superior force. For three weeks Mascarene, with his puny squadron, successfully defied the attempts of the enemy to capture the settlement. Finally reinforcements arrived from New England,

and the French squadron, which had also been strengthened, withdrew. "The Tryall between them (his own ships) and the French, if they had stay'd would have been hard," wrote the Governor, "as the enemy had a much superior force, though I am sure their commander could neither in conduct or courage have equall'd ours."

Captain Edward Tyng, a bold and resourceful Rhode Islander, was the man who went to the rescue of Annapolis, and it was he who commanded the naval squadron sent by Governor Shirley of Massachusetts in the following year to support Pepperell in his attack upon Louisbourg. There is no evidence that in the first capture of the citadel of French power—the Dunkirk of America, as it was called—the ships of Nova Scotia played any part, but the operations brought into prominence two doughty warriors whose subsequent careers were closely identified with the service of the Province, and who are entitled to rank among Canadian naval heroes. One was Captain John Rous, commander of the *Shirley*, and Commodore Tyng's right-hand man; the other was Sylvanus Cobb, a captain in Gorham's regiment who, like Kipling's Jolly, was "a kind of a giddy harumfrodite — soldier and sailor, too!"

Both were hardy New Englanders and both had gained a reputation as daring privateersmen before they entered the service of Shirley of Massachusetts. It was Rous who, at Louisbourg, destroyed the last hope of the beleaguered garrison by a strategical move that led to the capture of the French frigate *Vigilant*, which was on her way to the fort with supplies. Though the *Vigilant* carried sixty-four guns, while the *Shirley* had only twenty, the fearless New Englander engaged the French frigate single-handed, kept up a running fight, and decoyed her towards the British squadron under Warren, at whose hands her fate was sealed.

As a reward for this exploit Rous was sent to England with the news of the fall of Louisbourg and, on the recommendation of Warren, who described him as "a very brisk gallant man," was given a command in the royal navy. Returning to the Acadian coast, he was appointed to H.M.S. *Albany*, with instructions to assist in the defence of the colony. Cobb, tired of soldiering, appeared at Annapolis in command of a sloop called the *York*, and thereafter these two gallant seamen were associated in many a hazardous enterprise on behalf of the Province.

When Cornwallis founded Halifax in 1749, it was to them that he turned for advice and assistance. Indeed, one of his first acts was to take Cobb and his sloop into the Provincial service. "I found one Cobb, a settler, who is thoroughly acquainted with every harbour and creek in the bay," he wrote to the Duke of Bedford, and forthwith he assigned to the commander of the *York* the task of keeping open communication with Minas, Then the Governor decided to send him to Chignecto to deal with La Loutre and the Indians, who were causing trouble, but through premature disclosure at Boston the design was not prosecuted.

Meanwhile Rous was adding to his reputation as a fighter in the Bay of Fundy. There he encountered De Vargor, and, after a fight lasting nearly five hours, compelled the Frenchmen to surrender. Later he fell in with another French man-of-war, off Cape Sable, with a similar result. Again, when Boishebert showed a disposition to dispute possession of the St. John River, Rous in the *Albany* and Cobb in the *York* were sent to dispose of his pretentions. The one, cool and calculating, first forced his adversary to strike his colours, and then made terms for abandonment of the post. The other, more impetuous, ran his ship under the guns of the fort, went ashore to demand satisfaction, and was made a

prisoner, being forced to sign a promise that, if released, he would not molest the French brigantine lying in the bay. This promise the mate of the *York* refused to comply with. The bearers of the message were seized and held as hostages; Cobb quickly regained his freedom and though he kept his promise not to take the French brigantine, he carried off six of her crew to Halifax! Evidently the captains of the Provincial service were as disingenuous as bold.

At this period there were only three sloops of war on the Nova Scotian station, while the French had a ship of seventy guns, two of seventy-four, and two frigates. Consequently Governor Cornwallis decided to strengthen the marine force of the Province by the acquisition of two new vessels. These were the *Ulysses,* commanded by Captain Jeremiah Rogers, and the *New Casco,* in charge of Captain John Taggart. In 1753 they took part in quelling disturbances at Lunenburg, and two years later the *Ulysses* was employed with the *Albany* and the *York* on Monckton's expedition to Beauséjour, where Captain Rous, who commanded the force, drove the French from their positions and took possession of the fort. For the most part, however, the new vessels of the Provincial marine were engaged in conveying supplies and reinforcements to the garrisons at Chignecto, Annapolis, and Fort Edward.

With the formal declaration of war between Britain and France in 1756 the defence of Nova Scotia called for more active measures. There were now four armed ships in the service of the Province, the sloop *York* (Captain Cobb), the schooner *Monckton* (Captain Phips), the scow *Halifax* (Captain Taggart), and the sloop *Ulysses* (Captain Rogers), while Halifax was guarded by a small British squadron under Captain Spry. Such a force was altogether inadequate to meet the necessities of the situation. The Atlantic fairly swarmed with the privateers of the enemy, and British shipping was sorely beset. In the circumstances there was only one thing to do, and Governor Lawrence did it —he obtained permission to issue letters of marque and called for volunteers to fit out vessels, man and fight them.

To the appeal the merchants and mariners of Nova Scotia responded with enthusiasm. Like the seamen of the spacious days of the great Elizabeth, "either for honour, or for expectation of profit, or from that unconscious necessity by which a great people, like a great man, will do what is right, and must do it at the right time, whoever had the means to furnish a ship, and whoever had the talent to command one, laid their abilities together, and went out" to conquer and take possession in the name of the King. Halifax alone fitted out no fewer than fifteen privateers, and the other ports of the Province no doubt added to the number. They were sturdy vessels, ranging from 100 to 400 tons, heavily armed—some of them carrying as many as forty-two guns—and well manned, the crews numbering anywhere from eighty to one hundred and sixty. Commissioned under the great seal "to set upon by force of arms and subdue and take the men-of-war ships and other vessels, and also the goods, moneys, merchandise belonging to the French King's subjects and vassals," these private warships, as they were officially designated, flew a red flag with a miniature Union Jack described in the upper corner. Bail bonds were exacted from the owners or captains, and cruises were usually limited to six months.

Of the privateersman of the eighteenth century many curious pictures have been drawn. He has been represented as "a sort of half-horse, half-alligator, with a streak of lightning in his composition—something like a man-of-war's man, but much more like a pirate—generally with a super-

abundance of whisker, as if he held with Samson that his strength was in the quantity of his hair.'' He has also been depicted as a pietistic daredevil, who mixed religion with ruffianism, at one moment on bended knees in prayer, the next shouting curses and blasphemies. To what extent, if any, the Dicky Sams of Nova Scotia resembled either of these types it is impossible to say, for the records of their adventures have practically all been lost. The only relic preserved in the Archives of the Province consists of a few mouldy pages torn from the log-book of the *Lawrence,* said to have been the first privateer fitted out by the Governor, whose name she bore, and the story they tell leaves much to the imagination.

But except in her career, which seems to have been unexciting enough, the *Lawrence* may be regarded as a type, though small, of the privateer which did duty during the war with France. She was a schooner of 100 tons burthen, and carried fourteen cannons, throwing a four-pound ball, and twenty swivel guns. She had a crew of 100 men, and her commander was Captain Joseph Rous, probably a brother, or at any rate a near relative of the famous John Rous of the *Albany.*

Among other Nova Scotia private ships of war of which one can find trace there were the *Seaflower* (Captain Knox), the *Hertford,* a vessel of 300 tons, with a crew of 170, and commanded by Captain Thomas Lewis; and the *Musketo,* of 120 tons, with eighty men. These were fitted out by the leading merchants of Halifox, of whom the most active were Joshua Manger, Michael Francklen, Malachy Salter, Robert Saunderson, and Thomas Saul. As to the crews, they were probably recruited from the old privateersmen and mariners who had accompanied Cornwallis to Halifax, as well as from the merchant sailors in the port, and the fishermen in the neighbourhood.

While the privateers were scouring the Atlantic, picking up news of the enemy's movements and capturing prizes, events were marching towards a dramatic climax at Louisbourg and Quebec. In the operations at Louisbourg both Rous and Cobb took a part, the former as commander of the H.M.S. *Sutherland,* attached to ''Old Dreadnought'' Boscawen's squadron, the latter in the *York,* which was used as a scout. It was Cobb who was selected by General Amherst to conduct Wolfe in his little sloop on a reconnaissance of the forts. As they entered the harbour they were met with a perfect hail of shot which threatened every moment to sink the gallant craft. But her daring commander, himself at the helm, held her steadily on her course, while the young brigadier, who was to gain immortal fame soon afterwards, coolly made his observations. The story goes that when the latter suggested they had approached close enough to the forts for his purpose, Cobb made yet another tack, whereupon Wolfe exclaimed: ''Well, Cobb! I shall never doubt you will carry me near enough.''

After the fall of Louisbourg, Captain Rous, in the *Sutherland,* joined the squadron of Admiral Saunders, and was present at the capture of Quebec. It was in the cabin of his ship, the night before the attack, that Wolfe completed his plans, issued his last orders, and committed the portrait of his fiancée to the care of ''Jacky'' Jervis. And it would seem that he had his share of the fighting. Gibson, in his journal of the operations, writes: ''Captain Rous has had a troublesome time of it. The enemy have a few guns and one mortar eternally annoying him; he's obliged to weigh his anchor and shift his berth every tide, and wherever he goes the guns and mortar duly attend him.'' A year afterwards he died at Portsmouth, as fine a type of seaman as ever trod a quarterdeck, and a loyal Nova Scotian.

The fight with France having ended, the services of the privateers and Provincial ships were no longer required. But in 1761 there was a recurrence of activity on account of the operations of small privateers, belonging to the Canadians, in the Bay of Chaleurs, and President Belcher found it necessary to fit out two armed vessels, on board which Captain Roderick Mackenzie, with some troops, proceeded to the scene of trouble and took a number of prisoners. In the following year there was another scare when news reached Halifax of the invasion of Newfoundland and the surrender of St. John's. Preparations for defence were hastily made, and these included the equipment of a sloop armed with light guns for the protection of the harbour.

But more stirring events were ahead. Soon were heard the first rumbles of discontent on the part of the New England colonists, and gradually the black cloud of revolution loomed up on the horizon. Canada's share on the military tide in the War of Independence has been fully dealt with by historians. Not so generally known is the part which her ships and sons took in the naval operations of that unfortunate campaign.

If there is anything in a name one might reasonably conclude that it was a Canadian vessel that started the trouble which led to the loss of the thirteen colonies. In 1772 there was stationed in the waters off Rhode Island, as tender to a British warship, a small schooner called the *Gaspé,* commanded by Lieutenant William Duddingstone. She was armed with six three-pounders and carried a crew of twenty-seven men. Along came a Providence packet named the *Hannah,* which, when ordered to heave to, to have her papers examined, continued defiantly on her course. The *Gaspé* at once gave chase, ran aground and was destroyed by a party of incensed Providence people. In American history this incident is described as "the salt water Lexington," that is to say, the first fight afloat of the Revolutionary War. The historic "Boston tea-party" followed a year later, and then came the attack on the *Margaretta* at Machias.

When news of the latter affair reached Halifax, two sloops, the *Diligence* and the *Tapanagouche,* were despatched to Machias to punish the offenders. O'Brien, the American leader, sailed with two vessels to meet them; an engagement took place in the Bay of Fundy, and the Halifax sloops were captured. Exasperated by these untoward incidents, Admiral Graves, in command of the North American station, resolved to teach the rebellious colonists a lesson, and the man he selected for the task was a Nova Scotian, Captain Henry Mowat, a brother of "Hurricane Jack" Mowat, who also held a commission in the royal navy.

Captain Mowat performed the disagreeable duty assigned to him with a thoroughness that still rankles in the minds of American historians. Directed to confine his operations to certain towns which had rendered themselves conspicuous by open acts of hostility, he trained his guns upon Falmouth (now Portland), and in a few hours reduced it to ashes.

The effect of this punitive act, intended to overawe the colonists, was, we are told, to drive the Continental Congress into providing a continental navy. Authority was given to fit out armed vessels, and soon these privateers were playing havoc on the coast of Nova Scotia. In the Bay of Fundy and the Gulf of the St. Lawrence, it is said, they were so numerous that they interfered with one another.

For the moment Nova Scotia was helpless to resist the marauders. Her defences were in a wretched state, and the few British warships stationed on the coast had more than enough to do to attend to the Continental navy. Besides, they were at a disadvantage in being unable to follow the privateers into shallow waters. Peti-

tions for protection poured into Halifax from various parts of the Province, and eventually Arbuthnot, the Lieutenant-Governor, despairing of adequate help from the Admiralty, decided to arm and equip a number of private vessels. Himself a sailor, Arbuthnot was well fitted to organize a system of naval defence. Indeed it was the opinion of General Massey, expressed in a letter to the British Minister of War, that if he had had command of the naval squadron "these trifling pirates could not appear on the coast without meeting their deserved fate."

Forced then to adopt measures of reprisal, the Government of Nova Scotia purchased several vessels, fitted them out as cruisers, and at the same time invited applications for letters of marque from the merchants of Halifax, Liverpool, and other Provincial ports. The response was such that before the close of the war at least thirty Nova Scotian privateers were in commission, and it has been estimated that in one year alone (1778) they took more than fifty prizes.

The call to arms was sounded by official proclamation, and in the columns of the press, where alluring advertisements appeared setting forth the advantages of a life on the ocean wave, "all gentlemen volunteers, seamen, and able-bodied landsmen who wish to acquire riches and honour" were invited to enlist for service on board the private ships of war, an additional inducement in the shape of immunity from impressment by the ships of the royal navy being offered.

The Government's armed vessels included the *Loyal Nova Scotian,* a schooner of fifty tons, carrying eight guns, and a crew of twenty-eight; the Buchram, of sixty tons, with eight guns; the *Insulter,* commanded by one John Sheppard. These, strictly speaking, were not privateers, but coast-guards, being principally employed to convey local merchandise, to carry arms to the militia, and to defend the harbours.

Most of the privateers belonged to Halifax, but Liverpool also supplied a number, and Chester and Yarmouth each contributed a quota. Among the most successful were the *Revenge,* owned by Jones Fawson, of Halifax, whose name is perpetuated in one of that city's streets; the *Enterprise,* of Liverpool, commanded by Captain Joseph Barss, a typical Nova Scotian sea-dog; the *Sir George Collier,* the *St. Mary's Packet,* and *Halifax Bob,* while local history has also preserved the names of the *Arbuthnot,* the *David,* the *Mowat,* the *Lady Hammond,* the *Lively,* and half a dozen others.

Around the coast there were exciting chases, and thrilling combats, in which the Canadian seamen were able to more than hold their own. One of the hottest engagements of the war occurred off the mouth of Halifax harbour, when the American privateer *Viper,* carrying twenty-eight guns and 130 men, was overtaken by the Nova Scotian brig *Resolution.* It was a fight practically to a finish, both vessels being so badly disabled that capture by one or the other was out of the question. The *Resolution* had eight men killed and ten wounded, while her opponent was said to have lost thirty-three killed and wounded.

In those days Halifax must have been an exciting place to live in, with men-of-war and privateers fitting out, prizes coming in, a prison ship on the harbour, and fighting almost at its doors. Benjamin Marston records in his diary that the enemy's privateers actually made captures "in sight of the whole town," with "everybody looking through their glasses." On one occasion, he sets down, "the commodore, the renowned captain of the *Defiance* ordered out some armed boats more than two hours later than they might have been," and he adds, "it is amazing strange that notwithstanding the repeated assaults of this kind, no effectual method is taken to prevent it."

If the somewhat crusty Salemite can be believed, the situation would indeed seem to have been curious. "At the same time that the American privateers are taking vessels within ye lighthouse (Sambro')" he avers, "there are ships of war and light-armed vessels lying as quietly in the harbour as though it was the profoundest peace. There is not even an attempt made to keep the coast clear." But, after all, Marston was a critic of the arm-chair variety, who launched his anathemas from the comfortable seclusion of a tavern kept by one William Sutherland, and when he describes the British naval officers as "the most brainless set of animals existing" one suspects that he wrote not without prejudice.

His wrath was particularly aroused by the failure of an expedition sent from Halifax in 1779 to relieve General McLean at Penobscot. The force consisted of a man-of-war, a frigate, a sloop, and two or three armed vessels belonging to the Province. When almost within reach of Penobscot, the ships were disabled in a violent gale and were obliged to put back to Halifax, whereupon Marston denounced the officers as "stupid, very stupid fellows." Fortunately the situation was relieved and the reputation of the navy redeemed by the brilliant exploit of the Nova Scotian Fighting Harry Mowat, who with three sloops of war held off an American fleet of twenty-one vessels until a squadron under Sir George Collier came to the rescue.

After the Declaration of Independence, Nova Scotia enjoyed an interval of peace, during which the cannon and swivel guns of her ships gave place to casks of rum and bales of merchandise. But the interval was short. In the spring of 1793 Sir John Wentworth, the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province, received news that France had declared war against Britain, and at once took steps to organize a fleet of privateers.

Captain Joseph Barss, of Liverpool, who had fought so well in the Revolutionary War, was among the first to volunteer, and was given command of the *Lord Spencer.* Joseph Freeman, another hardy sea-dog, sailed away in the *Duke of Kent,* of Halifax, a square-sterned three-master, carrying twenty carriage guns, thirty pieces of smaller ordnance, and a crew of 100 men, while among other vessels fitted out were the *Lord Nelson,* of Shelburne, the *Nymph,* the *C. M. Wentworth,* and the *Rover,* of Liverpool; the *Earl of Dublin,* the *Asia,* the *Jason,* the *General Bowyer,* and the *Eagle.* Altogether there must have been at least twenty privateers and armed ships in the service of the Province during the period extending from 1793 to 1805, and though no record has been kept of their prizes, the fact that most of them remained in commission for more than a decade may be accepted as a proof that they were fairly successful.

For coast defence the Provincial Government had an armed scow, the *Earl of Moira,* commanded first by Captain Crosskill, and later by Captain Fawson, and another vessel purchased by Wentworth at a cost of £1,035. Two or three vessels were also fitted out at St. John's, N.B.

Though all did well, none gained greater distinction than the *Rover,* of Liverpool, a brig which mounted fourteen four-pounders, and carried a crew of fifty-five men and boys. She was commanded by Captain Godfrey, described as "a man of considerably beyond ordinary size, and of an exceedingly quiet demeanour, and modest and retiring disposition"—characteristics removed from those popularly associated with privateering.

Godfrey was not content to remain within easy reach of his own port. With his gallant crew he scoured the Atlantic from end to end, and even ventured as far as the Bay of Biscay in search of prizes. Of what happened on one cruise he left a log which is interesting, not only as a story of

brave seamanship, but as the only detailed account preserved of the operations of the Nova Scotia sea-rovers.

Single-handed he put six of the enemy's sail to flight, captured two of them after a few hours' chase, and was only prevented from taking the others by darkness falling. Later, when cruising near Cape Blanco, he chased a Spanish schooner ashore and destroyed her. Then appeared another schooner, the *San Ritta,* and three gun-boats. "As the enemy drew near we engaged them with muskets and pistols." The Spaniards attempted to board the *Rover,* whereupon Godfrey waited until they were fifteen yards off, swung his ship athwart the schooner's bow, and raked her with a broadside. "I instantly shoved over on the other side and raked both gunboats in the same manner. I then commenced a close action with the schooner which lasted three glasses." Finally, he boarded the *San Ritta,* while the gunboats sheered off, "apparently in a very shattered condition." Though the Spaniards lost fifty-four, the *Rover* had not a man hurt!

It is said that Godfrey, "the good and the brave," whose deeds at least one Nova Scotian poet has sung, declined the offer of a command in the royal navy, preferring to return at the close of the war to the more prosaic life of a trader in lumber and fish. In the gallery of Canadian heroes he might well be accorded a niche as a gallant type of the privateersman who, to borrow the tribute he paid to his own crew, "behaved with that courage and spirit which British seamen always show."

In the War of 1812-14 the patriotism and maritime spirit of the people of the Eastern Provinces was again put to the test, with results that were highly creditable. According to local records, as many as forty privateers were equipped and manned at the ports of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick during the campaign, and more than 200 prizes taken to Halifax, exclusive of re-captures and of vessels sent to other ports.

The Government of New Brunswick obtained possession of an American privateer which had been captured by one of his Majesty's ships, refitted her and, under the name of the *Brunswicker,* sent her to cruise in the Bay of Fundy with H.M.S. *Plumper.* In the matter of privateering, however, they do not appear to have shown the same activity as the authorities of the neighbouring Province. Though applications for letters of marque were made by several merchants of St. John, only one seems to have been entertained, that of the owners of a sloop named the *General Smyth* which, we are told, made a number of captures.

In Nova Scotia the call to arms was much more vigorously sustained. Having received instructions from the British Admiralty to make reprisals against the United States, which had already sent forth a large number of privateers, Sir John Sherbrooke, the Lieutenant-Governor, issued a proclamation calling on his Majesty's subjects in the Province to do their utmost to capture the ships of the enemy and destroy their commerce, "for which purpose His Royal Highness had been pleased to direct letters of marque and commissions of privateers to be granted in the usual manner." Such was the response that within three months of the issue of the proclamation twenty-one American prizes were condemned in the Vice-Admiralty Court at Halifax.

Especially marked was the zeal displayed by the merchants of Liverpool. Every available ship in the port seems to have been requisitioned and equipped for service under the red flag and Union Jack, and when the supply ran short vessels that had been taken as prizes were refitted, remanned, and sent forth to fight. Among the latter were the *Liverpool Packet* and the *Sir John Sherbrooke,* both of which particularly distinguished

themselves during the war. The former had originally been employed in the slave trade on the cost of Africa, where she had been taken by a British frigate. Nicknamed the *Black Joke,* she was fitted out under the command of the veteran, Joe Barss, and manned by a crew largely composed of fishermen who, inspite of lack of training or naval discipline, proved themselves splendid fighters. Indeed the *Packet* was more dreaded by the Americans than some of his Majesty's frigates. Repeated attempts were made to capture her, but she was a fast sailor and ably handled, and it was not until her fifth cruise that she was overtaken by the *Tom,* a privateer twice her size, and compelled to surrender, after a hand-to-hand encounter between the respective crews. Soon afterwards the *Packet,* under another name, was re-taken by H.M.S. *Fontane* and restored to her former owners, and the *Tom* was in turn captured.

The *Sir John Sherbrooke* had a shorter though no less brilliant career. Commanded by Captain Joseph Freeman, who, like Barss, had fought in the previous war, she had formerly been an American gun-brig that had fallen into the hands of one of the King's ships. Her most gallant exploit was her encounter with the *Young Teazer,* one of the most destructive of the enemy's privateers.

In June, 1813, the *Young Teazer* appeared off Halifax, flying British colours—a ruse frequently adopted by the American privateers—and stood boldly into the harbour. During the night she put to sea again and when safely beyond the range of the garrison's guns, her commander, Captain Dobson, had the audacity to send into the city a proclamation "declaring all Halifax in a state of blockade." To this piece of bravado he added an impudent challenge to Captain Capel of H.M.S. *La Hague* to fight the *Teazer* "at any time or place" the British commander might select. Captain Capel accepted the challenge and stood out to sea, whereupon the American privateer made sail to reach the shallow waters of one of the bays in the belief that the man-of-war would not be able to follow. But she reckoned without the *Sir John Sherbrooke.* Regardless of the fighting reputation of the *Young Teazer,* Captain Freeman at once gave chase and by skilful manœuvering drove her into Mahone Bay, where she was blown up by her commander in order to escape capture, a number of her crew being killed.

Tradition asserts that Captain Freeman was a strict disciplinarian who, on board his ship, adopted as far as possible the rules and regulations of his Majesty's service, which may account for the fact that the day before his famous fight with the *Chesapeake,* Captain Broke transferred forty of the crew of the *Sir John Sherbrooke* to the *Shannon.* The *Sherbrooke's* career came to an end in the autumn of 1814, when, after a sharp engagement she was captured by one of the enemy's vessels, twice her size, and burned to the water's edge to prevent her rescue by a British man-of-war.

Such were some of the incidents of the war of 1812-14 which Canadian and United States historians have overlooked, and they show that the privateers of Nova Scotia were a force not to be despised. Other Liverpool vessels that rendered notable service were the *Shannon, Wolverine,* and *Retaliation,* the latter commanded by Thomas Freeman, a brother of *Sherbrooke's* captain. Halifax owned at least a dozen privateers, and Yarmouth, Lunenburg, and Annapolis were each represented in the fleet. Indeed none had a better record than the little *Matilda,* of Annapolis, commanded by John Burkett. Though only a schooner of fifty tons, armed with five guns, and carrying fifty of a crew, she is said to have captured no fewer than twelve prizes during a single cruise of three months.

But it was not only in privateering that the mariners of Nova Scotia were called upon to take a part. Their services were also in great demand by the ships of his Majesty's navy which came to Halifax to refit, and nothing could be more illuminative of the spirit that prevailed than the breezy character of the appeals for recruits. "What should sailors do on shore while King, Country, and Fortune point to the ocean?" So ran one of the advertisements that appeared in the local newspapers of the period, and it was typical of many. The spirit of patriotism was not so much invoked, perhaps because it was taken for granted; what seemed to count most were the qualities of the ship that sought recruits, the life of adventure, and the opportunities for enrichment.

"The *Tartanus* is as light as a bottle, sails like a witch, scuds like a mudian, and lays to like a gannet, has one deck to sleep under and another to dine on. Dry hammocks, regular meals, and plenty of grog, the main brace always spliced when it rains or blows hard. A few months' more cruising just to enable her brave crew to make Yankee dollars enough to enable them to marry their sweethearts, buy farms, and live snug during the peace that is now close aboard to us."

This was the alluring invitation offered by the captain of the ship which brought the first authentic news to Halifax that the United States proposed to declare war and which in the following two years played havoc with many American merchantmen.

Lieutenant Cooke of H.M.S. *Canso* wished "all tight lads" to serve in his fast-sailing ship "to protect the trade of the British Provinces and pick up a few straggling American Bordeaux—men," assuring them they would "meet with an honest, hearty welcome from a sailor's friend." As if these inducements were not sufficient, we find the commander of H.M.S. *Picton* advertising for "a few jolly-spirited fellows to complete her complement for a short cruise who may all fairly expect to dash in coaches on their return, as well as other folk!",

Assuredly those were stirring and eventful days in the old city of Halifax, and it is to be regretted that there is no worthy picture of them such as Captain Marryat might have drawn if he had been less interested in the charms of the ladies who made the town "a paradise of sailors" during his sojourn there in the early part of the war. The coming and going of the King's ships, amid the booming of salutes, the daily procession of distinguished officers and jolly tars, who made the streets and taverns ring with their shouting and singing and bawling, while the heroes of the quarterdeck flirted at balls and receptions given in their honour; the crowds watching with eager expectancy the bringing in of prizes and their subsequent auction; the demonstrations that attended the sailing of the privateers, as, with colours flying and bands playing, they cast off from the quay, circled the harbour, and bore away in search of glory and fortune; the wild rush of press-gangs through the streets, and the stir and movement of troops disembarking on their way to the front, all combined to make up a scene in which there was much of the realism and not a little of the romance of war.

In these days when a new chapter of naval history is in the making the story of how Canada defended her shores in the stirring days of old is worth remembering—the story of the time when part of the debt she owed to the British navy was paid, and well paid, in ships and men and gallant service.

AN IRISH EULOGY

By ETHEL HAMILTON-HUNTER

THERE'S a little old gray cabin
Forninst th' windin' bay,
That I am always thinkin' af,
I see it night an' day—
Th' ghost af a little figure
Stands be th' shady door,
Th' soul af a childish whisper
Answers me as af yore.

"An' won't ye love me, Colleen?" But
She says, says she to me,
"I'd rather mind th' childre'
Nor go away wid ye.

"Och! me father may be harrd wid me,
An' there isn't much to ate,
But everything about th' place
Is just tremendous swate!
I love th' little chickens,
I love th' golden corn,
I love th' mountains an' th' fields
Around where I was born,

"There's no place else in all th' worrld
Where I could happy be,
So you nadn't think I'd lave it,"
She says, says she to me.

Och! sorra take th' cabin!
An' sorra take th' sea!
An' sorra take th' fields an' corn
That kape her heart from me!
Me gold is nothin' surely;
Me house is cold an' bare;
Her little step is on th' floor,
Her face is everywhere.

I canna rest wid thinkin'
Th' way she says, says she,
"I'd rather mind th' childre'
Nor go away wid ye."

THE ADVENTURES OF ANIWAR ALI

IV.—THE FAKIR'S CAVE

BY MADGE MACBETH

ANIWAR ALI looked contemptuously at the contorted form lying at his feet. The Pig of a Hindu had died desperately; it had required all of Hossein's skill to strangle him without allowing him to scream. But it was done; a link between the police and the Thugs was for the moment broken, and the two men looked at each other over the unfortunate victim's body, satisfied.

"What have we done—we Thugs—what have we come to," complained Hossein, bitterly, "that we must stoop to offer *dullal* (a go-between, doing business with the resident merchants and those coming into the bazaars) Hindus to our goddess, Bhowanee! Had this creature been even a poor merchant, I could have some contentment. But a parasite; an informer! Probably an eater of the flesh because of his intimacy with the cursed Europeans. Bah!" The Mussulman ground his teeth. "I hope that the like is not to be done often!"

Aniwar Ali shook his head.

"Who knows?" he said. "But there is some gain, after all; Gather up the money which Chisholm sahib had just paid the dog in return for information concerning our departure for Chatara, to-night. And then, we are gainers of the amount we were to have paid as commission on the sale of our goods. And look you, Hossien," continued the Thug chief, "is it possible that he can have secreted the seal of Subzee Khan about his vile person, also?"

Hossein looked up in astonishment.

"The seal of Subzee Khan?" he repeated. "The merchant of Hindeer whom we strangled on his way here and whose effects we have just sold through the offices or this wretched *dullal?*" He kicked the body of Mohan Lal with his foot. "Why, Meer Sahib, what can the man here have to do with the seal of Subzee Khan?"

"A great deal," replied the leader grimly. "This man was without doubt in the service of the Feringhis, and we unwittingly fell into the trap they had laid by employing him. It is my opinion, further, that he was told to look for some incriminating piece of evidence—and he found the seal!"

"But if he had it—" began Hossein.

"I did not know he had it until too late to prevent his leaving my presence with it. Nor would that greatly have altered my actions. We could not have strangled him while he was still completing the sale of our goods, and as matters stand I am pleased that he carried the seal and his information to the police—it makes our next move clearer."

"I spit in his beard!" cried Hos-

sein furiously. "But how, now, chief, will not that Chisholm devil trap us here?"

Aniwar Ali laughed.

"Not if I know it, my man! Call together all the Thugs who are in the establishment—I would speak to them. But stay! First secrete this foul body in yonder chest; Ganesha must bury it as soon as opportunity offers. Fear not, Hossein, but that we will slip easily through Chisholm's fingers, this time also!"

To the Thugs who answered his summons, Aniwar Ali apportioned characters and disguises, and directed them to leave the premises with as great haste as possible. They would run no risks; the chief thought it likely that Chisholm would endeavour to make his capture on the road rather than brook an affray in Ganesha's house. He remembered with satisfaction that in Mohan Lal's presence he had spoken positively of leaving for Chatara that same night.

"Disperse yourselves over the city," instructed the Thug, "and assemble an hour before prayer at the deserted hut which has so many times furnished us a shelter. See that you keep well away from the eastern gate, leading to Chatara, or you may meet with some of the Feringhi's men."

To Gopal, however, he gave privately longer and more explicit directions, pointing now and then to a spot upon the mountain-side where grew the tallest bamboo trees. Then, a few minutes later, six men left old Ganesha's establishment—three garbed as fakirs, two as soldiers, and one as a wandering conjuror. Gopal, the master strangler, perfectly at home in his fakir's disguise, made as much haste as possible toward a spot upon the hill where grew the tallest bamboo trees. Hossein and Budrinath, cursing under the degradation of wearing the Hindu mendicant's disguise, squatted under a grove of trees, muttering and making fantastic signs to the edification of the few who passed their way. Aniwar Ali and Ismael, resplendent in the garb of Sindia's soldiers, walked boldly into the bazaar and seated themselves outside a confectioner's, where they ordered food and drink. When the obsequious waiter had attended to their wants and left them, Ismael, the youngest Thug of the band, asked:

"Why all this secrecy and disguise, Meer Sahib? I thought we were to leave for Chatara to-night."

"It was my intention," answered Aniwar Ali, "but a Thug's plans often change on a moment's notice, lad," and he related the story of Mohan Lal and explained the trap the Feringhi had evidently prepared for them.

"Besides escaping his vigilance," he continued, "I have better game in sight—something which will require stout hearts and naked weapons."

"By Bhowanee, I have both!" cried the youth, with fervour.

"A grim smile passed over the keen features of the older man. "You may have need of them sooner than you expect," he remarked.

Danger to certain natures acts as an incentive, spurring them eagerly to face the unknown. A sense of comradeship sprang up between the two men, who shared this fearless courage, the one tried in the fire of experience, the other about to face a situation new to him. Aniwar Ali recounted stories of the tight corners he had been in during his life of pillage and murder until Ismael's thirst for adventure knew no bounds. An hour passed in this sort of conversation; then they left the shop and repaired quite unconcernedly to their place of rendezvous. There all were assembled, except Gopal.

"I expect the old rascal is dallying with some flower by the wayside; Gopal is one who sips at honey," said Budrinath, laughing lightly to himself.

"Gopal is at liberty to enjoy himself as best pleases his fancy when he has leisure, but no Thug idles when serious work is on hand," said Ani-

war Ali, fixing a keen pair of eyes on the jester. The rebuke put to rest all feeling of merriment, for it was evident that unusual work was before them.

Anxiety grew among the little band as the time of Gopal's absence increased. A mishap to him meant imminent danger to them all.

"Gopal is wary, very wary," mused Aniwar Ali, "and if he had fallen into a trap, that young Feringhi must be clever, indeed! Go you, Hossein, and stand under yonder tree! From there watch, and warn us if anything untoward occurs."

The men looked to their weapons as Hossein passed out of the hut, and a sudden silence fell upon them as they contemplated what the near future might bring. After the lapse of a few minutes, Hossein returned with the gladdening news that Gopal could be seen picking his way carefully down the hill.

"Very good," was the general exclamation, as the old Thug entered their midst.

"There is no time to be lost," he said. "I found the cave, without trouble. In it was one fakir, sturdy and young. At first he warned me not to descend, but I told him I was hungry and weary—a stranger from Hindustan, and I begged for bread and water. After some solicitation, he admitted me into the cave, where we sat conversing for some time. At last I took out an opium pipe and offered him a smoke. As I hoped, he accepted. The pipe was heavily drugged, and he will not wake for several hours."

"He will never wake again," interposed Budrinath.

"But we must go right ahead!" continued Gopal. "We must be in the cave before the gang of thieves return from their evening raid in the bazaar. I will show you the way. Come!"

"Yes," said Aniwar Ali, "let us hasten before the gates are shut."

Singly they passed unchallenged through the western gate, and thus they proceeded until a thick grove of trees hid them from view. Then they skirted up the hillside along the path which led to the summit.

"Do you stay here, Lal Meah," said the leader, in a whisper, "and give the cry of a small tree owl if there is any sign of danger."

Preceded by Gopal, the rest filed up the steep incline toward the mouth of the cave. Pausing outside until reassured by the deep breathing of the drugged fakir, Aniwar Ali motioned Hossein to enter. He stepped inside with a *roomal* in his hand, and reappeared shortly to beckon the others.

"He will not wake again! There is no one else within, so let us get to work—whatever that is to be, Meer Sahib!"

"Trim a lamp, and let Gopal show us where he thinks there is treasure hid," commanded Aniwar Ali.

Tearing a strip of rag from the clothes of the murdered man, and twisting it into a wick which he placed in a small vessel of oil, the old Thug, thus admonished, led the way around the walls.

"These bags contain grain, but what lies behind them?" asked Ismael, and, suiting his actions to the thought, he began moving the sacks away.

"This is surely where the valuables are kept," he said, pointing to a small aperture, large enough to allow a man to crawl through on his hands and knees. "But one man inside could kill each of us as we try to enter."

"Devils or men, I care not for them," cried Aniwar Ali. "We must do our work in haste, and I am going inside!"

Dipping a loose piece of cloth in oil, and tying it to the end of a long sword, he pushed the firebrand before him and crawled through the aperture. He found himself in a cavern lighted from a hole in the roof. Around the sides were stacked sev-

eral earthen jars and bags of all sizes. These looked promising. His attention was especially caught by a small kettle ostensibly filled with bran, but thinking this was a ruse he removed the surface covering to find magnificent jewels underneath! To fill his waistband with them was but the work of a moment, but before he could proceed with his investigations a commotion in the adjoining room called him back. The cry of a small tree owl had been heard.

"Quick! Extinguish the light!" Aniwar Ali crawled back into the larger cave and gave his orders with that precision of purpose which had saved the situation for him in many hot corners. "How many times did the owl hoot?" he asked.

"Three!"

"Good! Then the matter will be easy—there are but three of them. Do you station yourselves at the side of the entrance, Hossein, Ismael, and Gopal, with your *roomals* ready. I and Budrinath, here, will resist their entrance. When we retreat toward the back of the cave, you must rush them from behind and throw your *roomals*. Bhowanee grant they may bring some rich booty wherewith we may reward ourselves."

In the silence which followed voices were heard approaching the mouth of the cave.

"What can have happened, Ram Lal?" exclaimed the foremost. "The light is extinguished. Ram Lal!" he called, "Ram Lal!"

No response was forthcoming; but Aniwar Ali and Budrinath showed themselves. Thinking that they had but two men with whom to deal, the thieves rushed the entrance. After making a show of resistance, the Thugs retreated into the cave where the newcomers were at a great disadvantage, leaving the light to which their eyes had been accustomed. Three dark forms sprang upon them with the agility of panthers; and presently three other forms lay gasping out their lives on the ground.

"Search them for valuables—we must get right away!" said Aniwar Ali, practical as ever, realizing that now, if never before, safety lay in putting a distance between his band and Pultanabad.

Meanwhile Lal Meah kept his solitary vigil at the foot of the hill path. He knew no anxiety, for the Thugs were more than a match for the paltry three who ascended the hill to their certain doom. So he waited further developments, if any should occur, or until a tree owl's hoot from above should summon him to return to the main party.

With his eyes fixed in the direction of the town, he was startled to hear the stealthy treading of feet behind him. Turning and pushing aside some bamboos which formed the place of his concealment, he saw two Europeans, two Eurasians, and ten native police cautiously ascending the hill. The light of the rising moon was full upon them. They were already between the Thug and his associates; to pass them was impossible, and to give the hoot of the owl while they were in such proximity might betray himself. There was nothing to be done but to wait and hope.

His active brain at once set to work. How could Chisholm sahib have got the information which brought him here with such a strong party? Surely that old fool, Ganesha, did not fail to dispose of the body of Mohan Lal? If this had been found, of course, inquiries which followed would have set the Feringhis on the trail! Yes, they must have sent police to search Ganesha's establishment, and the body had been found. Curse the bungling fool!

As soon as he could safely do so, he uttered a series of plaintive wails, sounding like a bird in distress, thus hoping to warn his associates of the seriousness of their danger. He then crept up the hill through the undergrowth at the side of the path, until he found a rough passage along the dry bed of a hill torrent, up which he

hastened. He hoped to be able to reach his own men in time to render such help as was possible in the stern struggle which seemed imminent. But the way was steep and wild, the attacking party had the start of him, and he feared he would be too late.

After a circuitous journey he came to a little clearing, and was surprised to see Hossein and Ismael stooping over a hole in the rock, dragging Gopal through an opening there.

"Bhowanee is good to her devotees!" he exclaimed, with fervour, as he realized that his associates were making good their escape from what would have seemed an impossible position. "Is all well?"

"Yes. We were surprised suddenly, but Aniwar Ali is equal to any occasion. When we heard your plaintive warning repeated so often we knew great danger was upon us. Without going to discover its nature, Aniwar Ali ordered us to enter the inner cave as quickly as possible. The last of us had scarcely crawled through the narrow passage connecting the two caves, when we heard the sound of people cautiously entering the outer chamber. It was good to hear their curses when they found the four corpses!"

"Very quietly, so as not to arouse their suspicion that there was a way of escape, we piled bales underneath this opening and climbed through. Aniwar Ali is guarding the entrance to try any who may try to follow."

By this time Budrinath was safely through the aperture, and there only remained Aniwar Ali in the cave. A bright gleam suddenly flashed from below, and dancing rays of light clearly indicated that fire was flaming underneath. Before the Thugs had time to be anxious as to their leader's safety, however, he appeared cool and smiling at the opening and climbed through into their midst.

"Roll that big stone into the hole, so as to delay their exit as long as possible," he instructed. "We must get away at once."

Aniwar Ali owed his life to his unfailing presence of mind. After killing a man who had discovered the inner recess and tried to force the entrance, he poured oil from his lamp on the clothes of the corpse as it lay blocking the passage. Quickly setting a light to this, he escaped before the bewildered besiegers realized what was happening.

The chief looked to see that every possible precaution had been taken to cover their retreat, as the party began to descend the hill.

"No, not that way," he called. "That leads back to town and perhaps to an ambush. We must get away from that devil of a Chisholm and his surveyors."

So the band of Thugs proceeded up the hill, but found their line of retreat barred by a steep escarpment of rock. Their choice lay between going back to meet death at the hands of Chisholm's superior force or in risking the perils of a dangerous descent.

"If we can but succeed in jumping down to yonder ledge in safety, we can make good our escape." So spoke Ismael in the vigour of his youth. But the prospect was not considered so lightly by some of the older men.

For full twenty-five feet the cliff dropped sheer to a narrow ledge, from which point it jutted out so that with the aid of shoots and small trees, the rest of the descent might be made with comparatively slight risk. But the twenty-five feet had to be overcome first.

"Take care to land on your toes, and bend your knees on alighting, or you may break some bones," was Aniwar Ali's practical advice, as he led the way. Letting himself down and hanging by his hands so as to reach as near the ledge as possible, before making the jump, he let go and landed safely. Gopal feared for his old bones, hesitated and fell, only after being admonished sharply by his chief not to waste precious time. Years had told their tale on the vet-

cran, and a sickening snap proved that he had broken a bone.

As the old man lay groaning on his back, it was evident that he could not get away. If he should fall into Chisholm's hands he might turn King's evidence in order to save himself from torture. There was only one thing to be done.

"Dead men tell no tales," whispered the leader to Hossein, when they had all alighted. "Where is your *roomal?*"

While Aniwar Ali guided the rest of the Thugs down the steep incline, Hossein despatched the crippled man.

"Bhowanee demands this sacrifice at our hands," he muttered as he prepared to join the others. "In what way can he have offended her?"

*

"We have missed them again!" exclaimed Chisholm on arriving at the cliff-side some five minutes later. "They cannot have gone beyond this point, and yet they can scarcely have retreated toward the town."

An exclamation of surprise broke from one of the party.

"See!" cried the man. "There is a white figure lying on that ledge below! It is difficult to make it out clearly in the moonlight, but it looks like a human form."

An improvised rope of belts, turbans and scarfs enabled Chisholm to descend in safety. There lay the corpse of Gopal, still warm. The compound fracture of the left leg and the protruding eyes told an indisputable tale.

"The inhuman devils!" Chisholm cried. "They have murdered one of their fellows rather than help him get away! I started out on this work because it afforded an opportunity to distinguish myself," he added to Morgan, later, "but I continue it because I want to strangle Aniwar Ali myself!"

Next month the last story of this series will relate the success that attended Chisholm in his final adventure against Aniwar Ali.

WHEN JONQUILS BLOW

By VIRNA SHEARD

WHEN jonquils blow I think of one
Who sleeps beneath the green;
And all the light and song of life
And all the golden sheen
Turn cold and still before my eyes,
While pearl-edged boughs of May
Seen through a sudden mist of tears
Are rimmed with ashen-gray.

From the Painting by Archibald Browne
Exhibited by the Canadian Art Club

THE PLEASURE FLEET

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

CURRENT EVENTS

BY LINDSAY CRAWFORD

GERMANY'S hour of fate has struck. With Austria-Hungary only as an ally she has plunged Europe in an Armageddon of devastation, blood, and tribulation such as the modern world has never witnessed. War has been declared. The tramp of armed men is heard where children were wont to play. Trade is paralysed, international communication interrupted, thousands of tourists who set out in the noontide of peace have been stranded in foreign lands, unable to obtain money on letters of credit or to secure passage on returning liners. In a single night the delicate and complicated machinery of social and business organization has been thrown out of gear over the greater part of the civilized world, followed by acute distress, unemployment, and the practical suspension of business and credit. It is War!

For years men have prophesied of the coming of such a war. The piling up of armaments, the heavy toll paid by the nations as insurance against war, combined with the irreconcilable ambitions of rulers and statesmen have made this world-conflict inevitable. "Joves's star is in the ascendant," whisper some who look to the heavens for signs and portents. Others, with their feet on the earth, ask, "Is the Kaiser mad?" "Is it possible in the twentieth century for one man, or a small body of men who by the accident of birth occupy commanding and responsible positions, to bring such a calamity upon the nations of the earth?" Germany's hour of destiny has come. It is of her own choosing. German history, the history of Europe, is now being written in blood. As yet the veil of futurity hides from our eyes the final scenes in this awful tragedy, but at the grand inquest of the peoples of the earth responsibility for this appalling crime against civilization will assuredly be fixed and measures taken to prevent its recurrence in our day and generation.

The assassination at Serajevo, Bosnia, of the heir to the Austro-Hungarian throne, and his morganatic consort, was the immediate cause of the war now raging. The ulterior cause were the irreconcilable aims of Austria-Hungary and Servia. Under pretext of the foul murder of Archduke Ferdinand and the Duchess of Hohenberg, Austria-Hungary sought to impose terms on Servia which no self-respecting nation would tolerate. Although the murders took place in the Austro-Hungarian Province of Bosnia—annexed in 1908 in violation of the Berlin Treaty—Servia was charged with active complicity in the crime. Servia agreed to every condition imposed by Austria-Hungary in her Note, with one exception. The clause that Servia rejected and which was seized upon by Austria-Hungary as a pretext for war was: "That the Servian Government shall accept the co-operation of the Austro-Hungarian authorities in suppressing propagandist organizations." To permit Austria-Hungary to interfere in her do-

mestic affairs was too much to expect, and that statesmen at Vienna refused to give way shows how eager they were to seize upon any pretext to strike at the little Balkan state, whose political obsession is the dismemberment of Austria-Hungary and the rise of a Greater Servia. From the Vistula to the Adriatic Austria-Hungary called out her reserves, and declared war. It was the elephant and the mouse in conflict.

But war against Servia on such unequal terms could have but one result—the subjugation of the Slav by his traditional foe and the domination of the Teuton in the Balkans. Russia could not stand by and see those of her own race and religion under the iron heel of the Magyars, and her own influence in the Balkans destroyed. When Austria-Hungary declared war she must have counted the cost. Without the support of Germany she would not have dared to throw down the gauntlet, knowing with certainty that Russia would take up the challenge. On the other hand, Germany would not have precipitated the conflict had not the moment appeared propitious for casting the die. It is absurd to conclude that the Kaiser and his advisers are megalomaniacs who rush blindly into war without taking serious account of the factors in the fight. It is more reasonable to conclude that Germany urged her ally to strike in the hour when Fate seemed to have delivered her enemies into her hands.

In analyzing the situation it is necessary to bear in mind the two aspects of the quarrel which has embroiled nearly every European nation. First, we must remember the traditional feud between Servia and Austria-Hungary. War between these two nations has been inevitable since the annexation by Austria-Hungary of Bosnia and Herzegovina in 1908. At that time Russia was powerless to intervene when the Kaiser, in contravention of the Berlin Treaty, "stood in shining armour" by the side of his Austrian ally. These two provinces are to Servians what Alsace-Lorraine is to the French. Their forcible absorption by the Hapsburgs destroyed for the moment the dreams of a Greater Servia. Three years previously Austria-Hungary, to mark her displeasure of the trade treaty concluded between Servia and Bulgaria, started the "pig war." Servia was a large exporter of swine, and the method chosen to bring ruin to the Serbs was to declare that swine fever existed and to close the Austro-Hungarian frontier against Servian exports. Other measures of a harassing and provocative character were adopted by the Dual Monarchy against the small Slav nation, culminating in the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina. These two provinces are inhabited by Croata-Servians, speaking the same language and of the same race as the Servian-Croatian and Slav subjects of Austria-Hungary and the people of Servia. The annexation proved a rallying cry of Slav against Teuton. Servia, Bosnia, and Herzegovina were honeycombed with secret societies against Austro-Hungarian influence. The most powerful of these, the Narodna Obrana, or National Union, embraced the leading men of Servia. It is this society which Austria-Hungary alleges planned and carried out the assassination of the Archduke and his wife. Austrian police had drawn up a list of the notable Servians included in its membership, and demanded the right to co-operate with Servia in punishing them. The success of Servia in the Balkan campaign, her occupation of the disputed Sanjak of Novi, and her demand for access to the Adriatic through Albania increased the tension. Austria-Hungary came to the conclusion that unless she slew Servia, Servia would ultimately slay her. The dream of a Greater Servia —comprising Servia, Croatia, Dalmatia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Montenegro, and large slices of southern Hungary and Albania—was conting-

ent upon the disruption of the Dual Monarchy after the death of the aged Emperor. The thought that Austria-Hungary was regarded as a dying nation touched the pride of the murdered Archduke, the heir to the throne. He bent all his energies to the building up of Austro-Hungarian forces by sea and land, and to making the Dual Monarchy not only respected but feared. It is tolerably certain that his fatal visit to Bosnia was not calculated to make for peace. The time evidently had arrived for picking a quarrel with Servia. Religion plays a large part in the politics of the Near East. Although the Serb is as a rule of the Orthodox Church, inroads have been made by the Roman Catholic Church among the Serbs of Croatia and Bosnia. With Russia in the field it becomes a fight not only of Slav against Teuton, but also of the Orthodox Church against the Roman Catholic. These religious and racial quarrels, while looming big in the war between Austria-Hungary on the one side and Servia and Russia on the other, do not enter into the wider struggle which the action of Germany has so unjustifiably precipitated.

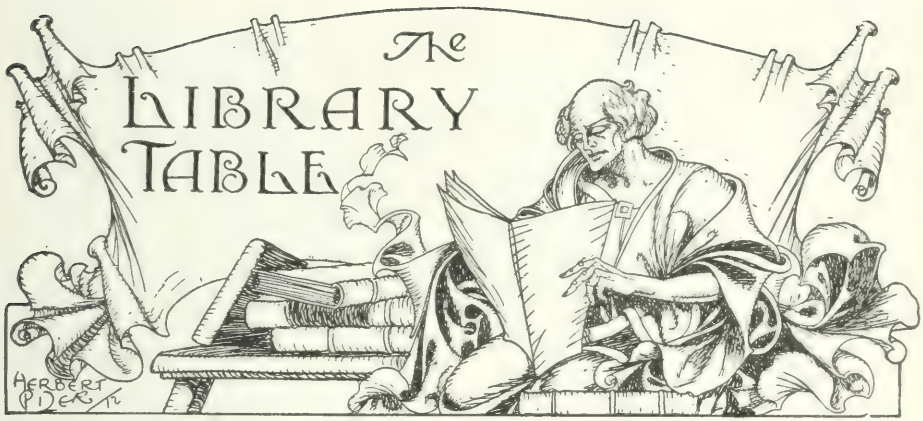
The second aspect of the war, with Germany, France, Russia, and England as the principal figures in the drama, transcends all considerations of race and religion. It were more natural for Great Britain, for instance, to be in alliance with Germany than with France or Russia. Racially and religiously Britain has more in common with Germany than with her other allies. The strong pro-German sentiment that existed in Britain before the war had its rise in this community of interest between the two peoples. But the dream of Bismarck and the Kaiser—the dream of a German Empire, strong not only on land, but also on sea—has conflicted with British ideals. The lust for mastery, so powerful in man, is a dominant factor in the relations of nations one to the other. Germany saw in Great Britain the principal obstacle to the realization of her plans. The incidence of European alliances increased Germany's fears and growing antagonism. By a fatal coincidence the destinies of Germany and Austria-Hungary seemed to be cast in the same horoscope. Teuton against Slav, German against Briton—the hour of destiny had surely come!

Putting aside the absurd suggestion that the Kaiser is mad and regarding him, as he undoubtedly is, as an able man, a versatile and dominant personality, how can we explain the present position of Germany, in arms, practically, against the world? It is evident to the observer that Germany has been outclassed in diplomacy by Great Britain, which in recent years has woven around the Teuton a fatal web of ententes and alliances. Had the moment arrived when, in the eyes of the Kaiser and his advisers, these hostile alliances seemed at their weakest, as in 1908, and during the Moroccan crisis? We may reasonably assume that at the moment when Austria-Hungary found a pretext for war, Germany discovered serious breaches in the walls of the Triple Entente. As a matter of fact in all three countries grave domestic events lent colour to this conclusion. Russia was in the throes of a national strike; France was divided over the Army Bill; in Great Britain, Sir Edward Carson had succeeded in convincing the press of Germany of the imminence of a civil war that would destroy the army and disrupt the Empire. What more opportune moment for Germany to test her army and navy on which her dreams of a world-wide dictatorship were rested?

So war was declared—a war which the Kaiser could have prevented and for which the impartial historian will hold him responsible.

Man proposes, but—! On the side of Russia a war of Slav against Teuton has a unifying effect. It stirs the blood and appeals to the latent

patriotism of every Russian. In one night France ceased her wrangling over the Army Bill, supported unitedly the provisions put forward for strengthening the land forces, and turned her face as one man toward Berlin and the lost Provinces. The same miraculous transformation took place in Great Britain. Even Nationalist Ireland rallied to the flag in face of the peril. All party lines have been obliterated. At no time in her history has the British Empire been so strong in the unity and resolve of her scattered sons, and in the means for protecting her honour and heritage of freedom. There was no hesitation when the challenge was thrown down. Britain at once ranged herself on the side of her allies and took her stand on her honourable obligations as a treaty power. The web of ententes and alliances around Germany was intact. German statesmen had miscalculated the effects of war in domestic politics. For Russia, the war consolidated her forces at a time when internal revolution seemed impending. In France, it is a war of revenge which stirs the Gallic blood of her soldiers and citizens. In Great Britain the foundations of Empire have been strengthened, and warring classes and divided creeds have found a common bond of union in the defence of their country and their cherished liberties. While the Triple Entente has stood the strain, the Triple Alliance has proved to be a broken reed. Austria-Hungary is a weak ally, that shrinks from the ordeal which German diplomacy has dictated. She is not desirous of war with Britain, and with great reluctance broke with France. Italy refuses to be dragged into the quarrel. This is the unkindest cut of fate. Germany—with nearly five million Socialists in her midst praying for the downfall of the Imperial autocrat who leads the German armies—battles practically in lonely solitude against terrible odds. Servia and Montenegro are holding the Austrians in check while I write (August 12th) and are forcing the Dual Monarchy to withdraw across the Danube to meet the steady onrush of the invading Russians. While Servia has held Austria-Hungary long enough to enable Russia to complete mobilization, little Belgium, her soil violated by the German treaty-breaker, has covered herself with glory by holding at bay the Germany advance on Liege. This delay was of enormous strategic importance to the allies hurrying to bar the German march to Paris. With the aid of her invincible fleet Britain has landed an army on the French coast and hurried it to Namur to effect a junction with the French and Belgian forces. Over a front of sixty miles the German military machine moves heavily, the forces converging from several points on Paris. Ay, there's the rub! Paris or Berlin? Germany with her face toward Paris will fight with scientific precision and with great dash and bravery. But Germany has not been at war for forty years. The science of war has undergone revolutionary changes since the days of Moltke. Will the machine prevail? And, if the odds are against them, will the German soldiers fight as well with their faces turned toward Berlin?



AN ECONOMIC HISTORY OF RUSSIA

By James Mavor. London: J. M. Dent and Sons. Two volumes.

IT had been known for some years that Professor Mavor, who is Professor of Political Economy at the University of Toronto, was engaged on some kind of history of Russia. He had made several extensive visits to that country, and had come to know intimately some of its leading public men. He was, for instance, a close personal friend of the late Count Leo Tolstoi, and he visited the Count at his residence on several occasions. He was therefore, apart from his profound knowledge of Russian affairs, obtained by years of exhaustive study of the historical writers of that immense empire, well fitted to undertake so great a task. That the work will be regarded as the one to which all students of Russia must appeal is a foregone conclusion. Its importance lies largely in the fact that it gathers together and digests and arrays in proper sequence the economical development of the kingdom of the Czar. *The Outlook* (London), reviewing this work, says:

Dr. Mavor deals with his subject in a strictly judicial spirit, displaying no bias, and but rarely intruding opinion; and the result is an almost perfect analysis of the national forces, ethnical, natural, economic, and political, that have made Russia what it was and is. Starting with the humanitarian bias, it is easy to read into the enslavement of a people base intentions that really had not part in it; and Dr. Mavor's inquisition into the causes that led up to the serfdom from which the Russian peasantry has only recently been freed makes clear to us how very little anything but economic necessity—necessity, that is to say, in the light of the scanty knowledge of the time—had to do with the creation of the serf. No doubt the earlier volume is the more valuable, as upon a knowledge of the movements there dealt with any true understanding of more recent events in Russia must be based. The chapter which deals with the military, fiscal, and commercial policy of Peter the Great is deeply interesting, and, despite the total absence of hero-worship, is the finest appreciation of the man and his work that we have met. With regard to Peter's vast projects and amazing achievements, Dr. Mavor points out that they laid no apparent burden upon posterity, for in every instance they were paid for out of revenue. Nevertheless, by charging to the national income, raised by

means of extortionate taxation, works that benefited future generations rather than the generation that paid for them, Peter's policy was really shortsighted, as it impoverished the people to such an extent that the public solvency spelt private ruin. In the second volume, possibly the most striking chapter is that which deals with the general strike of October, 1905, which strike, Dr. Mavor demonstrates, was virtually a revolution. In dealing with the counter-revolution which followed he insists that it was not entirely due to the autocracy, but that it was assisted to some extent by a reaction of popular opinion weary of anarchy. Of course, in regard to these later events in the history of Russia there is much that is obscure, as Dr. Mavor from time to time points out. Nevertheless, we think that readers of the preceding chapters of the books will admit that the march of circumstance and the pressure of economic needs had more to do with the revolution and counter-revolutions in Russia during the past decade than had either the bureaucrats or their revolutionary enemies. In conclusion, we have only to say that Dr. Mavor's work is a very notable contribution to the science of history, and deserves the attention of all educated people.

FRENCH-CANADIAN LITERATURE.

By Camille Roy. A reprint from "Canada and Its Provinces," a historical set of twenty-three volumes, by One Hundred Associates. Toronto: The Publishers' Association.

AFTER reading this very excellent review one is more than ever convinced of the slight range and volume of French-Canadian literature. It is a curious fact that the people of Quebec have not produced many books of outstanding merit. The cause may be found in the fact that they are, on the whole, not a reading people, and therefore for any extensive market the authors would have had to send their wares either to France or to the French settlements in Maine, Vermont, or Louisiana. But, notwithstanding these handicaps, Professor Roy is able to show that they have produced a very respectable literature. He has divided his contribution into two sections: "Literary Origins, 1760-1840," and "Literary Development, 1840-1912." The origins he finds in the records left by such as Champlain, Marie de l'Incarnation, the Jesuits, the early newspapers, and to two French poets, Joseph Quesnel and Joseph Mermet, who, although they were not natives of the Province, had, according to M. Roy, considerable influence on future literature. He has some words also for the inspiring effect of Papineau as a popular tribune and Etienne Parent as a journalist. In tracing the development of literature in the Province, he deals respectively with history, poetry, fiction, and political, philosophical, and social literature. In history the ones to whom he gives most credit are Michael Bibaud, Francois Xavier Garneau, the Abbé Ferland, and the Abbé Casgrain. Two of these historians we find also in the list of poets, the Abbé Casgrain and M. Garneau. Considerable space is given to the work and influence of Octave Cremazie, who, in his bookshop in Quebec city, gathered about him a little coterie of enthusiasts; to Louis Fréchette, William Chapman, Emile Nelligan, and Albert Lozeau. The French-Canadian novelist seems not yet to have arrived, although Professor Roy briefly reviews the work of about a dozen writers who have essayed the rôle. Among them are Pierre Chauveau, Philippe de Gaspé, Antoine Gérin-Lajoie, Georges Boucher, Joseph Marmette, Napoleon Bourassa, Jules Paul Tardival, and Hector Bernier. It is interesting to observe that he makes no mention of the novel entitled "Marie Calumet," by Rodolphe Girard. This novel was published about twelve years ago and was almost immediately banned by the Roman Catholic Archbishop. It is true that it is something of a caricature and holds the clergy up to ridicule; yet nevertheless it is an amusing and sufficiently exact presentation of the simple faith and superstition of the country people of the Pro-

vince. The rest of the review is given over to a consideration of the oratorical and journalistic qualities of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Honourable Thomas Chapais, Henri Bourassa, Omer Héroux, and Mon. Paquet, of Laval University.

THE LIFE OF JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN

Toronto: Thomas Nelson and Sons.

AS early as July of this year this symposium of studies of the Right Honourable Joseph Chamberlain appeared, making it a remarkable example of rapid and efficient book production. Mr. Chamberlain had not been long gone before his admirers were able to purchase at the low price of one shilling a volume containing studies of his career and personality by such well-known writers as Mr. J. A. Spender, editor of *The Westminster Gazette,* who writes on "Mr. Chamberlain as a Radical"; Sir Henry Lucy ("Mr. Chamberlain and Home Rule"); Mr. J. Ramsey Macdonald, chairman of the Labour Party ("Mr. Chamberlain as a Social Reformer"); the Right Honourable Viscount Milner ("Mr. Chamberlain and Imperial Policy"); Hr. Harold Cox, editor of *The Edinburgh Review* ("Mr. Chamberlain and Fiscal Policy"), who gives the free trade Unionists' point of view; and Mr. L. S. Amery, who writes on the same subject, but as a whole-hearted sympathizer. The book forms an interesting collection of studies of a great career and a great personality.

THE VICTIM

By Thomas Dixon. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

OF the writing of historical novels there is no end, particularly of novels based on the American Civil War. The author of this novel has taken fair advantage of that dramatic period. One of his recent successful ventures was a story involving the character of Abraham Lincoln, and now he comes out with another, in which he introduces as the chief character one Jefferson Davis. In a few words to the reader at the outset, the author says that he has "drawn his real character unobserved by passion or prejudice." And he further makes claim that he has not "at any point taken a liberty with an essential detail of history." Nevertheless, it is the privilege of the author to take liberties with history, but in this instance it is gratifying to know that Mr. Dixon has been strict to the facts as he has found them in the records and still given us a stirring romance.

HISTORY OF CANADIAN WEALTH

By Gustavus Myers. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Company.

VOLUME I. of this undertaking is not a history in the ordinary sense. It is an ex-parte statement from the point of view of the militant Socialist. From the first page to the last—and there are 300—it is a recital of crime, in the opinion of the writer. It begins by telling how Cartier in 1541 impressed convicts for maritime service, thus showing how to obtain men for the Newfoundland fisheries. Later the fur trading monopolies ruled the country to their own ends, debauching and demoralizing the Indians. The next chapter is devoted to "The Ecclesiastical and Feudal Lords"—the clergy and orders, and the seigneurs. The former received in grants more than 2,000,000 acres and the latter 7,000,000 acres, much of which in the course of centuries became valuable.

The beginnings of the Hudson's Bay Company inspires the author to still more vituperative oratory. The history of the company he characterizes as one of cheating, robbing, debauchery and murder. However, the

Hudson's Bay Company was not the only offender. A chapter deals with "The Landed and Mercantile Oligarchy." Therein it is stated that the Protestant clergy got 3,000,000 acres, much of it "by irregular methods." But apparently from the British Conquest on the history of Canada was one long chapter of land grabbing and corruption. Two more chapters detailing the deviltries of the Hudson's Bay Company conclude the first half of the volume; the other half tells of the rise, progress and crimes of the railway promoters, their associates and the politicians, including apparently most of the politicians from Confederation to the McGreevy scandal of 1891. The special objects of the author's opprobium are Lord Strathcona and Lord Mountstephen. The names of all the principal leaders in politics and finance are woven into the narrative, almost invariably in some evil association. A former president of the Bank of Montreal is accused of using $8,000,000 of the funds of the Bank of Montreal to finance the purchase of the St. Paul and Pacific Railway, which transaction, it is further alleged, was put through by a corrupt bargain with the official receiver of the road. Mr. Myers strains his powers of anathema in describing the bargain made for the construction of the Canadian Pacific.

—The Home University Library, every volume of which is specially written for it by a recognized authority of high standing and edited by Professor Gilbert Murray, of Oxford; Mr. Herbert Fisher, Vice-Chancellor of Sheffield University; Professor J. Arthur Thomson, of Aberdeen, and Professor W. T. Brewster, of New York, is an excellent departure from the ordinary cheap reprints. These volumes sell for thirty-five cents, and their value may be judged from the following titles and authors: "The Growth of Europe," by G. A. J. Cole; "The Renaissance," by Edith Sichel; "Between the Old and New Testaments," by R. H. Charles; "Central and South America," by W. R. Shepherd; "Chaucer and His Times," by Grace Hadow; "The Alps," by Arnold Lunn; William Morris, by A. Clutton-Brock; "Evolution," by J. A. Thomson and P. Geddes; "Elizabethan Literature," by J. M. Robertson; "The Church of England," by Canon E. W. Watson. (Toronto: William Briggs.)

—The Wayfarers' Library attracts one at first by the excellent taste of its appearance, and as a reprint at twenty-five cents of the works of the best of recent writers, particularly in the field of light literature, it is a surprising edition. It is far-reaching in scope, extending from the quaint humour of Mark Twain to the historical-adventurousness of Stanley Weyman, smoothly rounded off by volumes of selected essays from the pens of leading essayists, Austin Dobson, G. W. E. Russell, Clement Shorter, G. K. Chesterton, with novels by H. G. Wells, Joseph Conrad, Maurice Hewlett, Thomas Hardy, Arnold Bennett.

—Poetry and Drama, for the June quarter, contains poems by Anna Wickham, Maurice Hewlett, John Gould Fletcher, Francis Macnamara; a study "On Impression," by Ford Madox Hueffer; a drama entitled "Helen," by Edward Storer, together with some fine reviews and chronicles. (London: 35 Devonshire Street, Theobald's Road, W.C.)

—So popular has "The Battle of the Plains" proved to be that it has been found advisable to issue a third edition. The author, Dr. J. M. Harper, of Quebec, is, it is understood, at work on a third volume for what might now be well called the "Harper Historical Series."

EVENING

From the Painting by Andre Lapine

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLIII TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1914 No 6.

WAR TIME IN CANADA

By NEWTON MacTAVISH

WE have had to take a peep behind the scenes in order fully to realize that for several weeks Canada has been in a state of war. Great Britain's ultimatum to Germany concerning the neutrality of Belgium expired towards midnight on August 4th, but five days earlier the event had been anticipated in Canada by the summoning of the Governor-General and his Prime Minister to Ottawa. The Duke of Connaught was on a visit to Banff, in the Rocky Mountains, and Sir Robert Borden was passing a holiday in Muskoka. Four Cabinet Ministers were at the Capital, and for that reason many persons wondered why it should be necessary for the Prime Minister of a dominion beyond seas to hurry to his post because of a war that had begun obscurely between Austria and Servia and that now involved Germany and Russia and France. But is is believable that Sir Robert Borden, while on his way to Ottawa on the night of July 31st, knew that Great Britain was bound within the next few days to join arms with France against the great Teutonic forces even then moving with aggressive insolence and already violating the territory of a peaceful neighbour.

Sir Robert Borden arrived at Ottawa on the morning of August 1st. Simultaneously there came several other Ministers. By ten o'clock the Cabinet was in council in what is known in Ottawa as the Eastern Parliamentary Block, and the sitting lasted until late in the afternoon. Cablegrams were exchanged with the acting Canadian High Commissioner at London, the Honourable George H. Perley, and during the day the Ministers drafted a message that will take a place in history. It was sealed and handed to a messenger, who went out through a door softened by green baize, and walking down the corridor entered a similar door. There the message was signed by the acting Governor-General. The messenger returned and handed the document to the Prime Minister. It was then marked "secret," and a special Government messenger took it to the telegraph office on Sparks Street. We

now have to imagine the words, which were in cipher, being sent on their lightning course across four Provinces to the cable station at Canso, and thence on their subaqueous flash to the cable station on the other side of the Atlantic. They were again flashed on to London, until finally a clerk of the Colonial Department deciphered them and the result was laid before the Secretary of State for the Colonies, who read these words:

"Secret. In view of the impending danger of war involving the Empire, my advisers are anxiously considering the most effective means of rendering every possible aid and they will welcome any suggestions and advice which Imperial naval and military authorities may deem expedient to offer. They are confident that a considerable force would be available for service abroad. A question has been mooted respecting the status of any Canadian force serving abroad, as under section sixty-nine of Canadian Militia Act the active militia can only be placed on active service beyond Canada for the defence thereof. It has been suggested that regiments might enlist as Imperial troops for stated period, Canadian Government undertaking to make all necessary financial provision for their equipment, pay, and maintenance. This proposal has not yet been maturely considered here and my advisers would be glad to have views of Imperial Government thereon."

To that message came this reply:

"With reference to your cipher telegram 2nd August, please inform your Ministers that their patriotic readiness to render every aid is deeply appreciated by his Majesty's Government, but they would prefer postponing detailed observations on the suggestion put forward, pending further developments. As soon as the situation appears to call for further measures I will telegraph you again."

By the same methods this second message was despatched:

"My advisers, while expressing their most earnest hope that peaceful solution of existing international difficulties may be achieved and their strong desire to cooperate in every possible way for that purpose, wish me to convey to his Majesty's Government the firm assurance that, if unhappily war should ensue, the Canadian people will be united in a common resolve to put forth every effort and to make every sacrifice necessary to ensure the integrity and maintain the honour of our Empire."

To which on the 2nd day of August the following reply was received:

"With reference to your telegram 1st August, his Majesty's Government gratefully welcome the assurance of your Government that in the present crisis they may rely on wholehearted co-operation of the people of Canada."

Such were the preliminary messages. War, of course, had not yet become a fact, but on its eve, on the 4th of August, the Secretary of State for the Colonies sent the following message:

"Though there seems to be no immediate necessity for any request on our part for an expeditionary force from Canada, I think, in view of their generous offer, your Ministers would be wise to take all legislative and other steps by which they would be enabled without delay to provide such a force in case it should be required later."

But something was on hand to be done apart from the sending of messages. The Cabinet sat every day, and for many hours every day, and the staffs of the Departments of Militia and Defence and of Naval Service worked unceasingly day and night. All employees were sworn to secrecy, although everything now being done was wholly anticipatory. The day before the ultimatum expired London and Toronto detachments of the Royal Canadian Artillery were transferred to Halifax, and on the very day of the declaration, but previously to it, the Department of Naval Service sent out a call for 400 naval reservists to man the *Niobe*. While these precautionary measures were being taken in the east, six carloads of ammunition were speeding towards Esquimalt, the naval station on the Pacific seaboard.

But with the *Rainbow* nearly in readiness, in Vancouver harbour, for a cruise of Behring Sea, the *Niobe* dismantled and in dry-dock at Halifax, and at least three German cruis-

ers known to be on the Pacific and Atlantic, the Department of Naval Service faced a real emergency. On August 2nd Sir Richard McBride, Premier of British Columbia, wired to the Government at Ottawa that two submarines, just completed for the Government of Chile and lying in a Seattle shipyard, could be purchased and brought into active service on the Pacific. The Cabinet had some difficulty in making up its mind. If they were to get the boats they had to be purchased and brought to Canadian waters before war should begin, in order not to violate the neutrality laws. There were hopes that war might be averted, however, and if it were, what good would the submarines be? Then, an August 3rd, Sir Richard McBride took the matter into his own hands, went to Seattle, laid down the money on behalf of British Columbia, bought the submarines, secured crews for them, and on August 4th, before Britain began war, they were in Vancouver harbour. The Dominion Government gladly took them over. The *Rainbow* was held at Vancouver and her crew strengthened by the addition of one hundred volunteers from Victoria and Vancouver. Orders were issued to get the *Niobe* launched and in action with all possible speed. Apart from this, precautionary measures of an almost alarming character were taken.

A detachment of artillery, with two large guns, was shipped from Halifax to protect the cable station at Canso, and similar protection was provided for the wireless station at Glace Bay. Armed guards with orders to shoot to kill in case of disobedient trespass were placed at important points along the canals of Lachine, Soulanges, Welland, St. Clair, and Sault Ste. Marie, at the approaches to all important bridges, tunnels, wharves, elevators at ports of shipment, and ammunition factories and magazines. The presence of these guards was the cause of an extraordinary series of accidents. At London a man was shot and a whole neighbourhood upset. At Montreal a French reservist was pierced by a bullet. A sentry on the Welland Canal was shot, and likewise a Grand Trunk Pacific Railway watchman at Fort William. And it became no unusual occurrence for the quiet of night to be disturbed by the sharp report of a gun in the hands of some watchman perhaps a little over-zealous in the discharge of duty.

These measures were in anticipation of the event. Then came the portentous news that two great empires of the world were at war. Everyone's imagination was quickened. He was an unresponsive sluggard indeed who did not hold his breath on reading the injunction which on that memorable night was sent out upon ether waves to the Admiral of the Fleet somewhere in the North Sea: "Capture or destroy the enemy." It was as if the voice of Jehovah in tones that shook the earth were calling upon a modern Joshua, and from that moment the name of Sir John Jellicoe encircled the globe.

Great Britain at war against Germany! Even here in Canada, thousands of miles away, at midnight, crowds gathered round bulletin-boards or marched in down-town streets. "Rule Britannia!" was in everyone's heart and on everyone's lips, and ringing cheers for this evidence of the abiding spirit of England were heard from many lusty throats. The Governor-General and the Cabinet were at that very hour in conference at Ottawa. The summoning of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the veteran parliamentarian, from his old home in Arthabaskaville at once suggests a superb paradox and demonstrates the fact that in Canada the Leader of the Opposition is an acknowledged part of the parliamentary machine. It was in the mind of the Government to call a special war session of Parliament, and in order to avert delays due to debate it was

an astute thing to obtain in advance the views as well as the advice of the one man whose duty we had come to regard as confined to criticism of all the Government might propose.

But while the Cabinet was considering questions of policy and procedure with respect to the war in Europe, the morning of the fifth of August dawned with the Dominion actually in a state of war. That very day all German consuls in the country received their passports, and protective measures of many kinds were undertaken in rapid sequence. Vessels were detained at ocean ports. The garrisons at Halifax, Quebec, and Esquimalt were increased. The fortifications at Partridge Island, which lies just off the harbour of St. John, New Brunswick, were strengthened. An order was given to increase the numerical standing of the Northwest Mounted Police by 500 men. Mines were placed in the Gulf of St. Lawrence and at the approaches to all important ocean ports. The power plant at Niagara was placed under a military guard. A number of German reservists and others suspected of being spies were arrested and some of them held as prisoners. All wireless stations, except those operated by the Government, were ordered to be dismantled. From the Department of Naval Service went a message to the wireless station at Esquimalt and thence to the Commander of the *Rainbow*, ordering him to go down the Pacific coast and fetch to Vancouver the sloops of war *Algerine* and *Shearwater*, which were then in Mexican waters. This task was successfully accomplished, despite the fact that the *Nuremburg* and the *Leipsic*, two German cruisers, larger and faster than the *Rainbow*, hovered about the coast. At one time the *Rainbow* was not heard from for three days, and it was feared that she had encountered the foe. Portions of her deck found on the ocean, evidence that she had cleared for action, lent colour to sensational stories that she had been sunk by the *Nuremburg*. Ottawa was alarmed for some time, and troops and siege guns were actually sent from Quebec city to strengthen the defences at Esquimalt.

With the return of the *Rainbow* to Vancouver, and with the two new submarines, the two British gunboats, and the fortifications at Esquimalt, the Pacific coast was rendered fairly safe. On the Atlantic, two British and two French cruisers were considered adequate to keep the German vessels off, although all possible haste was made to get the *Niobe* into commission, she being bigger and faster than any of the German, French, or British cruisers on the coast. Towards that end the crews of the *Algerine* and *Shearwater* were sent across the continent to Halifax to help to man her.

But most significant was the following despatch from the Secretary of State for the Colonies:

> "With reference to my telegram of August 4th, his Majesty's Government gratefully accept offer of your Ministers to send expeditionary force to this country, and would be glad if it could be despatched as soon as possible. Suggested composition follows."

The suggested composition was one army division, which is made up of 22,500 men.

This communication called into immediate action all the resources of the Department of Militia. Six hours after it was received orders were sent to every military unit commander in the Dominion to recruit men, and soon thereafter it was announced one hundred thousand had volunteered. The Minister of Militia, Colonel the Honourable Sam Hughes, has made the statement that within the month two hundred thousand men had volunteered and that at Valcartier they had encamped, not 22,500, as suggested, but 32,000. With the Ross Rifle Company at Quebec an order for arms and ammunition was placed to the extent of several million dollars, for it was determined to

equip the Canadian force, although it would be absolutely under the control of the Imperial War Office, with the Canadian weapon, which does not accommodate the British army cartridge. Ammunition and arms, therefore, will be supplied from the Canadian base.

One of the first acts that interfered with the usual convenience of the public was the imposition of a rigid censorship on all cables and wireless messages, and correspondents at Ottawa for British newspapers sometimes had their despatches returned to them. The wireless stations at Petawawa were brought to Ottawa and placed on top of the Militia Building. In this way the Department kept constantly in touch with matters all over the country and all along the coast.

A special war session of Parliament was called. It lasted four days, from August 18th to 22nd, and was the shortest session ever held in Canada. It was called to approve of what the Government had already undertaken with respect to the despatch of an expeditionary force abroad, but there were other measures of importance. A special war tax in the form of customs duties was imposed on coffee, sugar, spirits, and tobacco, to meet increased expenditure of $50,000.000. Power was given to the Government to proclaim a moratorium, should that course be deemed advisable; to increase the issue of Dominion notes; to institute Government insurance of shipping during the continuance of the war, and the term of the present Governor-General was extended.

While these things were being done the war itself was having a great psychological effect on the people. Although it was causing an immense pressure of patriotic fervour on one hand, it was inducing hundreds of business concerns into a condition of commercial atrophy. Fear of what might be ahead was having a depressing effect, and towards trade in general there was a great deal of pessimism. The closing down of factories or the putting on half-time or half-pay of employees was bound to be discouraging, but in the face of it all most persons avowed there was not any real cause for alarm. Still there is no doubt that many individuals have suffered seriously. The closing of the stock exchanges, even during the first month, made it difficult for thousands of persons to pursue anything like a normal course, but by the end of the month and well into September the feeling was spreading that the trade and finance of the country would soon revert to their former activities.

Notwithstanding these discouragements charitable impulses were magnificently stirred. The National Patriotic Fund soon rose into hundreds of thousands, and after only a few days' canvass the Toronto and York Patriotic Fund reached a million. In these undertakings Canadians were not the only ones actively to participate, for sympathetic Americans residing in Canada gave liberally, and by means also of a popular concert at Toronto they aroused an immense amount of sympathetic interest. Then there were gifts to be sent abroad. The Government gave a million sacks of flour to the United Kingdom. The sacks are to be sold as souvenirs at one dollar each and the proceeds given to Belgium. The Provinces gave liberally of necessaries peculiarly fitting, for instance, potatoes from New Brunswick, oats from Prince Edward Island, cheese from Quebec, wheat from Manitoba, horses from Saskatchewan, apples from British Columbia; and there were as well many private gifts. The Government propose giving to France a hospital of fifty beds, which would be acquired, equipped, and maintained by Canada. The women of the Dominion have well maintained the place that tradition has given them in time of war. Their Hospital Ship Fund mounted beyond the quarter-million mark, and all over the country deft fingers went eagerly to the work of making those

little comforts and luxuries that are not suffered to enter the ordinary governmental commissariat of war.

We have seen that Canada is actually in a state of war. But what a difference between our state and that of unhappy Belgium! We repose serenely in magnificent isolation, while the great German guns plough devastating furrows across the pleasant plains lying between the Schelde and the Meuse. The spiked heel and the mailed fist have laid waste that land, where only a few weeks ago vineyards smiled and grain stood golden in the sun. Here we reap a bountiful harvest, and our only fear is the wrath of God. A great sea rolls between us and the place of battle; we cannot even hear the yelping of the dogs of war.

We make no attempt to analyze the sentiment of our people. For no analysis is needed: it is plain that the whole country, even including the county of Waterloo, in Ontario, from which, Colonel Hughes says, a request has come for permission to raise a corps of German-Canadians to fight with the British Imperial forces, is ready to make any sacrifice in order to assist in maintaining the supremacy of Britain. We are sending an expeditionary force to fight for the Empire. We are undertaking to send more. And although the fortune or the misfortune of war may soon be at our gates, we have a sense of security, and, to quote the apt phrase used by Sir Robert Borden in Parliament, "With firm hearts we await the event."

ACORNS FALLING

By ARTHUR L. PHELPS

THE acorn hosts are trembling, ready to be gone.
They know not where they go, nor why, but in the dawn
A wind is coming; outflung in morning air
The brown pale cups shall scatter here and there.

It is a host that goes, inevitably goes.
It is a host that sinks down quiet to repose,
Gaining no further than to be a tragic seed
That falls and dies, missing the Life-Indeed.

It is a host that dies, inevitably dies,
It is but one discovers Life and further tries
The zest of Progress—in those mighty, fashioning hands
Of Purpose caught and hurled past low demands

Of feeble issue to the very quivering verge
Of that Completion toward which the prone host felt urge,
While dying in the corner of the crumbled wall,
Wrapped in dead leaves, lulled by late rains that fall.

FOUR EARLY CANADIAN JOURNALISTS

BY WILFRED CAMPBELL

AUTHOR OF "THE CANADIAN LAKE REGION," ETC.

PERHAPS the strongest influence in the forcing of the democratic movement of the nineteenth century was that of the press. As the years have passed this influence has grown and grown until it sometimes threatens to destroy itself.

The history of Canadian journalism is like that of any other vocation or business, a picture of succeeding successes and failures, with the number of the failures greatly in the majority. All the time, newspapers and periodicals are being brought into existence only to live a few months or years and then disappear into the limbo of all forgotten things.

It is quite a surprise to the historian to be confronted with the long-forgotten names of many defunct newspapers that saw the light in Toronto, Montreal, and other Canadian cities and towns, flickered during a little journalistic span, and then sputtered out.

Some of these papers proved to be of little account, and soon passed, like their promoters, into that oblivion which is the obvious doom of all mediocrity. But some there were of a more than common origin and individuality, and though they eventually went their way, or merged into other journalistic ventures, they had a strong influence in their time, and stood for something more than a mere financial or other personal ambition.

One of the most interesting periods of our journalistic history was that extending from 1837 to 1867, a formative and perilous period between the Mackenzie Rebellion and Confederation. Just because it was an intermediary period, it has been regarded wrongfully as a time of little interest, and is, therefore, not much dealt with by the historian.

The foundation or gradual development of great historical newspapers, like *The Gazette,* Montreal, or *The Globe,* Toronto, while of deep interest, is not within the scope of this paper, which seeks rather to bring back to remembrance some old, now long-forgotten journalists and journals which were prominent during the period referred to.

That was the era which included the union of the two old Canadas, Upper and Lower, in a political harness, which was ever at the straining point. It was a period when the capital and seat of executive and legislative government was gipsylike—ever on the move, with those consequent local jealousies inherent in the system and the race and other animosities of the yoked but not united Provinces. It was also a period of crude legislation and crude legislators, when the name Canada was restricted to the two Pro-

vinces; and the rest was maritime, and undiscovered British North America. It was a period when many of the inhabitants were British-born, and fresh from the long-tried institutions and well-balanced culture of the Motherland; so that it is easy to understand that in what we would regard as a pioneer condition there were many fine spirits of culture, refinement, and ability who essayed to solve the pioneer problems and bring the ideals of old tradition and precedent to bear upon the social and political difficulties of the young colony.

It was, if not the supreme age, a ripe and favourable period of the university and culture, and emerging out of the days of the Reform Bill in England and the Rebellion in Canada, a decade of triumph and hope for the democracy. Science on both continents was beginning to preen its platinum pinions of exact, though not heavenward flight. It was in many senses a period of hope and development for the new world.

It was quite natural that many of the newcomers should be university men and writers of ability—clever and oftentimes keen observers of their new environment, and, above all else, race-bred politicians.

It was a day of newspaper controversy and the now rare and much-sought-for pamphlet; and back of these scribes and literary pamphleteers were the editors and leaders of the dominant rival parties of that time.

Among the several groups of literary statesmen and editors whose writings and editorial pages influenced the period no names are more interesting than those of Hugh Scobie, J. Sheridan Hogan, John Lowe, and Brown Chamberlain, a slight sketch of whose careers and the affairs they took part in will be the subject of this paper.

None of these men could be called a shining success, as the very material gilt-edged judgment of to-day would estimate them. None of them died rich. One of them only (Chamberlain) was ultimately decorated with a C.M.G.

But they were men of considerable influence and importance in their day, when the Confederation was yet in the melting-pot, and after; and the student who glimpses history beneath the superficies of the mere political statement and the carefully worded state document, and reaches the private opinion and hidden passion and motive which underlie all great and little movements, will find that these men were very close to the centre of influence behind the scenes of the political drama. They were all men, as their careers show, who did more for their country than it ever did for them, willing and indefatigable pioneers in many movements for the benefit of the country.

But to the reader and student each man's separate career will be found to be interesting. One of them (Scobie) died in 1853. Hogan was murdered six years later. Chamberlain died in the nineties of the last century, as Queen's Printer of Canada; and Lowe lingered on the stage in retirement until the autumn of last year, when he died in the ninetieth year of his age—a disappointed and ill-used man. Another remarkable fact concerning these four men—all Canadian journalists, editors, and newspaper proprietors in their day—was that one was a Scotsman, the second an Irishman, the third an Englishman, and the fourth of old American loyalist extraction.

The strongest spirit, and the leader, and in many senses the father of this group was Hugh Scobie, who in his day and time was a force and influence in the affairs of Upper Canada. Had he not died while yet a young man in his forty-second year there is no saying what he might not have accomplished.

Hugh Scobie was the second son of Captain James Scobie, of Ardvare, in Sutherlandshire, and came of a stock which was of the best blood of

Northern Scotland. His father, Captain Scobie, originally an ensign in the 93rd Highlanders, was a retired captain in full pay of the Royal Veteran Battalion. He was accidentally drowned while crossing a loch in Assynt when on the eve of his departure for Upper Canada, where he intended to settle with his family. Soon after his death in March of 1833, his five sons and two daughters emigrated to Upper Canada, where the Canadian Government, on the recommendation of the War Office, allowed the same remission upon the price of lands purchased by them as would have been granted to their father as a retired officer. In a letter now in my possession, from Mrs. Scobie, of Keoldale, to her husband's (Major Scotbie's) niece, Mrs. Mackay of Pictou, she refers to the departure of the young Scobies for Canada, as follows:

"I should have mentioned in my last letter to Mr. Mackay that Captain James Scobie's family have all gone to Canada. They sailed from Greenoch 30th of March, so that I trust they are ere now at their desired haven. They are a promising lot of young creatures. The lads are Kenneth, Hugh, Alexander, Mackay, and James; the girls, Alexie and Margaret."

Kenneth and James, the eldest and youngest, according to a later letter from Keoldale, written in 1834, died soon after their arrival in Canada. Hugh, the second, is one of the group considered in this sketch.

He was born on the 29th of April, 1811, at Fort George, in Inverness, where his father was evidently stationed, and received his education at the Academy at Tain, a classical school for gentlemen's sons at that time well known in the north of Scotland. He then went to Edinburgh and commenced the study of the law in the offices of Messrs. Gordon and Stuart, writers to the Signet. But upon his father's death abandoned this intention. The year after his arrival in Upper Canada, Scobie settled on a farm in the township of West Gwillimbury—where he lived until 1838.

In that year he removed to Toronto and founded *The British Colonist*, which was destined to become in many senses the most distinctive and important journal at that time in the Upper Province. This paper, whose first two numbers bore the name of *The Scotsman*, was at first a weekly, then a tri-weekly, and finally a daily.

From the very first Scobie became a leader, and threw himself heart and soul into the struggle for the rights of the Church of Scotland in Canada. It was in the interests of this struggle that *The Colonist* was first founded. In its initial number, published on February 1st, 1838, appear the letters of the Honourable William Morris in his controversy with Bishop Strachan and Archdeacon Bethune.

As long as the battle of the Clergy Reserves continued, this paper was the principal organ in the van of the fight on behalf of the rights of the Canadian Scottish Church. But as soon as that question was settled *The British Colonist* ceased to be a church organ, or organ of any party, and Mr. Scobie assumed the position, rare in those days, of an independent journalist, and ever and consistently maintained this character to the end of his life. Having, though a plain unassuming man, in his veins the blood of the best Scottish gentry, with those old traditions of personal honour and faithful service to the state, he was a man of an independent ideal, as stern and rugged as his native mountains of Assynt. Born of a race of fighters and men who would be freemen, he was the first in Upper Canada to maintain a high-class, independent journal in a period when such a paper was considered impossible and when every engine of corruption was used by all parties to crush him. In spite of all opposition he seemed to glory in being independent.

Scobie was a native of that portion of Scotland from which came the families of Sir John A. Macdonald, Sir Oliver Mowat, and many others of our Canadian pioneers of Empire. His was a different nature from that of either George Brown or John Alexander Macdonald, the latter a young local lawyer of the Bay of Quinte district, who about this time had settled in Kingston, and in 1847 entered public life as a member of Parliament, and succeeded Sir Allan McNab, another prominent Scottish-Canadian as leader, and founded the new Liberal-Conservative party.

That was the period of the formation of two great political parties, which were to strive with each other for the formation of the destinies of the greater Canada yet unborn—and amid the struggles of a formative period, *The British Colonist* held its own way and proved a great influence amid the sharp strife of opposite and bitterly militant ideals.

One of the things that Scobie accomplished was to gather about him as writers a group of young and ambitious men, some of whom afterwards became statesmen and editors and close confidants of the political controllers of Canada.

Chief among these were the other three of the quartette, the subjects of this essay—Hogan, Chamberlain, and Lowe.

In Scobie's fight for the rights of the Church of Scotland in Canada his chief opponent was Bishop Strachan, the great educationist, divine, and statesman. But it is to the credit of both men that through all the years of bitter sectarian party strife they retained a mutual respect, and it is pleasing to know that during Scobie's last illness the Bishop visited him to express his sympathy.

It may be interesting to many Canadians to learn that Hugh Scobie had to do with the foundation of what is now called the Liberal-Conservative party, and that the very name itself originated in his journal. In the editorial in the first number of *The Colonist,* then called *The Scotsman,* and published on the first of February, 1838, Scobie writes: "We are neither Tory on the one hand, nor Radical on the other; but wish to love and honour our Queen." The editorial referring to his death in December, 1853, says: "His politics, to use his own term, were Liberal-Conservative. By this he meant Conservatism in so far as concerned the observance of sound constitutional maxims, and progressive in so far as the needs of this rapidly-rising colony demanded."

While he was, as shown, a pioneer in the shaping of the foundation principles of what afterwards became a great party, Hugh Scobie was more. He was one of the closest students of municipal life and law, and he did much to encourage the development of the municipality as it was in Ontario up to the last twenty years, until the unhealthy growth of our cities and the resultant decline of the democracy killed what is called public opinion.

Scobie was also a publisher, and his famous almanac in its day contained enough municipal law and other practical information regarding the country to furnish the average public man with a liberal education.

His *Municipal Manual* was also an important work on municipal law. In addition to all this he raised the standard of journalism in the Province to a high plane, and made the better-class newspapers which followed, possible, as many of his correspondents and editorial writers became later editors and publishers of prominent newspapers in Montreal and Toronto.

He also took a deep interest in the cause of education, and was a prominent member of the Board of Education for Canada West.

One is tempted to write at greater length concerning this strong and individual man, who played so prominent a part in the upbuilding of the

young Province, but space will not permit in so limited an article. Hugh Scobie died on the 3rd of December, 1853, at the early age of forty-two, and his untimely demise was a great loss to the public life of the whole Canadian community. He had married, in 1844, Miss Justina Macleod, daughter of Captain Angus Macleod, of Rosshire, and left one daughter, who married the late Chief Justice Harrison.

We have had of late a plethora of recommendations of certain historical worthies, among them Champlain, for that more enduring fame in tablets and shafts of bronze and stone. But why is it that the worthy memory of such a personality is allowed to lapse and sink into the dust of a shrouding oblivion? Is it true that our several British-Canadian communities are sadly lacking in that proper appreciation of the acts and lives of their own deserving dead, which they often seem over anxious to show to the dead of other and alien communities?

The next in chronological order of this interesting journalistic quartette was the brilliant Irishman who met so sad and tragic an end at a period of life when most men have the zenith of success ahead of them. John Sheridan Hogan was, as his name suggests, a native of Ireland, being born near Dublin about the year 1815. He started his career, however, as a newsboy or what is called a printer's devil, on the staff of a periodical called *The Wesleyan,* published at Hamilton, Upper Canada. Becoming a skilled printer, he soon rose to be foreman, and became a contributor. He then studied law, and in 1844 was articled as an attorney and practised at Hamilton until he removed to Toronto. There he reverted to journalism and founded *The United Empire,* which has been designated a high-church Tory journal, and which was eventually absorbed in *The Leader.*

For some years Hogan acted as parliamentary correspondent for several journals. But owing to his bitter, unsparing, and daring style made many enemies. This lack of tact in his relations with parties and individuals no doubt helped to spoil his career, though his undoubted brilliancy as a writer must have created jealousy of work which few of his contemporaries could even approach. Hogan was a man of strong individuality, who, like men of his type stood very much alone, and probably because of his strong opinions was of little use to any party or leader as a journalist. In short, unlike many of his fellow-journalists, he himself aspired to be a leader.

One of his successes which gave him special prominence was the winning of the first prize in an essay competition upon the subject of Canada and its resources.

This competition was organized by the Canadian Committee of the Paris Exhibition, and there were fully nineteen essayists who sent in manuscripts, among them being the Honourable Alexander Morris, who took the second prize. With regard to this competition, Hogan wrote to Lowe, under date the 18th of January, 1855: "I was informed to-day that Keefer is writing for the prize. Respecting his talents I, of course, did not imagine that he was competing. . . . I have now gone so far that I cannot retrace my steps. Having heard of such extraordinary competition I have determined to throw my whole soul into it. . . . I have already completed the introduction, and most of the filling up, and what is by no means common with me, I like the introduction. It is the best thing I have written, and you are aware I took the £200 prize offered by the Duke of Argyle, Buchanan, and Graham, in 1849, for the best essay on Imperial Protection to Colonial Productions. . . . However, if Keefer is competiting, it is somewhat different here." Keefer, now the distinguished Canadian engineer, did not compete. Of Hogan's essay five thousand copies were issued. Five years

prior to this he had contributed able articles, dealing with Canadian affairs, to *Blackwood's Magazine.* He also wrote the New Year's ode for that year (1850) in that magazine.

In 1855 he became the editor of *The Colonist,* for which paper he had already been a correspondent, and occupied this position for some years, until that journal, which had declined since the death of Hugh Scobie, finally lost favour with the public. Hogan soon after entered the field of active politics, and at the general elections of 1857 he was returned as a member of the Legislative Assembly in the Reform interest. Brilliant as a writer and advocate, and of a strong personality, probably only second to that of D'Arcy McGee, in Canadian politics of his day, Hogan was a man a good deal alone, a free lance as it were, distrusted and eventually opposed by leaders like John A. Macdonald, Draper, and Van Koughnet. Whatever might have been the fate in store for him, it was doomed to be averted; as his life was cut short, like that of Scobie, though in a more tragic manner. One night in December, 1859, he was murdered on the Don bridge, at Toronto. The mystery of his death was never solved. But thus ended the brilliant and meteoric career of one of the ablest and most versatile writers and one of the strongest personalities in the whole history of Canadian politics and journalism.

The third in the group, chronologically, was Brown Chamberlain, a native of the Eastern Townships of Quebec, whose parents removed, in the early years of the nineteenth century, from Lewiston, New York State, near Niagara. While not strictly of United Empire Loyalist stock, Chamberlain came of forbears not unfriendly to monarchy, and that surer, more stable, and conservative government found under the British flag.

He was from his earliest days a student and an ambitious and untiring worker, and early in the fifties we find him, with his friend, and later, brother-in-law and partner, John Lowe, engaged as a contributor to *The Colonist,* under the editorship of Hugh Scobie. It was here that Chamberlain got his journalistic training, and where he came into close touch with that rising statesman and master-politician, John A. Macdonald.

On November 27th, 1856, Macdonald writes to Chamberlain as follows, and gives an interesting picture of political conditions: "As the Government hope, or rather, I hope, to get the Government to lay down some definite policy with regard to G. T. matters, including the question of removal of books. This policy, once formed, shall be communicated confidentially to you. If you like it, you will support it. If not, why then fire away. . . . I do not hear of any transactions between the Hudson's Bay Company and the Government. I shall make immediate inquiry, and it will take strong reasons to convince me of the propriety of conveying any lands to that corporation."

Then, in closing, he refers to Sir Allan McNab as "the honourable Baronet," and then uses the expression, "We are, it seems, to have war to the knife. So let it be."

Later, Macdonald, with whom Chamberlain evidently was still in close touch, both as an editor and political confidant, writes the latter from Quebec. In this letter, dated 17th October, 1860, he says: "Anxious as I have been to leave the Government for the last three years, I have no personal views and desire only to see a number of respectable men entering into public life. I protest, however, against the assumption that Lower Canada has too much influence. This opinion of Morris's only shows how the damnable iteration of a lie will influence parties, without reason or the semblance of it. I often hear in Upper Canada the same thing said, and yet when I ask for a single instance of it, no one can state that instance." Here we get an in-

sight into the inner history of the day, such questions as the Hudson's Bay Company and the Grand Trunk Railway being chief among them.

These letters also reveal the already widening cleavage between the old Tory influences of the past generation, as represented by Sir Allan McNab, and that of the young, progressive Liberal-Conservatives, whose head was that young but already far-sighted statesman, Macdonald.

As the latter writes: "It was war to the knife." But, as we have seen, Macdonald writes four years later, and not this time as the mere Upper Canadian, suspicious of Cartier and the doings of the Lower Province. He now has got a wider perspective; he has outgrown the provincial prejudices and outlook, as shown in his strong reflections on Morris and other Upper Canadians. Here we catch a glimpse of the Sir John A. Macdonald whose ideals and outlook were no narrower than the bounds of the larger Canada, the Dominion or Confederation which he was already dimly dreaming.

It gives us a sight of a new phase of this remarkable man, who has been accused of opportunism. Here we see him indignant and impatient of the mere provincial prejudice, and in this he seems to stand almost alone in an attitude which later was to widen into Imperialism.

Brown Chamberlain was in every sense a staunch Conservative, and in the interests of that party was elected a member of Parliament for Missisquoi county, in the Eastern Townships of Quebec. He finally retired from journalism to accept the post of Queen's Printer for Canada at Ottawa, which he held until his death in the nineties.

Forty years before he and his brother-in-law, John Lowe, had purchased *The Montreal Gazette,* and for many years were controllers and editors of that influential journal. During this period many important developments in Canadian history occurred, which changed the whole life of the country. The greatest of these was Confederation, which gave the name "Canada" to all British North America, under one vast Federal Government; and in this solution of the national problem both Chamberlain and his partner, John Lowe, bore an important part. As journalists and close friends of Macdonald, Cartier, McGee, and other Feredalists, they were from the first in the very closest confidence of the old Canadian leaders, and from time to time ennunciated the policy of the promoters of the great scheme in their editorial pages.

John Lowe, Chamberlain's partner and brother-in-law, was a native of Birkenhead, near Liverpool, and sought his fortune as a youth in Canada at a period when industrious and intellectual pioneers were needed. Like Chamberlain, he took to journalism as a natural vocation, and early became a writer for *The Colonist,* and a parliamentary correspondent. His career on *The Gazette* was a long and exceedingly active one. He was a man with a keen instinct for work and business experiments in many directions. But his real vocation was as an untiring servant of the public. There are many letters extant from prominent Canadians addressed to him, both as an editor and in his later official capacity, which prove the confidence placed in his unselfish, untiring energy and ability. Letters from Sir George Cartier show Lowe to have been deep in the latter's confidence, and reveal the intimate political relations existing between them.

When Lowe, in 1870, retired from *The Gazette* to enter the service as an important official in the Department of Agriculture, he carried with him this confidence in his trustworthiness and ability into public life. He became for many years the head-centre of the pioneer work in Canadian immigration from Britain and Eur-

ope, and there is no doubt that he never received the recognition which his great services, i nthis and other branches of his Department, merited from an indifferent and thankless country.

Of such fine intellectual and characteristic material were these old worthies of a Canadian period now past and gone. No doubt they had their faults, as all have. But it was their splendid idealism, transmitted into action, which made whatever of good there is in Canada to-day possible.

This little group is but typical of the class of pioneers who, in spite of provincial, racial, and religious barriers, prejudices, and animosities, brought about the Canadian union and expansion which we now inherit.

Is it not meet that here, at the gateways of the present century which, according to our ideals and action or inaction as a whole people is to mean so much for the future weal or woe of Canada and the Empire, we should pause in serious thought as to the road upon which we are travelling, and take, as it were, stock of our ethical and social bank account. We are no more a mere child-community; we are at least a century old, and is it not time that we realized in more than mere contemplation our infinite responsibilities to the present, to the future, and to the past? How better can we spend our time than by now and again recalling in the pages of our leading periodicals and journals the deeds and personality of those strong and conscientious pioneers who blazed the main trails and ventured upon the uncharted seas of our national and Imperial possibilities?

THE PHILOSOPHICAL RIVER

BY BRITTON B. COOKE

NO doubt you know the river at its mouth. The city reaches close to where it swims out into the great lake and is lost. Nearby are the boat-houses where one may hire canoes for picnicking and for courtship purposes at twenty cents an hour, including faded cushions and improvised back rests for the party of the second part. Also, near the boat-house is a suburban street car stop, a few booths where watchful Greeks sell ice-cream soda and chewing-gum, and a large hotel, done in flamboyant style, where from an enterprising widow one buys "full course" meals for something like fifty cents and a tip for the dining-room girl.

You may even be acquainted with the river at a higher point, where Scotch experts have ordained a golf course, and barbered the grass into a state of holy smoothness. But beyond this, and beyond some occasional glimpses of the stream, where, farther in-land from the lake, your train may happen to cross it occasionally, you know nothing of its course. It is dwindling, the golfers say, though in the spring it swashbuckles noisily enough under the influence of vernal liquors. It is scarcely deep unless that be near its mouth, nor wide except at a certain shallow ford. It has no swagger, no majesty whatever, and even its trout are gone, killed by sawdust from mills—themselves long closed—and stirred instead by heavy-moving craft called "suckers," that wallow in the current observing the bottom from bloated eyes.

Last fall I traced this river back toward its source, just as once, no doubt, some intrepid Frenchman must have searched it out, or some staunch surveyor of early British days. What they found and what I found appear to have differed, for they have left, concerning this particular river, only scanty mention—a thin, quavering line on the map of the Province, straggling weakly between two counties, and finally, two inches above Toronto, failing altogether, whether from lack of ink or from lack of water is not clear. My experience of this placid stream is much more certain and, I think more beautiful. The Indians are gone, and the fish. Deer no longer drink from its banks, nor wily black bears fish from the ends of logs. No birch-bark makes a soft picture on its velvet surface, nor shot of gun, nor shout of hunter breaks the quiet brooding over it. But I hear church bells and the sound of cattle lowing in the meadows; the wind-tossed barks of dogs and the talk of distant ploughmen to their horses, carried on a clear current of air.

It was an empty journey, you might say, a time-wasting, folly-hunting, aimless expedition. For these days we travel swift and straight, and even the milk-train snorts to behold the hill which it must round instead of cutting through. We worship straight lines and high rates of speed, directness, brevity and point, and perhaps for this reason this river wends un-

noticed, or if noticed jeered at through the land, wandering a hundred miles to connect points scarcely forty miles apart, coiling itself this way and that through the land it holds, like a lover, never tired making poems to his lady's eyes. Does a hill intervene, he steals around its very foot, and should another block him there, turns patiently and goes round by another way. Here a railway bridge darts across his valley, and here even the highway makes a straight leap and falls restless on the other bank. But the railway and the highway do not love this dreaming land; theirs to exploit it, theirs to give it energy and traffic with the outer world. This may be good enough and of considerable importance in the making of what is called a nation. But the river, finding a high bank and a few over-leaning trees, lingers to gossip with the land, as though, to it, time were no matter, space no more than it could hold by its reflection, and mankind—a misguided interloper.

At a certain point the river broke in two parts, one tending west and one east, and the farmer who lived in a house at the point of the tongue between them, called both by the same name and could say where neither led. Proceeding against what seemed the greater volume of water, coming from the westward, we came upon broad shallows, sheltered by great elms and bedded with round white pebbles. There appeared to be no real river here, only a broad avenue covered with that which made a gurgling sound, and in which cattle stood, blinking drowsily, cud-chewing, and wet scarcely above the hoofs. This, you might say must one time have been a great water-course; some important army of waters must have moved this way, hewing a pass through yonder bank of clay, flinging a bold curve through this meadowland, battling with rocks, and where the earth gave way suddenly beneath its feet, leaping over with a shout—and marching on. So it may have been; so, when Indians rode it and trout policed it, and the high pines of the wilderness looked applause to its wild doings.

It has some temper left, of course. Thrice in its course men have dammed it and taken half its water to do service in clattering tanks, afterward to escape, frightened, into the light again. At these places it sometimes sounds a stertorous voice and roars like an old bull at a great distance. In the spring it is devil-ridden, full of strange waters that leap and jostle one another between the banks. Ice cakes ride it, and like Roman rams charge at the opposing dams that men have set in the way. Sometimes the dams give and with a crazy shout the tide leaps upon the calm fields below. But this is the flood, not the river, this is its evil genius against whom it can no opposition offer, whose will, for the time being, is its will, utterly. Suddenly the flood is gone. The menacing cakes of ice lie like stranded whales, belly up, in the low-lying fields and sadly melt in the sun, wetting the very place where violets shall presently put forth. There is now no sound of brawl or bragging. The river itself licks at the broken dam and the hurt banks and embraces the convening delegates of the sucker family with kind democracy. Whose to hurry? Whose to make straight lines?

I think it is a gentle river, lying in the lap of the land, communing with roots and immature young streams, washing the feet of cattle the white backs of boys who go in swimming, and the old thirsty roots of drunken trees that have stood too near the edge. A senile river, you may say, foolish, aimless, drooling, meaningless. But of that I am by no means certain. I think it is a philosophical river.

CHILD WITH
SEA GULLS

From the Painting by Laura Muntz, A.R C.A.
Exhibited by the Canadian National Exhibition

SOCIAL LIFE AT RIDEAU HALL

BY JUDITH MORRIS

DURING the season's press of social functions at the Capital, a visitor, nervous to the point of hysteria at being honoured with an invitation from royalty, asked a lady exalted in social-political circles to tell her what she ought to say and what she ought to do. And the lady, one of the wittiest and most amusing lights in the political firmament, answered:

"Oh, do what they do. If they stand up, you stand up; if they sit down, you sit down; if they bow, you must bow, too. And if they scratch themselves, *you scratch yourself!*"

And this very unique piece of advice held, like the clergyman's egg, its good parts. Imitate the royal party at Government House, and you will not be far wrong.

A natural curiosity exists as to the treatment of guests at Rideau Hall. Just how do the dinners, balls, teas, and other entertainments vary from the ones of ordinary experience? How much formality is observed? And how much does one see of their Royal Highnesses? Are the entertainments merely functions, or are they pleasingly sociable?

Beginning with the largest and least exclusive gatherings—the skating and tobogganing parties which take place on Saturdays during January and February—it may truthfully be said that utmost informality reigns. Guests arrive at almost any and every hour throughout the afternoon, unannounced if they come very early or very late. The enthusiastic skaters who go to the rink as early as three o'clock, simply go—that's all. A spacious pavilion is built bordering the rink, and there is accommodation for changing boots and skates, and when the Princess and the Duke arrive and repair to the ice they greet informally those fortunate enough to have a speaking acquaintance with them. Or, guests may be received by one of the *aides-de-camp,* who stand in the pavilion until his Royal Highness comes. Then the Duke and sometimes the Princess receive for a while before putting on their skates. One makes a little bow and shakes hands—nothing more terrifying or formidable. After about four o'clock, when skating is at its height, it may happen that there is no one to receive. The following little story illustrates the lack of formality:

A party of three arrived at the pavilion a little late—just as his Royal Highness was leaving his post to put on his skates. Although quite the length of the room intervened between himself and the late-comers, he crossed the space and, greeting each in turn, made a courteous speech of welcome as well as his excuse for not having been on hand to receive them.

In the upper storey of the building refreshments are served. With the spirit of informality everywhere prevailing, the guests, for the most part, look after themselves, although should anyone hold an attitude of haughty aloofness, I doubt not that there would be those who would willingly serve them. The Duke and Princess

THE ENTRANCE TO RIDEAU HALL

The Coat of Arms above the door is sixty-eight feet long and fourteen feet high in the middle—the largest in the Dominion.

mingle quite freely with the throng and are quick to note any lack of attention to their guests.

It is not customary to inflict more handshaking on the host and hostess, except in cases where one holds a high official position. Most of the persons invited simply slip away.

Next to the skating parties, in point of numbers, comes the State ball, to which several hundred persons are invited. The mode of procedure varies slightly, beginning with the instructions from a constable, who informs both you and your cabby at what hour you are expected to leave. You enter Rideau Hall at the "side door," because it is most convenient to the dressing-rooms. These consist mostly of open ticketed shelves presided over by maids, in the ladies' section, and red-coated orderlies in the gentlemen's section. Each guest receives a check, by means of which the numerous wraps necessary for a long cold drive may be reclaimed. Then comes a walk down a long red-carpeted corridor past scarlet-liveried flunkeys—their white silk hose and powdered hair giving them an intensely theatrical appearance — into the ball-room. At a given hour—ten o'clock, usually—the royal party enters.

It would be impossible to receive so many personally, therefore the ball opens with the State Lancers. Everything progresses as at an ordinary dance, until supper is announced, when the guests all repair to the racquet court. Here long tables line the walls, and supper is served from them, everyone standing except the royal party and any especially fav-

THE BALL-ROOM AT RIDEAU HALL

oured guests whom they invite to their table.

In the racquet court, also, are entertained the children and their parents who are invited to the fancy dress ball, which is an innovation since their Royal Highnesses came. Only the children sit at small tables and are served by an army of waiters. The Duke himself goes from table to table, sometimes criticizing the strength of a small person's tea, sometimes advising a glass of milk, sometimes noticing with remarkably human eyes that some little tot has not been provided with a handful of crackers!

The State Ball, like the skating parties, necessitates no leave-taking other than a rising from one's seat (should one be fortunate enough to have such a thing), if the royal party should leave the room first, which they would not likely do. In former times, however, especially under the régime of Lord and Lady Aberdeen, guests were dismissed by the departure of their Excellencies.

The State Dinner provides still another variation. This is a "stag" party, and takes place at half-past seven o'clock, instead of at eight, which is the hour for other dinner-parties. About a hundred and fifty gentlemen are invited. Dinner is served in the ball-room, tables being placed in the form of a horse-shoe, in the centre of which his Royal Highness sits. Previously, guests were announced to an *aide* as they entered the drawing-room, and this harassed gentleman was expected to remember all the names of those present, for he had, in turn, to present them to his Excellency, the Governor-General. Now, however, the Duke takes his

THE DINING-ROOM AT RIDEAU HALL

stand—upon the last occasion, surrounded by his Lieutenant-Governors—at the ball-room door, and the presentations are made there, each gentleman passing into the dining-room to his seat. He knows his place, because just as he leaves the dressing-room, he comes upon what is called the "machine," a mechanical device composed of clips and cards, and this five-foot replica of the table teaches him what he has to know. In case he should try to pass the spot without studying it, an orderly respectfully begs him to learn his lesson. In the case of ordinary dinners, the same rule is observer, and both ladies and gentlemen know their places before reaching the dining-room.

When everyone is ready, the orchestra strikes up the National Anthem and the Duke enters. As soon as he has taken his seat, the long line of waiters, at a signal from the chief butler, wheel, and commence serving from tables set in the centre of the horse-shoe. Formerly, dinner was served from the outside.

Parenthetically, it may interest some to know that the utmost simplicity characterizes the dressing of the tables at Rideau Hall. The floral decorations are very fine, the conservatories being filled with rarely exquisite flowers of all kinds. But in the matter of plate and glass a rigid simplicity is shown. Their Royal Highnesses use only what is provided by Government House. Earl Grey, on the other hand, brought out his magnificent solid gold dinner service, descriptions of which would sound like parts from Arabian Nights entertainments. The tables presented a magnificent spectacle, as can well be imagined, with solid gold platters, epergnes, bowls, and dishes of every conceivable variety.

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S LIBRARY AT RIDEAU HALL

The panelling is of walnut; there are four large windows, and the shape is almost rectangular

Dinners at Government House, whether state or private, are served with great rapidity. Indeed, there have been wags more intent upon the feast of material food than mental, who have complained that one has to hold a plate with the left hand and eat with the right, for fear of having an especially succulent morsel snatched away. The laying down of knife or fork is fatal, unless one has finished.

Each guest is provided with a small unostentatious menu card, which is bordered with a gold band and carries at the top the royal crest, also in gold. It merely advises the dyspeptic what he is not to eat; that is to say, one has no option as to ordering, taking the courses just as they come. In wines there is a choice. Also in liqueurs, of which there are always four—creme de menthe, Benedictine, curacoa, and kümmel. Towards the end of the dinner, his Royal Highness rises and proposes the toast to the King, everyone rising, of course, and drinking it. When coffee and cigars arrive, there is a general moving of chairs into little groups. The Duke singles out different gentlemen, inviting them to join his circle, and thus time passes until about ten o'clock. Then an adjournment is made to the drawing-room, where the wives of these gentlemen have assembled and have been holding a little reception at the invitation of her Royal Highness.

At dinners to which both ladies and gentlemen are invited (and these are the usual kind), they assemble in the drawing-room and are received by the Duke and Duchess, or the Princess, should her Royal Highness be too ill to appear. From a study of the table all the guests know their partners, or

THE DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT'S SITTING-ROOM AT RIDEAU HALL

should they not, the *aides* see that introductions are made. Dinner is served in the dining-room, instead of in the ball-room, the lady taken in by the Duke and the gentleman honoured by the Duchess being served before their royal partners. The toast to the King having been drunk, the Duchess makes the move to retire, turning at the door to courtsy to his Royal Highness, who remains seated, although all the other gentlemen have risen. Each lady follows, and passes after the Duchess to the drawing-room, where coffee is served. Fortunate ones are singled out to hold conversation with her Royal Highness. Naturally ,one does not approach the royal family unless requested to do so ,and many of those invited to Government House hardly do more than see them.

The smaller the party, the less formality. At tea or luncheon, for instance, when but three or four persons are invited, there is a much better opportunity offered for studying royalty at close range, for, like any other host or hostess, they remain in the room all the time. A lady tells a humorous story of her first experience at luncheon, when the Duchess led her to a seat and talked for half an hour without interruption. The lady became increasingly nervous, not knowing whether she was committing a *faux pas* by staying so long, or whether she would commit one if she got up to leave, and there was no lady-in-waiting about to help her out of the difficulty. It is no ignoble thing, by the way, to ask fine points of court etiquette of these charming women; positively no function takes place without an inquiry from some one. They expect it.

Finally the lady, looking in an agonized way at the clock, murmured:

PRINCESS PATRICIA'S SITTING-ROOM AT RIDEAU HALL

The pictures on the wall are the work of the Princess herself

"I am afraid I am keeping your Royal Highness an inexcusably long time."

"Oh, do you wish to leave?" asked the Duchess, rising at once. And she had the motor ordered immediately.

"But should you have done that?" asked one to whom the story was told.

"I don't know!" answered the lady helplessly.

The motion to leave is made in ways almost indescribable. Cabs being ordered for a certain hour—eleven o'clock on dinner nights—everyone is rather on the *qui vive* for a signal. The first lady in point of precedence makes the move, shaking hands with whichever of the royal party is receiving. It often happens that the Duke or Duchess makes the move, walking with a sort of "good-night" look toward a guest. He or she immediately rises and makes adieux. The crowd follows.

"But the situation has become something of a problem," complained one of the *aides* lately, "on account of all the ladies disclaiming seniority. There are no senior ladies any more. This is the age of perpetual youth. And we shall soon have to begin with the youngest present!"

In closing, it might not be inapt to state that the Government does not pay for the entertaining done by our Governor-Generals. Neither does their salary compensate them for their expenses. This is not as widely realized as it should be. There are those who take their invitations at a matter of course, criticizing the Government for not doing more. It is well-known that Lord Dufferin impoverished himself by his lavish entertaining while

Governor-General. Lord Minto must have found a big deficit when the day of reckoning came, and Earl Grey as well, and each year instead of growing less complicated, the entertaining at Rideau Hall becomes more so, with the growing numbers of those who for reasons of state or office must be included on the lists. And it has been a surprise to many that our royal Governor-General has been such an indefatigable host, adding to the arduous duties imposed upon the King's representative, rather than curtailing them; leaving nothing undone which should have been done to promote the spirit of hospitality and cordiality at Rideau Hall.

TIME'S GARDEN

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

YEARS are the seedlings which we careless sow
In Time's bare garden. Dead they seem to be—
Dead years! We sigh and cover them with mould,
But though the vagrant wind blow hot, blow cold,
No hint of life beneath the dust we see:
Then comes the magic hour when we are old,
And lo! they stir and blossom wondrously.

Strange spectral blooms in spectral plots aglow!
Here a great rose and here a ragged tare;
And here pale, scentless blossoms without name,
Robbed to enrich this poppy formed of flame.
Here springs some heart's-ease, scattered unaware;
Here hawthorn-bloom, to show the way Love came;
Here asphodel to image Love's despair!

When I am old and master of the Spell
To raise these garden ghosts of memory,
My feet will turn aside from common ways,
Where common flowers mark the common days,
To one green plot; and there I know will be
Fairest of all (O perfect beyond praise!)
The year you gave, Beloved, your rosemary!

MOONLIGHT

From the Painting by Archibald Browne
Exhibited by the Canadian Art Club

THE OVERLAND LOYALISTS

BY W. S. WALLACE

A GOOD deal is known about those Loyalists who during and after the American Revolution went by ship to England or New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. We can compute almost to a man the numbers of the migration to the latter Provinces, for many of the *émigrés* left behind them memoirs and journals which have found their way into print; and a storehouse of information has been opened by the publication of the collection of documentary material known as "The Winslow Papers". But with regard to the Loyalists who came overland to Canada proper we know little, for there was hardly one of them who left behind him a written account of his experiences. The reasons for this were twofold. In the first place, many of the overland Loyalists were illiterate; and, in the second place, those who were educated were so occupied for many years in carving out for themselves a home in the wilderness that they had neither the time nor the inclination for literary labours. Were it not for the state-papers preserved in England, and a collection of papers made by Sir Frederick Haldimand, the Swiss soldier of fortune who was Governor of Quebec at the time of the migration, our knowledge of the overland Loyalists would be of the most sketchy description. Traditions there are, of course, in plenty; but the value of these is almost wholly vitiated by their purely mnemonic basis.

The overland migration of the Loyalists into Canada began very early. The first Loyalists came over the border in 1775, the year before the Declaration of Independence. In the summer of 1775 Colonel Allan Maclean, a Scottish officer in the English army, went down into the Mohawk Valley, in central New York, and, assisted by Colonel Guy Johnson, a son-in-law of the famous "Indian-tamer," Sir William Johnson, raised a Loyalist regiment, known as the Royal Highland Emigrants, which he took with him back to Canada. This regiment was named the Royal Highland Regiment, because the greater part of the men were Scottish Highlanders. Sir William Johnson, before his death in 1774, had interested himself in schemes for the colonization of his vast estates in the Mohawk Valley, and he had been successful in the main in obtaining two classes of settlers, Germans and Scottish Highlanders. Of the latter he had induced more than a thousand to settle on his estates, some of them as late as in 1773. Many of these Highlanders had been Jacobites; some of them had seen service at Culloden Moor; and one of them, Alexander Macdonell, whose son afterwards became a member of the Legislature of Upper Canada, had been on Prince Charlie's personal staff. These men had no love for the Hanoverian sovereign of England; but their loyalty to the Johnsons and their lack of sympathy with American ideals kept them at the time of the Revolution true, almost without exception, to the

British cause. King George had no more faithful allies in the new world than these rebels of '45.

In the spring of 1776 there was a fresh influx of refugees. Sir John Johnson, the son and successor of Sir William Johnson, received word that he was to be arrested by the revolutionary authorities, and in order to escape arrest he fled from Johnson Hall, his seat in the Mohawk Valley, to Canada. With him he took three hundred of his Scottish and German neighbours and dependants; and he was followed by the Mohawk Indians, under their famous chief, Joseph Brant. On his arrival in Canada, Sir John Johnson received a colonel's commission to raise two Loyalist battalions of five hundred men each, to be known as the King's Royal Regiment of New York. The full complement of the regiment was soon made up from the numbers of refugees who came in from other counties of northern and central New York; and Sir John Johnson's "Royal Greens," as they were called, were in the thick of nearly every border foray from that time until the end of the war. As the tide of immigrants swelled, other corps were formed. Colonel John Butler, one of Sir John Johnson's right-hand men, organized his Loyal Rangers, a body of irregular troops, who adopted, with modifications, the Indian method of warfare; and Major Jessup, an officer of the "Royal Greens," organized a separate regiment, which was known after him as "Jessup's Corps".

These Loyalist troops played an important part in the later stages of the Revolutionary War. Owing to the incapacity of the British War Office, their operations were not made part of a concerted plan of action, but sank into the category of isolated raids; yet the Loyalist regiments were more feared, and inflicted more damage, than all the King's regular forces. The ferocity with which they threw themselves into the war has given rise to charges of inhumanity and barbarity preferred against them by Whig historians. They have been accused of murdering women and children, of cutting down prisoners of war, and of scalping the dead. In view of the fact that it was by these men that Upper Canada was largely settled after the war, Canadians are interested to know just what truth there was behind these charges.

It is to be feared that the charges cannot be wholly denied. Sir John Johnson's Highlanders, especially, seem to have imported into the struggle the methods of warfare which they had learned in the Highlands of Scotland. There are well authenticated cases of barbarities committed by Prince Charlie's former aide, Alexander Macdonell. Certainly the behaviour of the Loyalist troops during the war did a great deal to embitter the attitude of the Whigs toward the Tories. But there are three observations that deserve to be made. In the first place, the Loyalists were in many cases, no doubt, blamed for the excesses of their Indian allies; and it is no more just to blame Sir John Johnson and Colonel Butler for the excesses of the Indians at Cherry Valley and Wyoming than it is to blame the Marquis of Montcalm for the massacre at Fort William Henry. In the second place, it should be remembered that the Loyalists were men who had been evicted from their homes, and whose property had been confiscated. They had been made liable to the penalties of treason, and had been forbidden to return to their families under penalty of death without benefit of clergy. They would have been hardly human had they waged a mimic warfare. In the third place, their depredations were of great value from a military point of view. Not only did their raids prevent thousands of Whig militiamen from joining the continental forces, but they very seriously threatened Washington's food supply. The valleys which they ravaged were the

granary of the Revolutionary forces; and while it cannot be denied that the work of rapine and destruction was carried on by them *con amore,* that fact does not diminish the strategical value of their expeditions.

The next wave of refugees came into Canada after the defeat of Burgoyne at Saratoga. Those refugees who were able to bear arms were drafted into the Loyalist regiments; but the non-combatants—the old men, the women, and the children—were accommodated at the Government's expense in barracks at St. John's, Chambly, Montreal, Sorel, and Machiche, near Three Rivers. The most important refugee camps were at Sorel, where the seignory had been purchased by the Government, and at Machiche, where a settlement was established for the express purpose of housing the Loyalists.

But the greatest influx occurred at the end of the war. The failure of the English Government to safeguard the interests of the Loyalists in the Peace of Versailles left thousands of the extreme Loyalists no choice but to seek a home elsewhere. The overwhelming majority went by boat to England or Nova Scotia; but a few, especially those belonging to the families of the Loyalist troops operating on the Canadian border, took the overland route to British territory.

Haldimand issued a proclamation inviting these people to rendezvous at four places—at Isle aux Noix, at Sackett's Harbour, at Oswego, and at Niagara. Of these places the most popular seems to have been Oswego. Especially after the settlements had been made about Cataraqui (now Kingston), the Oswego route seems to have been that usually adopted. "Refugees," wrote an officer at Cataraqui in the summer of 1784, "are daily coming across the lake." The hardships of the forest trail which these men had travelled are still enshrined in Loyalist legend.

It was in the summer of 1784 that the Loyalists in Canada were placed on the land. The site chosen for the new settlements was the north shore of the St. Lawrence above Montreal, and the north shore of Lake Ontario as far west as the Bay of Quinté. Settlements were also contemplated at Niagara and Detroit, which were at that time in British territory. Surveys were made, and on a given day the Loyalists were ordered to proceed to their allotments. As far as was possible, the settlers were placed on the soil according to the corps in which they had served during the war. Sir John Johnson's regiment, composed mostly of Highlanders and "Dutchmen," settled on the first five townships west of Montreal. Great care was exercised in settling the Protestant and Roman Catholic members of the corps separately; and it was this arrangement which brought about the grouping of Protestant and Roman Catholic elements in Glengarry. The remaining three townships north of the St. Lawrence were settled by part of Major Jessup's corps. The townships about Cataraqui were filled up with a variety of people. There were settled here a detachment of Jessup's Corps, some companies of the King's Royal Regiment of New York, which had been stationed as a garrison at Oswego, some of Roger's Rangers, some New York Loyalists (mostly of Dutch and German extraction), commanded by Michael Grass and Peter Vanalstine, and some detachments of regular troops, as well as a handful of disbanded German mercenaries. The parties commanded by Grass and Vanalstine, it should be explained, were not overland Loyalists; they had come all the way from New York by boat after the evacuation of that city by the English. The settlements at Niagara and Detroit were composed mainly of the officers and men of Butler's Rangers.

Of course, the Loyalist migration did not cease in 1784 nor in 1785. It went on for many years. Especially under the vigorous immigration pol-

icy which Colonel Simcoe inaugurated after he became Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada in 1792, many Loyalists who had remained in the States came over the border, attracted by the offers of free land. But with them came many who had no claim to be described as Loyalists. Evidence of this is plentiful. The Duke de la Rochefoucauld, a French *émigré* who travelled through Upper Canada in 1795, asserted that there were in Upper Canada many who "falsely profess an attachment to the British monarch and curse the Government of the Union for the mere purpose of getting possession of lands." He has left an amusing picture of an encounter between Colonel Simcoe and some immigrants of this sort:

> "We met in this excursion an American family who, with some oxen, cows, and sheep, were emigrating to Canada. 'We come,' said they to your Governor, whom they did not know, 'to see whether he will give us land.' 'Aye, aye,' the Governor replied, 'you are tired of the Federal Government; you like not any longer to have so many kings; you wish again for your old father,' (it is thus the Governor calls the British monarch when he speaks with Americans); 'you are perfectly right; come along, we love such good Royalists as you are; we will give you land.'"

The evidence of la Rochefoucauld is supported by that of Richard Cartwright. Writing in 1799, Cartwright said that "it has so happened that a great portion of the population of that part of the Province which extends from the head of the Bay of Kenty upwards is composed of persons who have evidently no claim to the appellation of Loyalists." It is to be feared that in many cases the descendants of these immigrants today pose innocently as United Empire Loyalists.

To attempt to compute accurately the numbers of the overland migration would be a rash undertaking. We have definite returns with regard to the marine migration. From the port of New York in 1782 and 1783 there sailed more than 30,000 persons. But for the overland migration we have no definite figures to rely upon. The population of Upper Canada in 1791 has been placed as high as 25,000; but this is certainly an exaggeration. Pitt's estimate of 10,000 is probably much nearer the mark. And it may be doubted whether the original Loyalist migration between the years 1775 and 1785 amounted to more than five or six thousand. The total population of the settlements along the north shore of the River St. Lawrence and about Cataraqui was in 1784 only in the neighbourhood of four thousand.

There is one misapprehension about the Loyalists who migrated to Canada which deserves to be corrected. The impression has grown up that the Loyalists comprised the upper classes in the American colonies at the time of the Revolution. There is some truth in this impression so far as the Loyalists that went to England, and even to Nova Scotia, are concerned. But there is very little truth in it so far as the overland Loyalists are concerned. The overwhelming majority of the Loyalists that settled in Upper Canada were people of humble origin. Even the half-pay officers were described by Sir Frederick Haldimand as "mechanics, only removed from one situation to practise their trade in another." Many of the so-called half-pay officers had no real claim to the title. "Many," said the Reverend William Smart, a Presbyterian clergyman, who came to the St. Lawrence settlements at the beginning of the nineteenth century, "many were placed on the list of officers, not because they had seen service, but as the most certain way of compensating them for their losses"; and Haldimand himself complained that "there is no end to it if every man that comes in is to be considered and paid as an officer." There is evidence that many of the Loyalists were ill-edu-

cated. "There were but few of the United Empire Loyalists who possessed a complete education," wrote the Reverend William Smart. "He was personally acquainted with many, especially along the St. Lawrence and Bay of Quinté, and by no means were all educated or men of judgment; even the half-pay officers, many of them, had but a limited education."

The aristocrats of the Family Compact in Upper Canada did not come in with the overland Loyalists of 1775-1784. They came to Upper Canada, in most cases, after 1791, some of them from England and some from New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. The overland Loyalists were in the main either Highland peasants, or German farmers, or American frontiersmen. This fact, however, does not diminish, but rather enhances, their proper glory. The courage and buoyancy with which they faced the toils and privations of life in their new home would have done credit to a race whose blood was bluer than theirs.

"Not drooping like poor fugitives they came,
In exodus to our Canadian wilds,
But full of heart and hope, with heads erect,
And fearless eyes victorious in defeat."

WAR DEBT

By ANNIE BETHUNE McDOUGALD

SOME pay the tax in riven gold,
But we, in blood and tears,
Heart-throbs, lone vigils, and passionate tendance through the years;
First bending low to cull the drifting smile of sleeping innocence incarnate;
Then, level, eye to eye with love's divining glance,
Would read the riddle of the dawning man innate,
Held hostage still by roguish, straight-limbed youth;
And when, with lifted eyes, do we behold the flower
Of manly strength stand up above us,
As with an all-protecting recompense;
And we review, with every quickened sense,
Our love, our very soul reflected in a thousand tricks of grace and mien;
And the blood of a thousand thousand forbears,
Surging and beating sounds a réveille in the ears:
The mute appeal of that race stream which still would feed
A thousand yet unborn, our veins the consecrated channel,
Perchance to be forever stanched at Empire need!
And thus, gazing, the vision fades
To martial, blood-sweet strains that swoon upon the ears.
And then, with miser fingers, we con the horded treasure of the years,
And "ponder," even as Mary, all human, all divine,
That all such fair investment of fine gold
Should buy us but a crown of glistening, bitter tears.
So that we look upon that magic square of banded blue and red;
And though the colours blur, and waver,
Through a haze of tears, we bow the head
In high renunciation.
'Tis thus we women pay.

THE ABALONE TWINS

BY PHILIP VERRIL MIGHELS

THE wind from the hills was softly spreading on the air; the sun was smiling in its radiance from out a cloudless sky, and the broad Pacific swelled, and heaved, and flashed like an undulating cloth of diamond.

Years of beating on the Californian coast had robbed the rocky cliff of monster boulder hostages, that lay below in groups, some of them jagged, some all rounded and trimmed with the plush of moss and weed, yet the cliff stood proudly up and offered to the sea another scornful cheek to smite. A space to the south of the breach, less abrupt, and the boulders met, and the rock, as if to escape the waters, was deeply buried in sand.

From a squatty little house that stood to its knees in the grass, a man emerged, a long and bony Chinese, booted for wading, a basket on his back, and made his way to the sea by a trail through the rocks. In his hand he held a spear-like tool, armed only on the end with a rusted iron chisel. He sang at a weird composition, for lately he had finished a small brass pipe of opium-tainted tobacco, while his meal of rice and seaweed gave to his system a circulating comfort.

Where a long and slippery reef of rocks projected like teeth above the ebbing tide, he shambled down, and prodding here and there with the spear, went slowly zigzagging outward. Now and again he stopped to lift or to pry a smaller rock from its nest of weed and barnacles, keenly gazing in the yawning maw thus created, in search of the gray and rough-backed abalones.

The house in the grass was a tumbled-up structure, suggesting a much-pelted target, for its roof was flat, and the rocks were a-top to keep the boards from scudding away in the breezes that frequently blew. Its colour was greenish and grayish, with the moss and the painting of weather. It stood on a hillock, and between its "yard," and the rocks, and the beach of the sea, a winding road was curved from the near-by woods.

Presently out of these woods appeared a man, who slowly and somewhat furtively advanced. His face was florid, jaws a-bristle with a stiff, black stubble of beard, eyes aluminum gray and restless. The red flannel shirt, faded trousers, shapeless hat, and wrinkled boots, which made his dress, were heavy with dust.

His gaze went rapidly from sea to house. In front of the latter, near the grass-grown road, a stand, constructed of the roughest lumber, was fairly ablaze and glinting, in iridescent hues, with two or three dozen remarkably beautiful shells. They were polished abalones, radiant with the greens and purples, and the subtlest shades of highly tinted mother-of-pearl, red as ruby and garnet without, and mottled with grays that were warm, glossy, and brilliant as opal.

Leaning in diffidence against the stand, his plump little hand on a basket, his round face very coyly and wistfully inclined toward his feet, while his brown and wondering eyes

looked shyly up at the staring man, was a very diminutive Chinese boy, dressed in a blouse and thin, yellow trousers that hung in folds to the top of his small, stiff shoes. His cheeks were rosy as a tinted russet apple, his hands were brown as bronze. The sun and salt-laden breezes of the roaring Pacific had coloured him boldly with master touches of health, and life, and beauty. On his head was a monster hat, a basin-shaped affair, wrought of bamboo strips, the crown no larger than a cup for tea, and jutted up like a small volcanic peak.

They stood there wondering, the dusty man from the mountains and the short little chap of the shore.

"Hullo, kid," said the man, "what's the matter of yeh?"

"You likee buy abalone?" piped the shrill voice of the tender of the stand, who was growing unassured; "velly plitty abalone."

"Putty, hey? Aberlones, hey?" replied the stranger. "No, I don't."

"You mamma velly muchee likee," piped the child, in echo of what he had learned, "velly plitty."

"Yeh don't tell," rejoined the man. Then he stood there silently and shifted his weight from leg to leg, and thought and gazed so long that the Chinese lad, embarrassed, sank slowly down, till it seemed as if he intended to crawl at the last beneath his hat. As it was, he sat in an odd little heap on the ground.

From a shed or low addition at the rear of the Chinaman's hut there started now a reddish horse, a thin and unambitious creature, that slowly trod about a circular path and turned a machine, to a pole or lever of which he was loosely secured. Sounds of a grumbling and then of a grinding, and grating, and gritting issued harshly on the air.

The stranger sauntered around. The horse, in walking tediously about, was turning wheels that constantly complained, while sitting on a lever, a long crooked stick in his hand, was apparently the same identical Chinese lad who a moment before had been in front attending the stand. The same red cheeks, the same brown eyes, the round little face and the hands of bronze—everything was reproduced with an accuracy incredible. Round and round on the lever rode the tiny fellow, slashing mechanically now and again at the horse with his stick, but keeping his gaze, with astounding turnings of his much-behatted head, on the visiting man.

"Like buy abalone?" he shrilly piped from his lever, like a parrot. "Velly plitty, takee home for mamma!"

"Yeu go tuh heck," the visitor answered. "I tole yeh once I didn't." He thrust his large, hairy hands in his pockets and stood thinking "at" the timid little driver such a time that the latter gradually snuggled very closely to the pole and attempted, as his brother had, to hide beneath his hat.

"Koy yong foy toi," called a high falsetto voice from the shed. The boy responded by cutting at the horse, for the steed had all but ceased to move at all. The stranger started, turned, and looked toward the place whence the voice had proceeded.

What he saw was a Chinese woman. She was evidently wife of the man who had gone to hunt in the rocks for more of the shells, and the mother of the chaps of the hats. Before a ponderous revolving wheel of stone she was perched on a stool, a shell in her hands, holding it firmly and bearing it hard on the grinding surface, to polish the back. Her hands were grimy and streaked with lines of sand and muddy water; her clothes were soiled; but her face was joyous and warmed with colour, and she hummed at a Chinese melody in keeping with the rumbling of the stone. From time to time she dipped the shell in a can of muddy water near, when the grit departing showed a wondrous spot, jeweled with tints of the opal and ruby, where the hard and rough and apparently hopeless back of the house

that once had harboured Senor Abalone had succumbed to the polishing process.

The quick, hard eyes of the man turned hither and yon, from one of the curious objects in the shed to another. Fish, cut open and spread out flatly, were drying here and there against the walls; nets were draped from nails, or depended from the roofs in swags and pendants; baskets, of odd and often attractive designs, were piled together or strewn about on the ground; and near the woman was the tray with the two or three shells she could grind before the night.

Fifteen minutes the visitor stood, absorbing the sights and muttering observations to himself. The slightest of noises then attracted his gaze to the right, and he there beheld the first little lad he had seen, regarding himself with much timidity. From this one to the one astride the lever he looked alternately.

"Pair of aberlony twins," he hoarsely muttered. "Don't see what in hell they're doin' way up here. 'Spose they lug the blamed things to 'Frisco bye'm bye, to sell."

He walked to the shed to stand and watch the woman at her work. She ground for a time, seemingly oblivious of everything on earth. Sousing her shell in the water, she turned.

"Likee buy abalone? Velly plitty," she rehearsed in a voice a trifle softer than the voices of the lads. Then she added in a moment, "Velly plitty for mamma," and her whole supply of the English language was all but exhausted and done.

The citizen grinned. "Naw," said he, in a milder tone, "don't want 'um; not to-day." He started along the road, but paused to look at the place and nod his head approvingly. "Not so dang bad," he grumbled. The brown little chaps were gazing intently at where he stood. "Bloody putty kids, them, dang 'um. What in heck they givin' me, anyhow?—'Plitty fer mamma'—dang 'um." Slowly walking, he entered the trees and plodded out of view.

The Chinaman, down on the jutting reefs of rocks, hunted in patience, turning the smaller boulders, jumping from place to place, prying, twisting, and delving. The reef, so much and thoroughly searched, was seemingly barren of more of the creatures he sought.

For about an hour the tide had been low, and nothing made heavy the basket. Toiling somewhat blindly to turn a stubbon rock, he lost himself in the nearest approach to enthusiastic endeavour of which his kind is capable. Down came the rock when he almost had it toppling. His spear weapon was caught and held so firmly that none of his efforts availed to drag it forth.

Suddenly, just to the front, a large, flat-round surface, seen before but classified as a rock, was slowly raised. A huge abalone was lifting its shell not three long strides away.

Quickly, cunningly, abandoning spear and all, he glided forward and caught the shell abruptly, under the edge, with his long, bony fingers. A tug he gave, but with strange results; the shell closed powerfully down, with a quickness so amazing that his hands were caught, and held as if beneath a ponderous, immovable weight.

Crying aloud with pain and fright, he jerked and tore at the shell, to tear it away from the granite.

The rocks themselves had been easier to lift.

He thrashed, he screamed for help, but the abalone merely closed a trifle harder on all the bones of his fingers. Up and upwards lapped the fawning tide, swashing, seething, then retreating, as a creature playing with a victim. The roar of the breakers on the boulders of the beach drowned his cries as they boomed, and frothed, and rose upon the cliff.

The Chinese woman, as the wind increased climbed from her stool, and trotted to the front of the house to look toward the sea. She knew it was

past the time for the man to be returning. Only the gulls, however, that flapped on aimless wings, came up from the rocks.

Again she came in half and hour, to shield here eyes and scan the prospect far and wide. At length she ran to the edge of the cliff. A bending figure, struggling and screaming, was frothing the water that rose above his knees. The two little lads saw her run to the trail, saw her slip from sight, and together they sat on the step of the door, hand in hand, to wait.

Louder and louder grew the voice of the sea. The wind was fresher, and the birds aloft went flapping and circling out and away. The horse at the lever hung his head and lifted a hoof. The long, soft hours of the warm afternoon glided uncounted away.

Sitting on the step, holding each to the wee bronze hand of the other, the two little fellows waited and waited.

The sun began at its low, western painting, splashing with red and gold the rifts in the huge cloudy masses. The long, gray horizon merged with the dark, leaden sky.

Walking rapidly, heavily, glancing often back, the dusty visitor of hours before abruptly appeared in front of the shanty.

"Hey," said he, looking rapidly about, "where's yer dad? Where's yer mammy?"

"Likee buy abalone?" murmured one of the children, the two arising timidly; "velly plitty abalone."

"Naw, yeh dang little shaver. Where's yer dad? I likee buy pants, boots." He brushed the two aside hurriedly and went within. The children moved in a backward, wistful manner to the stand, and took a shell apiece, in the hands disengaged, as if to guard the property.

The man came out again, muttering curses. He went to the cliff, to peer about, rapidly. Down in the rocks, tossed by the sea, something was floating. He gazed at it sharply—a long, still minute. Then back to the cabin he hurried.

"Yeh pore little devils," he said to the boys, "an' don't know nuthin' about it. Well hang the luck, it's no biz of mine. An' some of them duds I've got to hev."

The little fellows watched him enter the house again, and both little grips were tightened on the shells.

It was dusky now, and the man, when he reappeared, clad in the garments of the Chinaman, was quickly clutched by either arm by the anxious little boys.

"Hey—I ain't yer dad!" he blurted, starting.

With a silent gasp the small, round Chinese children edged away, to stand there wistfully looking in his face.

"Yeh pore little devils," he slowly repeated, "what'll yeh do? May not be a waggon er nuthin' comin' by fer ten er fifteen days. Hang yer luck, yeh got tuh take yer chances, same as all of us. Putty little kids. If they's any good of wishes of sech as Billy Young, I wishes yeh luck."

He turned no less than seven times to see them standing in the fading light, and then the woods received him to the shadows.

*

The moon had climbed above the trees, to silver-plate the grass and rocks, bestowed its glory on the shanty's front, and wantoned with the abalone mirrors on the stand, making a gleaming constellation there, shot with arrow beams of green and ruby lights. And searching about, the cold, white light found the two little lads sitting as before on the steps, their large brown eyes afraid of the stillness, yet their heavy heads nodding and nodding toward the realm of dreams. Each was holding still to the hand of his brother, each was clinging faithfully still to a shell.

The reddish horse had parted his harness and wandered away, feeding slowly as he went.

It was late in the night when the

twigs and grass betrayed approaching steps.

"Yeh dang little kids," said the voice of a man who twice already had come to the place, "I couldn't get away. Hang yeh, anyhow—what in bloody thunder d'yeh mean by coddin' a tough 'bout his mother, hey? Here, yeh pore little cusses, we gotter shake this joint—most too near the bloody road—they might be somebody come—an' mebbe not. An' dang me, Johnny, I'd starve meself, on nuthin' but rice an' hay."

He lifted the two frightened children till their clasping hands were held athwart his neck, and supporting each on a vigorous arm, strode away to the blackness of the forest.

The morning dawned but slowly in the dense, chilly shade of the towering redwoods, and out of the chimney and the holes in the roof of the long-abandoned camp of hunters the thin blue smoke ascended lazily.

Bare of head, vigorously washed in the cold, bright spring, the man prepared a breakfast, and spread it on the rickety affair that answered for a table.

"What in heck's the matter, kids?" said he, "can't yeh go the bacon an' beans? Ain't yeh used to nuthin' but rice an' hay? Ain't scared, air yeh, kids? Nuthin' to make yeh scared of Billy Young. Guess yeh couldn't a slept too bloody hunky. What'll I do with yer, anyhow?"

They swallowed dumbly a trifle of the food he placed in their trembling mouths, but edged away to the basin hats at the earliest chance, their questioning eyes forever on the face of the man.

"Got 'er lie low a week, yeh see," he told them in confidence presently, "an' it's forty mile if I lugged yeh 'crost to Chinee Camp, to yer kind, an' 'crost every road in the hull kingdom."

In the afternoon a drizzling rain descended. He placed the children in the blankets of his bunk and patched the roof. The two little fellows sat there slowly winking, their hats on their heads, holding each other still by the hand, grasping as ever the two bejewelled shells.

At night he piled the wood up high on the fire. Darkness came early, clinging, it seemed, to the falling drops of rain. He left them his coat, and wended his way through the dripping trees, miles and miles, to the ocean.

The Chinese man's cabin was dark and silent in the rain. He loaded a sack with the rice and weeds, and floundered back through the gloom.

Yet the following day the tiny fellows of bronze were never a whit more eager to eat, never responsive with smiles or words.

"Say," said the man, "Billy Young ain't never hurt *yew* little devils—never hurt your mammy, neither. Couldn't yeh cod a tough ole cuss 'bout thet mamma racket, hey?"

The trees and vines of a farm, in the black of night, ten good miles from the forest camp, he robbed of apples and grapes, to carry home to the wistful chaps. The dog was abroad; and, running through the bush, the man was thrown and his ankle wrenched; but he limped away with the clumsy sack.

The ankle was swollen and red when at length he came to the cabin. The candle being lighted he looked in the bunk. Sitting up as usual, blinking dumbly, the two little fellows regarded him in silence.

"See here little mugs," he said to them tenderly, "nights is fer sleepin'. Yeh can't be healthy an' sit there thet a-way—an' never eatin' skasely a bite. Billy Young ain't a hull lot of shakes on singing songs, but I reckon he kin try, if yeh like. He cleared his throat and started several times. "Too high, I reckon," or

"thet's too low," he muttered, until at length he struck what seemed like a possible key.

> Way down upon the Swanee River,
> Fur, fur away,
> There's where muh heart—te dum
> Te dumpty—
> Dum—in the sweet by'm bye.

he sang, time after time. At length the monotony soothed the children to a sort of hypnotic slumber, in which they sank slowly down in the blankets.

The week that followed saw the two little Chinese boys grow pale, thin, and faded. Their eyes seemed constantly increasing in size. The man, who lay for hours at a time racked by pain in the red and puffed-out ankle, watched them hopelessly, his eager eyes grown brilliant, his bearded face becoming thin and drawn.

"See here, my pore little babies," said he, "we got to git yeh down to Chinee Camp, with wimmin Chinees, er bust a leg."

He wrapped his ankle tightly about with long strips of cloth. A package of food he fastened to his belt.

It was night. Taking the children in his long, strong arms, their hands tightly clasped at the back of his neck, he limped away.

Over the ridges, down through the hollows, fording the ditches and climbing the canons, he plodded on, singing his song and guarding the two from jolt and jar of the long and lonely journey.

At the fork of the road a post was standing, dim in the darkness of the coming dawn—a post with a placard, grayish white. Pausing here to rest, the traveller lighted a match and held it aloft. The face of the placard blanched in the glare, and black as holes were the letters of the printing on its surface.

REWARD

One thousand dollars reward will be paid for the arrest of the "Lone Highwayman," who robbed the Molodero stage, Friday, September 30, at Sweeny's Bend. Man supposed to be "Billy Young," alias "Black Bill," alias "Shotgun Billy." Described as medium height, broad shoulders, short, black beard, steel-gray eyes. Above reward will be paid for apprehension and detention at Willow Grove.

WELLS, FARGO & CO. EXPRESS.

"Kerrect," said the man, and limped away in the woods to lie in the brush for the passing of day.

Again in the night he staggered doggedly forward. Hills and valleys he slowly crossed. The dawn found him far from cover. Slowly limping, toiling hard for every step, he made for a haystack, standing erect in a field.

One of the children awoke at the touch of the hay. "Likee buy—abalone?" he lisped in a whisper, feebly raising the shell he clutched; "velly —plitty;—you mamma—velly much likee."

*

Late in the afternoon the man awoke. His face, shaggy and haggard, came slowly up from the hay. He winked in the light heavily, gazing unmoved and unconcerned down the double muzzle of a shot-gun held at his head a yard away.

"Don't shoot Jimmy," he hoarsely whispered, "the aberlony twins is asleepin'."

A second man came rudely up. "Huh," said he, "them Coolie kids air dead."

Wearily Billy Young extended his hands, and the captor slipped the cuffs of steel on the limp and careless wrists.

A COMEDY OF DULNESS

BY J. J. BELL

I.

"WHY will people write dull books?" Mrs. Methven murmured impatiently, flinging the red-covered novel aside and rising from the couch whereon she had been reclining for a long hour. "Life is dull enough in all conscience, without any addition from the libraries." Languidly she crossed the spacious drawing-room and halted by one of the large windows.

She was a dark, handsome woman of twenty-five, and she had been a widow for almost a year. The late Mr. Methven had married at an age when the average man is either a grandfather or a confirmed batchelor. The orphan girl on whom he had set his venerable but virgin heart had accepted him quite honestly for the home and wealth he could give her, yet she had made earth such a cheerful place for him that he had been sorry indeed to leave it at sixty-eight. Now she was free and rich enough to indulge her freedom as she choose, and—desperately dull.

Few people were moving in the square on which she idly looked, but presently a tall, slight, black-coated figure caught her attention.

"I do believe that is Dick Charterhouse," she said to herself, after a brief scrutiny. "Haven't seen him for years. How earnest he looks! It would be rather nice to have a chat with him again. Why does he not think of calling? He knows perfectly well that I live here."

The black-coated figure went on without looking to right or left.

On an impulse Mrs. Methven rushed to the bell. On the appearance of a maid she said quickly, but calmly:

"Eliza, a clergyman has just passed the house—to the left. Run after him and say that I desire to speak to him."

Roused from a dulness almost as heavy as that of her mistress, Eliza obeyed with alacrity.

"What a goose I am!" muttered Mrs. Methven. "I have nothing to say to him. I hope Eliza does not catch him."

He entered the room, looking somewhat bewildered.

"It was good of you to come back," she said, after the formal greeting which was rather awkward on his part.

"Good of you to ask me, Mrs. Methven. I have passed your house frequently of late, and have intended calling upon you."

"Bolton Square is paved with good intentions, I suppose. You have never come to see me since I was married. I never had a host of friends, you know."

"You have been having a sad time," he began lamely.

"Dulness, sheer dulness, is my chief trouble at present. I don't know what I want. But let us have tea, and please tell me about yourself."

"Myself!—a limited subject, Mrs. Methven. Only my work—"

"It was always your work, I remember."

"Ah! you remember! Well, well," he continued, with a sigh, "there's nothing new to tell you, I go into the same sad corners as of yore, and I have to confess that I don't see much change for the better."

"The poor are strong conservatives," she remarked. "You remember when I tried my little hand at slumming? Oh, dear! the flesh was still weak."

"Still," he went on, " it is my work—"

She shook her head.

"You don't believe in it?" he asked quietly.

"Well, you confess it is a failure."

"Oh, no," he returned quickly, with a note of bitterness; "I am the failure."

"Why not give it up? You've done your share of the dirty work. Now you deserve to be presented with a sweet little living in the country. The town appears to be wearing you out. Why you look fifteen years older than at our last meeting, five years ago. You ought to have learned wisdom."

"It is kind of you to consider my welfare," he said gravely, remembering their last meeting.

Mrs. Methven proceeded to pour out tea.

"Two lumps?" she asked lightly.

"What a wonderful memory!"

"Merely for trifles, Mr. Charterhouse. Do you know you are making me feel almost merry?"

"You should always be merry," he said softly.

No, I ought to be serious, but I never get deeper than dulness."

"But you must meet so many people nowadays. Surely—"

"Yes, yes. But they are all too like myself. They are all rich or pretend to be. Oh, if you come when I'm 'at home,' I shall introduce you to some extraordinary ordinary people. They are distinguished by being commonplace. They try to appear so worldly and only succeed in appearing foolish."

"You are severe on them—and on yourself."

"No; I'm different. I try to be foolish and end in being worldly."

They talked on for half an hour, and then he looked at his watch and mentioned an engagement.

"Is it very important?" she asked in a way that redeemed the forwardness of the question. Charterhouse was tempted. It was sweet to be in her presence again, after a period such as he had passed through. The fascination of her eyes and the enchantment of her voice seemed even stronger than in the old days; the very flippancy of her speech was a delight to him. He hesitated, and consulted his watch once more.

"It's kind of you, Maud," he said gratefully. "It's good to be your friend once more."

"I'm sefish, as you know," she returned, "and I'm often lonely. Take pity, and come and see me sometimes."

"Whenever I can get away from my work I shall come," he said.

"Always your work!" she cried, a little impatiently.

He smiled. "Yes; and I'm neglecting it now."

"Then if you must go—" She expected him to resume his seat, but he held out his hand.

"I must go."

A minute later he was hastening from the square towards the station, whence the underground railway would bear him to the eastern slums of the city. He had a particularly disagreeable case of chronic drunkenness to visit, but he went in company with Hope.

Mrs. Methven watched his departure from the window.

Her dulness seemed to have lifted a little.

II.

Mrs. Methven laid aside her mourning, not suddenly, but by artistic gradations through grays and violents. It seemed to Dick, who was now her

frequent visitor, that each succeeding shade set off her beauty in a new and clearer light.

But at times he was ashamed of himself. He had not reached the point of neglecting his work, but he knew that his interest in it was in danger of being chilled. It began to be an effort. An illness in the spring might have been held as an excuse—had he been less a man. He had been very near to death, and his recovery was slow, made bearable, however, by the cheery messages and kindly gifts of invalid luxuries from Maud and the prospect of seeing her again. But Maud was never more than friendly, and whatever he may have hoped during the period of his convalescence appeared mere folly to him after the first meeting after his recovery. Moreover, he told himself with sad repetition, his circumstances were utter poverty compared with hers.

Still, the charm drew him, and he continued to find his way to Bolton Square on every possible occasion. If the widow was secretly amused, it was in a tender fashion. She perceived his struggle between duty and inclination, and accepted the compliment. It would be too much to say that she actually tempted him to neglect his work, but she certainly did nothing to stimulate the old enthusiasm which appeared to be failing.

But at last an incident occurred to check the fall of Dick. He was sitting talking to Maud one autum afternoon, when the maid entered with a basket of hot-house blooms.

Mrs. Methven laid them carelessly on the table.

"So you've given up the idea of going eastward to-day, Dick?"

"Well, I didn't promise I would go," he answered weakly.

"I'm afraid your poor people will be offended," she said teasingly. "You know you've got them into the bad habit of expecting you nearly every day."

"Do you think I ought to go?"

"Oh, no, my friend. I require you more than they. I want you to preach to me for a change."

"Maud!"

"So you think I'm hopeless. Oh, Dick!" she cried, with a little laugh. "Tell me, do you love the people you preach to?"

He was silent.

"You used to—at least you told me so. And yet, you are sitting here with me—"

She broke off suddenly, observing his face.

"Maud, you don't know what you are saying!"

"Heigh-ho!" she sighed lightly. "I'm aware I'm very dreadful. That's why I want you to preach to me. Or, stay! Let me make a confession first."

She picked up the basket of flowers and handed them to him.

"They are beautiful," he said; and then his eye caught sight of the name on the card in their midst. "They are beautiful," he repeated.

"Sir Lewis Morton wants me to marry him," she said.

"I must congratulate you," he returned feebly.

"But is it not rather soon to consider such a thing? I want your advice. Besides," she added, "I don't specially care for him."

"Then, what advice can I give you?" he said endeavouring to speak naturally.

"On the other hand," she continued, "I'm not sure that I especially care for anyone. But I'm getting tired of myself."

"How can I advise you? I don't know Sir Lewis Morton except by name. I've heard he is an exceedingly brilliant scholar. He left college the year I entered.

"But would it be right for me to marry again?"

"Maud, Maud, how can you ask me?" he cried hotly.

"Why?"—innocently—"am I rude? I've told you before that you are my only real friend. If I asked my aunt she would dissolve in tears.

My uncle would congratulate me; and straightway fly to borrow money from my probable fiancé, as he did from poor Mr. Methven. Can't you understand, Dick, why I'm not after the exact pattern of the average woman?''

Dick was touched, and he said very gently—

I wish I could help you, but you must please yourself.''

''You're a most unsatisfactory friend,'' she sighed.

''I know it,'' he said ruefully; ''I make a very poor friend to you. But now I must be going; I've stayed too long as it is.''

''Then you leave me to my fate?'' she questioned, with a faint smile.

''To yourself, Maud,'' he replied

When he was gone, Mrs. Methven seated herself at her desk, and, after much deliberation, wrote a letter to Sir Lewis Morton.

III.

Once more dulness had settled upon Mrs. Methven. It was nearly a month since Dick's last call, and she was angry with him. A week's visitation from her uncle and aunt had not left her in a cheerful mood. And now, apparently, her friend had deserted her. She tried to make herself believe that she regretted the letter she had written four weeks previously to Sir Lewis Morton.

When Dick did call he was received with coldness his recent neglect merited.

''I'm sorry I could not come before this,'' he said.

''Pray, don't mention it. I've been busy and hardly noticed the time.''

''It will be four weeks to-morrow since I saw you.''

''Really?''—with polite dubiety.

''Yes; and I fear it will be a longer period ere I call again,'' he said sadly.

''You needn't trouble to be rude.''

''You misunderstand me, Maud. I've come to tell you that I am about to leave London.''

Mrs. Methven became interested at once; she clapped her hands.

''I knew it, I knew it! And I'm delighted!''

''It is you who are rude now,'' said Dick rather sulkily.

''It is you who misunderstand now,'' she replied. ''But I'm glad for your sake. Oh, I was sure it would come! Is it a nice place? Oh, my friend, you do deserve a beautiful country home after the slums of London.''

''But my destination is China.''

She gave a little gasp, but said nothing.

''Maud, you know how discontented I have been of late. I've felt that I was doing little or no good in London, and when I heard about a month ago, of a man being wanted for China,I volunteered. My steamer sails on Saturday.''

''How foolish you have been,'' she said in a helpless sort of voice.

''I have been foolish, and that is perhaps my best reason for making this change.''

'' Ah, you will take me up wrongly. Have you not considered how your poor folk will miss you? You shake your head, but I know they used to depend on you, and I beleive they still do. And don't you think it's a little cowardly to throw up your work here because you haven't been able to right the wrongs of half a million souls in a few years?''

The curate flushed. ''Maud I like to hear you talk like that,'' he stammered.

She nodded sagely, and continued.

''Don't you feel that you are exhibiting a sad lack of faith in giving up here? And yet''—suddenly changing her tone—''I can't understand you. You have always set your mind against a comfortable country charge for the sake of these London poor, and all of a sudden you throw them over for the atrocious Chinese.''

''I know you don't understand me, Maud, and so it would be vain to try and explain why I take this step.''

"Quite vain to try and explain folly."

"However, it's all arranged now, and I feel it's for the best"—the tone of his voice scarcely agreed with his words. "Of course I'm sorry to leave the home country and the people. I hope you will write occasionally to me, Maud."

"I'll think over that," she said.

"And I'm glad that you and Sir Lewis Morton will—"

"Are you?"

"Have you not—"

"No; I have not," she replied quickly. And ere he could make further remark, she deftly changed the subject, and for the next half-hour kept the ball of conversation rolling among the slightest everday topics.

At last they were both weary of it all, and Dick rose to go. There was no reason he considered, why his farewell should be longer delayed. He was pale, while Maud's colour and ready smile did not desert her, despite her nervousness. She wondered if he would not speak at the very last moment. If not—

"Good-bye, Maud. You'll think over my annual letter," he said, with a poor attempt at lightness.

"I've a shocking memory," she said cruelly.

"I can't forget you, Maud," he blurted out in a boyish fashion.

"You are very kind."

"Good-bye, Maud."

"And is this all?" thought Mrs. Methven, with a strange sharp misery in her heart. But she smiled sweetly. "I shall honour your last visit, Dick, by seeing you to the door myself."

They went downstairs together.

"Don't you feel like changing your mind at the elevanth hour?" she asked laughingly.

He shook his head.

"Think once more of the poor folk in the East End. Think of your own people."

"I have done so, Maud."

He laid hold of the handle of the door—one of the handles, rather, for the door had two, Mrs. Methven held the other.

"Think how dull I shall be," she said with a great effort. "And oh! how dull you are!" she added under her breath.

He gripped the handle hard.

"I must go, Maud. Good-bye," he said huskily, attempting to open the door.

"The wrong handle, Dick," she managed to say.

How stupid the man was! His hand groped six inches lower and met something soft. But they were cold little fingers that his own caught.

"Oh, Maud," he whispered, "how can I leave you?"

"I'm sure I don't know. It's mean of you to leave me to my d—dulness." Her voice shook.

He suddenly ventured, and said his say in three words. But words, after all, are not everything. And even after they had remounted the remaining steps, an hour elapsed before Dick remembered that in a few days he must leave for China. Good, earnest man though he was, he was aghast at the prospect.

As to Maud, she merely laughed and said, in her old flippant manner:

"Send them word that you've found a better engagement."

"But, dear, I can't turn back now," he protested, "it would be cowardly."

"Pouf! It would be cowardly not to confess that you want to stay at home. It would be dreadfully cowardly to desert a defenceless woman. No, no; remain in London, and go on with your good work."

"But what do you care about my work?" he asked astonished.

"Oh, my dear, did you believe that I held your work cheaply? I didn't know before, though I do now, that I was jealous of it. Stay at home, and see if I'm not interested in all your schemes. We'll make it up to the Mission in other ways. Or, if you must go—take me."

From the Painting by William Brymner, President of the Royal Canadian Academy

AFTERGLOW

A GLORIOUS FOURTH

BY CHARLES STOKES

"WELL, upon my soul," exclaimed John Warner, "if that impident feller ain't got a flag up!"

He pointed excitedly across the prairie, to where, some two hundred yards distant, on the other side of the fence, was another cosy little farmhouse very like his own. The enormity of his neighbour's offence lay in the fact that the flag which floated from its hastily improvised flagstaff was the Stars and Stripes.

Now, John Warner was that sturdiest of mortals, an English yeoman farmer from the shires. For nearly three hundred years, without a break, his family had cultivated one farm, in one place; such was an undeniable fact, attested by the tombstones which clustered round the little gray church, and though the long record of the Warners may have been obscure, yet it was unblemished, and (as cannot always be said of a lineage) brought no blushes to anyone's cheeks. But in the twentieth century a devastating change had snapped the historical thread. John Warner, listening to the blandishments of an emigration agent, and influenced perhaps by that discontent which, when it gets into the skulls of the English, makes them the great exploring race they are, had pulled up his stakes and, lock, stock, and barrel, had voyaged across the sea, then travelled a further weary two thousand miles by rail, and finally come to rest on the prairies of Western Canada.

He admitted the change brought its advantages. He realized soon that he was likely to make more money and to leave his children better off. The children themselves were not apparently suffering; they were as healthy and as bonnie as before—if anything, more. His first season promised to be highly successful. He reared his ancient household gods, including the famous blue-and-white china that his great-great-grandfather had been presented with by What's-his-name for doing What-d'ye-call-it, and, except that he found Alberta vaster, bluer, yellower—except that he had to drive his plough into virgin soil which had not been disturbed since its creator set it there, and that instead of his picturesque green hedges his fields were bordered by barbed-wire fences—he made himself his transplanted Norfolk. The only fly in the amber was that his next door neighbour was an American.

"I'd like to know," he said, "who gave that man the right to put up that—that rag."

"Why, father," cried his wife, coming to the open door, "you mustn't call it that! I should say Mr. Robson has as much right to it as we have to ours."

"I ain't denyin' that," he maintained. "If he happens to be a—a—" (he failed to think of a sufficiently powerful adjective) "an American, that's his lookout, not mine. But that ain't givin' him any right to shove his old flag down our throats."

"It's the Fourth of July to-day,"

piped the youngest Warner, aged eight.

"Well, an' what's that?"

"Teacher was telling us about it at school. It's something the American boys and girls are very proud of."

A glimmer of intelligence shot across his father's memory. Now you can't blame an English agriculturist if he is somewhat shaky on history, and has but scanty knowledge of an event that happened one hundred and fifty years ago; but John Warner dimly remembered once having learned something like this. "That's it!" he fumed. "That's what you learn —all about a pack o' rascals who thought they knew better 'n we did! That's what they teach you at these schools, is it—what they call bein' loyal? Wasn't there some feller named Wash—Wash—"

"George Washington. Some man, he was—we learnt about him."

"Don't you let me hear you usin' that vile American slang again, Dick, or I'll—I'll thrash you!" This was a terrible threat for John Warner. "And does your teacher expect you to become an American, too?"

"Don't be so silly, father," exclaimed Mrs. Warner.

"Oh, no," said little Dick. "She just tells us about him—that's all. I had a fight with Billy Robson yesterday, for saying Americans was better 'n English, an' I licked him, dad. Gee, it was fierce!"

"Good boy!" said his father, overlooking the Americanism. "Did you whop him hard?"

"You bet I did, dad. Didn't I, Else?"

His eldest sister, Elsie, had come to the door, and stood shading her eyes against the sun. "I think you're all crazy," said she.

"Why, can't you see what that feller has done?"

"Yes. What difference does it make, anyway?"

"It's easy to see you don't love your own flag, miss."

"Why, of course I do. But then we're not at home now, and you must admit there's more people in the world 'sides English."

"But not so good?"

She laughed, and her laugh was good to hear. "Dad, one of these days, if there's strangers round, there'll be murder near here if you don't be more careful how you talk. I don't care a snap what country a man comes from so long as he's all right himself."

He glared at her; he had always been slightly afraid of his first-born. "Oh, I ain't got nothin' against Tom Robson. He's a good enough fellow. But all the same, if he puts up a flag I'm goin' to, too."

"That will only make you look crazier than ever," she retorted, ending the argument. However, less than half an hour saw a flagpole alongside the Warner farm, and from it floating the Union Jack, mysteriously produced from somewhere.

During the morning, John Warner was down to the lower field, which served as pasture, and it chanced that Tom Robson and one of his boys were there on a similar errand.

"Mornin'," said Robson genially, coming close to the dividing fence.

"Mornin'," grunted John Warner, looking pointedly over his shoulder to his own flagpole.

The other had already noticed it, but made no comment. "Find that there cross-saw 'ny good?" he asked.

Warner, a day or two previously, had borrowed his neighbour's big cross-saw to cut up some poles. "Not too bad, thanks."

"Weather keeps up well?"

"Yes, it ain't bad. Come, giddap!" he admonished, giving one of his milkers a violent push, in an endeavour to get her going towards home.

"Guess," said Tom Robson, "you don't have weather like this across where you come from." It was said half banteringly; but it was sufficient.

"Where'd you get that idea?" John blazed out.

"Shucks, don't get sore now."

"I'd like to have you understand, Robson, that where I come from we get better weather than this any time we want, and all the time, if we want it, an' ten times as good as where you come from. So put that in your pipe an' smoke it."

"Feels like thunder," remarked the American to his son, whose face wore a broad grin.

"Yes," said John, "an' there'll be lightnin', too, soon. Giddap, you ugly old fool, you!"

"Tell you what, John, you Anglish people do sure get up in the air easy." John made no reply. "Well, this is our one great day of the year."

"That so?"

"You bet!"

"You fellers in the United States think a sight too much of your bloomin' old States."

"We got the right to. They're 'bout ten million times the size of your Angland."

"Size ain't everythin'. Where I come from, what we go by is sense."

Tom Robson had to think a long while before he could answer this. "Well, why didn't you stay there, then?"

"What's that got to do with you? What 'd *you* come here for, flyin' your old flags?"

"I shall fly as many flags as I like, see?"

"If I was back in England, I could have the law on you for talkin' like that."

His neighbour, walking slowly along to keep level as John Warner whacked and pushed his herd, laughed derisively. "D'ye hear that, Bill?" he inquired of his son.

"Yes, pa. He don't mean it, does he?"

" 'Course he don't. He's talkin' guff. Guess that Angland o' yours must be a crazy kin' of place, if it's all like them there fellers you send out."

"Better'n your bloomin' old States. I was readin', only t'other day, how it said the States was the worst place a body could live in, an' no wonder everybody was beatin' it out."

"Where'd you read that?"

"In one of your dirty old American papers. That's where I read it."

"How'd you come to have any real American papers?"

This was too good an opening to miss. "Feller who gave it me said he was takin' it to the madhouse."

Tom Robson had to make another long pause. "Guess he didn't have to look much further," he ventured.

"No," chuckled John, "he could see it from my place—just to the east."

"Them papers what you have in Angland ain't papers at all—they're just junk." Robson had never seen one, but he felt safe in making the assertion. His sole reading matter, by the way, was his weekly farm journal. "I'd hate to be Anglish."

They were very close to the house now, and Warner's cattle turned off without bidding in the direction of the watering trough.

"Why?" demanded John.

" 'Course the United States has got Angland skinned a mile. You can't tell me any way they haven't."

"If we was to send out our navy," his voice thrilled, "we could blow your old States out of the water."

"Why didn't you do it before? You had the chance. That's what us Americans fly that there flag for on the Fourth of July."

This was his parting shot. John Warner was left so speechless with anger that for several minutes no sound escaped his lips; and by that time his neighbour had gone. Angrily he turned to the job in hand—watering his cows; and somehow the pump wouldn't work, which did not tend to mollify him. After trying it, he concluded that what was wanted was a little tightening of the piston-bolt; and turning to get a tool, he stumbled and nearly fell over some bulky object. Looking down, he saw that it was Tom Robson's cross-saw.

He picked it up, carried it to the fence which divided the two farms—it was over a hundred yards—and threw it over. "There's your old saw," he yelled to its owner, who was watching him from his porch, "an' go to blazes!"

Tom Robson came from Iowa. Until he came northwest to Alberta he had never been out of the country in which he had been born for longer than two weeks. Nor had Mrs. Robson. But their forbears had come originally from "down east," that vague territory which means invariably the seaboard States, in the early days when the West was almost as unknown as, say, the hinterland of Siberia; and beyond two generations back the family history was dim. "Pioneer," said Tom Robson, was his family's middle name. For himself, he took no stock in where his ancestors came from, but gloried in the fact that he was a free-born, dyed-in-the-wool American citizen.

At dinner he related his encounter with John Warner. "What gets me," he said, "is the way them there Anglishmen try to show off their superiority. Seem to think they own all the goldarned earth."

"They do own quite a considerable chunk of it," observed Jim, his oldest son and right-hand man.

"They ain't got the United States, anyway, an' that's a biggish slice."

"You're about as bad as old man Warner, father—he's always boosting up England an' knockin' the States, an' you're always throwin' bouquets at the States an' bricks at England."

"I believe, my boy, you're on the old fool's side yourself, talkin' like that to your old dad."

"Me? Shucks, I'm as good an American as you are, all the time, but you see we ain't in the United States now—we're in Canada."

"Well, Canada's more American than Anglish."

"It's Canada all the same, an' you ain't got any kick comin'—these English sure know how to run a country when you get down to brass tacks. You like it better 'n Iowa—you said so yourself."

"I did?"

"Surest thing you did. Didn't he, mother?"

Mrs. Robson said: "Oh, he jes' don't get on with Warner. Them's jes' two obstinate, pig-headed old men—"

"Gettin' on that way, Tom—you know it. Look at me—am I a young woman? But you're both so set on your own ideas you can't agree, but jes' argify for the sake of it."

"That's your views on them Anglish folks, I guess. Excuse *me.*"

"Mind you, I don't say they ain't difficult to get on with. That Mrs. Warner, she's so stiff an' standoffish, you'd think she'd got a pole for a backbone. It was a long time 'fore I got to know her. She used to come to the Women's Society at the church, an' never spoke a word to no one. But she's all right when you get used to that. Pie, father?"

"Yep. That darter of hers is a stuck-up miss, anyways." Tom was being beaten back. "That biggest 'un, I mean."

"She's a good girl, father," said his wife, "an' I think she ain't too bad-lookin'. What d'you think, Jim?"

Jim said nothing.

"Warner's sure peeved 'cause its Independence Day," continued Tom, smiling at the recollection of their interview, "an' 'cause we got the flag up. He's got one, too."

"So I saw."

"The kids 'd better let their firecrackers off quiet, 'cause they might worry him."

"You don't mean it, pop?" demanded the younger Robsons at once.

"Not a bit! Let 'em off an' make all the goldarned noise you can, an' let them Anglish know as we're American citizens, by gosh."

"Now, don't be mad, father.'

"I want the kids to remember it's Fourth of July, an', whether we're in Canada or ———" (the place is

mentioned in the Scriptures), "we gotta have a glorious Fourth, an' don't fergit it, if you're in Canada two million years."

After dinner, Tom went out and picked up the saw, which was still lying where Warner had thrown it. The Englishman was close at hand, setting his faulty pump to rights. Tom opened the battle.

"No thanks asked for," he said.

"It won't work right, anyhow."

Tom held the saw up, and examined its cutting edge critically. "Seems like there was two teeth missing."

"Like that when you lent it to me."

"Must have forgotten it, if there was."

John Warner made no reply, but worked ostentatiously, and in silence.

"You was saying," pursued Jim, "the other day, that Angland 's better governed 'n the United States. Now, I been thinkin' that over serious."

"I hope it did you good, then."

"Well, it ain't what you'd call a proper argiment, 'cause there's only one side to it. The American Constitootion—"

"You an' your old American Constitootion! I wish you'd do me a special favour, an' not mention that old constitootion any more."

"Sorter makes you sore?"

" 'Tain't that. I'm sick an' tired o' hearin' about that old American Constitootion. Do try an' talk about somethin' new f'r a change."

"Aw, nix on that! What about your House of Lords?"

John Warner, as may have been deduced, was at heart a Tory, cherishing all the average countryman's pride and respect for a lord—above all, a fox-hunting lord. "Well, what about it?" he demanded.

"What sort of a place is Angland, anyway, to keep a—a—dead un' like the House of Lords?"

"Well, you've got your Senate, ain't you?"

"It ain't a lot of old fools like you got. Oh, I've read about 'em, stoppin' legislation the way they do."

"Don't your Senate never do that? Why, of course they do. I've read it." This was unanswerable. "Tell you one thing, Robson—you ain't got any Empire like we have."

"What 'd be the use of it to us?"

"Jus' this—that the British Empire? Tell me that!"

"Look what it costs you."

"How much—tell me!" Tom could not; nor could he. "Why, we've got the best Empire there ever was. There never was a Empire like the British. The sun never sets on the British flag. D'you know that?"

"An' what's it mean?"

"Jus' this—that's the British Empire's so big that whatever time o' day it is, the sun's always shinin' on some part of it."

"D'you have dif'rent time in Angland from here?"

" 'Course we do, you—you mut!" A vile Americanism escaped him unawares. "Ain't you learnt that yet?"

"An' what d'you do with your Empire?"

"We send out people to live there. That's what's the use of colonies. That's what you'll find in the old United States in a few years—you'll have too many people, an' 'll have to send them to colonies. An' then what? Why, you ain't got any—England's got 'em all!"

"Don't you fret," said Tom. "We'll send them to Canada."

"It'll show your good sense if you do. We'll make sound British of them—that is, if they ain't all like you. Let 'em all come on them terms."

"You'll never make me no Anglishman."

"We don't have to. We can pick an' choose."

"Seems to me, we're goin' to do jus' the opposite. 'Stead o' you makin' us Anglish, us Americans is going to make you Anglish Americans."

"Ah, do talk sense, Robson! Would think you're a child!"

"You want bright'nin' up some, I figure."

Elsie Warner came out of the back door. "Got it fixed, father?" she asked. "How do, Mr. Robson?"

"Howdy."

"You're slow," she went on. "I'd have thought you'd have finished it long since."

"It's that feller worries me too much, with his fool talk," said the father.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourselves, you two. If I were a man, I'd put my time to better use."

"If you was a man," said Tom Robson, "you'd be taught to treat your elders with respec'."

"Only when they earned it, Mr. Robson. Do please hurry up, father —we want some water pretty soon."

"Got some spirit, that girl," said her father, when she was gone.

"Maybe, maybe." The direct implication carried in her retort was just percolating Mr. Robson's brain, and he resented it because he couldn't for the life of him think up a crushing reply.

John Warner went busily to work, and in a short time had his repairs finished. His friend smoked away, and watched him.

"Don't mind if the kids let off their crackers to-night, do you?"

"Mind? Me? Why?"

"Fourth o' July, y'know."

"Oh, really? Goin' to join in?"

"May do."

"I can lend you some old rattles and things, too, Tom, if you run short o' playthings."

Tom Robson stared hard. He began, "We did it once, an' we c'd—" but John was out of earshot.

John Warner had a load of cream to send off to the city that night. About half-past eight he hitched up his wagon and drove away. The firework ecstasies of the Robson family had provided during the earlier part of the evening an entertainment of a mingled nature for his. The younger members had watched enviously. His oldest boy and Elsie had pretended a rather transparent indifference, while his wife had placidly hoped no one would get hurt. His own feelings were the reverse of hers. He could have seen Tom Robson singed all over with crackers with uncommon fortitude!

Tom also had a mission in the town. He had expected letters by the afternoon train. Had the requesting of favours not been so distasteful, he would have asked his neighbour to collect them, and honest John would have been only too ready; but no, that there Anglishman was too goldarned pig-headed, and he guessed he'd jes' fetch them hisself. Yes, they *were* important. So it chanced that he, too, set out, ten minutes later, with the inevitable result that when he reached the small town which supplied the needs of the district—three miles distant—he found John's team hitched to the fence in front of the station. His also he hitched there, but not too close.

The little post-office up Main Street was still open. As he entered it, a hearty voice cried out, " 'Lo, Tom!"

" 'Lo!" responded Tom "Where'd you blow in from, Ed?"

"Same old place," said big Ed Willis. "I'm still holding down that little old homestead. How's things?"

"Not too bad. Crops doin' well your ways?"

"Might be worse. Just come in? What are you doing in town so late?"

"Jes' come in fer some mail," said Tom, at the same time asking for it.

"Why, I saw Warner drive in, five or ten minutes back."

"Guess you did. He come down, too."

"Why didn't you—" and then Ed Willis stopped. The relation between the two farmers was fairly well-known all over the neighbourhood, and afforded indeed some mild diversion. "You and him don't mix well," Willis remarked.

"Water don't mix well with wine as a rule," observed Tom dryly.

"In other words, you're a couple of old fools. Got your mail?—then let's get outside."

Big Ed Willis deserved the adjective. He stood some six-foot-three in his stockings, and his physique matched his stature. Not only that, but his mind was correspondingly broad. For many miles around he was deeply esteemed for his practicality and commonsense — outstanding qualities which had raised him above the rank and file of farmers to a position of comparative affluence. The "little old homestead" to which he was fond of jokingly referring, was the biggest and richest farm in that part of the country, lying some five miles beyond Tom's own. More than one quarrel had been adjusted by big Ed Willis —more than one trouble and difficulty set right.

"There must have been a regular procession of us to-night," he said. "First me, then Warner, and then you, all a short way apart."

"Yes, it do seem our road's gettin' pop'lar, don't it?"

"Tell you what, Tom, it's time you and him cut out this fool arguin'."

"One of us has got to change his opinions some, in thet case. *I'm* quite ready myself to cut it out, but that there Warner—"

"Oh, shucks, he'd say the same!" Willis laughed. "And, if I'm not mistaken, here he is. Good night, John!"

"Good night, Ed!" Everybody was on good terms with Ed Willis.

"Meet Mr. Robson, John." Both of the others nodded, and smiled crookedly. "You're just in time, boys, to come on in and have a drink."

"Oh, say," began Tom, but Willis, not heeding his or John's protestations, took them both by the shoulder and hustled them into the bar of the Maple Leaf—every Canadian town, big or little, has, of course, its Maple Leaf Hotel. Now to resist Ed Willis's grip was useless, and so the two antagonists were without delay lined up against the bar.

"What's it to be?" he demanded.

"Well, I guess a beer will do me," said John.

"And you, Tom?"

"Beer, too."

"Me likewise," said Willis. The beers duly arrived. "Here's lookin' at you!" With this invocation the glasses were drained. "Now," he said, when they were set down, "I want to talk to you two, serious. D'you know you're makin' yourselves the laughin'-stock of this section?"

"Can't say as I was aware of it."

"That's Gospel truth. It's got to stop—you're both old enough to know better. Now, look at it this way. You're English, an' you're American —why not begin to understand that right here in Canada is where you big races meet."

"That's all very well for you, Ed," said John. "You're a Canadian."

"So I am, thank God; I'm one of the real races, too."

"You can't get to understand, seemingly, that English and Americans ain't got much in common."

"That's it, Warner, that's it!" cried Tom, in agreement for once. "You've said the truth."

"An' that's your mistake," Ed Willis went on, rather gravely. "You've got everything in common, but you don't understand each other's way of lookin' at things. If you did, there'd be less bickering."

"Anyway, he does all he can to aggervate me," said Tom.

"That's just cussedness, Tom. An' I lay a ten-spot you do the same." Tom was silent, but John struck in: "Sure, he had his old flag a-flyin' today, just because he knew I didn't like it."

"That's a lie!"

"S'h, Tom!"

"It is, Ed! Can't a feller fly his own flag on the Fourth without askin' leave of an Anglishman?"

"You bet you can, if you want. An' I tell you this, Tom, I'd be sorry to see the day come when an American kid forgot to—to reverence Old

Glory, just as I'd be sorry to see an English kid or a Canadian kid forget to reverence the Union Jack. Lord bless you, Tim! they both stand for the same things—there ain't much in the way of freedom an' liberty an' progress that the Union Jack an' the Stars an' Stripes don't fly over."

"Maybe," said John.

"Well, right here in this country is where those two peoples meet, an' others, too. This is where they all mix. There's fine old English stock like you, John, and good sturdy blood like yours, John, an' I tell you that when they do mix, by the holy smoke, there'll be the best Anglo-Saxon race yet. We'll have the salt of the earth, boys, an' you an' I won't be dead, either. Say, Tom, how old's that boy of yours?"

"Which 'un?"

"The oldest."

"What, Jim? Oh, he's goin' twenty-two."

"An' how old is that girl of yours, John?"

"Elsie—say, what you hintin' at?"

"Twenty, did you say?"

"No, only nineteen."

Ed Willis took out his pipe, and filled it leisurely. "Saw a funny thing last Sunday night," he said, as he applied a match and puffed out dense clouds of smoke. "You were out, weren't you, John?"

"Yes—we all went down to church, bar Elsie. She stayed home to keep house."

"I think all the Robson family went to church, too, Tom—bar Jim?"

"By gosh, now I remember, that there Jim offered to stay home without me or his mother askin' him!"

"I was down past John's place 'way long eight. Guess it's easier to keep any little old house with company than without, boys?"

The two fathers glowered, outraged, and dreading what they felt was coming.

"Guess your house had to shift for itself, Robson, 'cause there was your boy on John's porch makin' goo-goo eyes at John's daughter! She didn't seem to resent it any, either."

"Was—was that all?" faltered John.

"Well, I did have a suspicion he had what looked like an arm twined round her waist, but then, the light was gettin' bad, an' my eyes may have deceived me. *I* didn't butt in—I'm a sport, if nothing else. . . . So cut out this fool wrangling, boys, an' don't spoil the kids' fun. Say, bartender! Come along, there's time for another—we'll drink to the kids, English an' American an' Canadian! Set 'em up, bartender—same as before—here's two old grandads want to drink to the best race yet!"

THE ADVENTURES OF ANIWAR ALI

V.—THE PICKED CARAVAN

BY MADGE MACBETH

THE FIFTH AND CONCLUDING STORY OF THIS SERIES

SIX weeks had passed since the night Chisholm had nearly captured Aniwar Ali and his band of Thugs in the fakir's cave near Pultanabad. During that time he had scoured the jungle for miles in every direction, searching for the man who not only inveighled unsuspicious travellers into his cruel hands, but who had gone so far as to murder one of his wounded comrades rather than help him get away—or possibly for fear he would fall into his (Chisholm's) hands and turn King's evidence.

With the booty acquired in their several late raids, Chisholm knew that the Thugs could live quietly for many months, as most of them followed some respectable profession in their native towns, and their true calling was not even suspected by their wives and families.

In Chatara, Baum, Hondeer, and Pultanabad Chisholm had searched diligently, but to no avail. Morgan, the District Superintendent of Police, and the two Eurasians who had been with Chisholm since he commenced his quest, were as eager as he himself was to apprehend the criminals; he worked out his instructions to the minutest point. But Aniwar Ali might have been a myth as far as capturing him was concerned, and travellers arrived safely at their destinations from any place in the suspected district—a thing which had not transpired for a considerable length of time.

Chisholm was in despair. But one afternoon, toward the end of July, when all the world seemed but a melancholy mass of sodden mud, something happened to quicken his hopes and to put fresh interest into life. He had just returned from Chatara and was telling Morgan of the fruitlessness of his trip, when the latter made an exclamation of pleased surprise.

"There is Harris, of the Fusileers," he cried. "I expect he is home for his wedding shindy. Had clean forgotten all about it. Shows how you and your precious Thugs have driven the gentler interests from me!"

"He is heading this way," said Chisholm, putting down his glass.

Harris, dripping from helmet to boots, came up the steps.

"Welcome, old man, welcome!" cried Morgan hospitably. "Give me those wet things. Here, boy, take these away and bring another glass! Chisholm, an old friend of mine—Harris, previously of Pultanabad and now of Poona," Morgan continued, introducing the two men in his nerv-

ous way. "Here, someone, bring that glass along quickly!"

Over their whiskies and sodas the three touched upon divers subjects; Harris's approaching marriage, home politics, Morgan's chances of getting leave, and finally Chisholm's reason for coming to Pultanabad.

"Thugs!" exclaimed the Captain. "Why, man, you are wasting your time here—Poona's the place! They say every third merchant, there, is a murderer, and men look with suspicion upon their own brothers if they set out on a journey together!"

"How long has this been going on?" asked Chisholm excitedly. "And has anything been done by the authorities? Do you think it is Aniwar Ali and his gang? Can—"

"Hold on," interrupted the other, laughing. "One at a time. I will tell you all I know—which isn't much—and you can ask your questions later. Let's see—about—er, well, about six weeks ago, perhaps, before the rains, anyway, a most highly respected merchant, named Abdullah, set out to Mhalone, at which place his brother lay dying. He reached there in time to receive instructions from the other and stayed long enough to accompany the body to the burning ghat with due pomp and ceremony. Abdullah decided to take his brother's effects back to Poona, where he thought he could dispose of them to greater advantage than in Mhalone; and for safety he engaged a body of men as escort. I believe they had heard in the bazaar that he contemplated a journey and through their leader had offered themselves."

"The merchant and goods were never heard of again," interrupted Chisholm. "I know the sequel by heart. But how did you find it out?"

"Through Abdullah's widow, who notified the district 'supe' that her husband was long overdue and said she feared some treachery. Our 'supe' got in touch with the brother's widow and between them they decided that the unfortunate merchant must have met a horrible death at the hands of Thugs."

"What was done?" asked Morgan abruptly.

"Well, that's the trouble," answered Harris, rather fretfully "Nothing much has been done; it is so hard to move the Department concertedly. Half of them won't believe what the other half say, and then you know the yards of red tape which really doing anything calls for! Our old Commissioner is a good sort and all that, but any emergency sends him 'way up in the air. This Thug business had quite unbalanced him."

"Couldn't you appeal to the Rajah—old What's-his-name?" asked Chisholm.

"Belwar? Of course, the police could appeal to him, but between ourselves I fancy he is one of the beneficiaries of the Thug band. He allows them to murder on his domain, and for that privilege, he and all his dependents go unharmed upon their journeys. At least, that is the current gossip."

"Then, by heaven, I'll bring British pressure to bear on old Belwar!" cried Chisholm. "And I leave for Poona to-night."

He was as good as his word. A small caravan, composed of two white-haired old men, two body-servants, and an escort left Pultanabad at sundown, and before the moon rose they had accomplished the first stage of their journey.

"Thank heaven for that!" said Morgan, as he removed his beard and wig for the night. "Muffling up one's head and face in these things is far from pleasant in this steamy heat. The Eurasians have the best of the bargain, as their disguise called for a shaving of their beards! It will not be for many days, however, and if we can only lay those devils by the heels, I will not have broken out with heat, in vain."

They met with only the ordinary incidents of the road during the four days it required to reach Mhalone.

There the party halted long enough for Chisholm and Morgan, still aged in their masquerade, to hold several conversations with the widow of Abdullah's brother. When they left for Poona they were accompanied by three new recruits, Sethjee Khan, Ameer Khan, and Habibullah, the three brothers of the widow.

"So far our scheme is working satisfactorily," said Chisholm to his friend as they camped at a well-known stage between Mhalone and Poona. "If Aniwar Ali does not get wind of our coming—or worse—attack us on the road before we have a few words with Belwar, I will be satisfied."

"He would never attack a European."

"He never has, but if some of his men get drunk with success, and if they are assured of Belwar's protection, there is no telling what they may do."

Morgan drew a healthy muscle.

"Gray as I am," he said, laughing, "there's fight in the old dog yet!"

The party arrived in Poona, however, without adventure. There they separated, the two aged patriarchs repairing to the dak bungalow (a house reserved for the use of Europeans), the three brothers going to the house of Abdullah's widow, and the escort disposing of themselves at various hostels in the bazaar.

"The first move is an interview with Belwar, isn't it?" asked Morgan on the morning following their arrival. "Can you manage it alone?"

"No, I will take the old Commissioner with me," answered Chisholm, fitting on his wig with care. "Can you see the murdered Abdullah's male relatives in the meantime, and unfold the plan to them?"

"I'll start out at once."

They met at dinner that same evening.

"How did you make out?" Morgan wanted to know.

"No better and no worse than I expected. I merely paid a social call, represented myself as being the father of Bradley, Commissioner of Munshi Nugger, and pointed out the prosperity and increasing popularity of that district in the eyes of the British. In comparison, I touched upon the atrocities which had of late transpired within Belwar's own domain and hinted that such reports did not make good reading at home."

"How did he take it?"

"The old fox claimed me as being his father and his mother, swore he loved every hair in my head, which he held no less sacred than the Himalayas, and vowed that it was only to please the British King he lived at all! He further remarked that he knew nothing of Thugs or their crimes, and he considered the reports which had reached the Department grossly exaggerated. He had heard nothing. But anything I desired would be done; if any command of mine was not carried out satisfactorily by his worthless servants, he would cut their filthy livers out!"

Morgan laughed. "He would love to do it, too! But hear how successful I have been!"

"Yes, go ahead."

"I found Abdullah's only male relative, a brother, who is a jewel merchant of high standing here. His name is Ashruf and his daughter is shortly to be married. At first he was suspicious of me, but I finally won him over and now he is as keen as we are. He pointed out a satisfactory circumstance — his daughter's marriage furnishes him an excellent excuse for a trip to Mardessa, at the end of the week."

"Good. But why Mardessa?"

"Because it is the *rendezvous* of jewel merchants from the east, and he could make several purchases for the bride."

Chisholm rubbed his hands.

"Surely, Morgan, we have set the trap without a break, this time, eh?"

"We shall see what we shall see," replied the other, cautiously. "You know Aniwar Ali of old."

Ashruf made no end of a fuss previous to his departure; all the town was stirred up over it. His servants were driven to the last extremity racing back and forth between the bazaar and the merchant's establishment. Upon one trip they negotiated for bills of exchange; another time they haggled over the price of pack horses; again they ransacked the dealers' quarters for firearms, "for," they boasted, "our master travels with a heavy waistband; the Mardessa merchants do not trade with *dhers* (low-caste Hindus), and we must be well protected."

Finally, the important business of hiring an escort was considered. Ashruf was irritable and hard to please; he frowned upon all the men who were brought into his presence and dismissed them upon one pretext or another. At last, on the evening of the day before his departure, a stalwart Mussulman was ushered before the merchant, and his body-servant—one of the disguised Eurasians—instantly recognized the *sotha,* or Thug inveigler, Hossein.

"Shall I depart?" asked the servant, salaaming.

It was a signal.

"Do so, and see that all preparations are completed," answered the merchant in the words agreed upon, to show that he understood this was the man he must engage.

"Well?" he asked, turning to the Mussulman.

Hossein assumed a properly deferential attitude. "May it please your gracious excellency," he said, "to look with favour upon me and accept my loyal services for your projected journey."

"What is the arm of one man against the terrors of the road?" grunted Ashruf fretfully.

"Usually nothing, excellency. But in this case my arm stands also for those of my trusty men."

"So?" questioned the merchant. "And how does it happen that you and your 'trusty men' tarry in Poona? You have not the bearing of men of our country?"

Hossein was equal to the occasion.

"We accompanied the Nawab of Chatara to Poona, excellency, then he dismissed us, taking Belwar's men with him to the end of his journey."

Ashruf knew this was not true, but allowed himself to be impressed.

"Do you know the road to Mardessa?"

"One of my men was born in Mardessa," Hossein glibly replied, "and there is not a palankeen rut that is not familiar to him."

"Very well! But let it be understood, that not a cent do you get if you and your men do not serve me well! I shall require six of you, and we start at sun-rise."

"Sir?" echoed Hossein, in a surprised tone. "Why, most honourable sir, six men are but a paltry escort for the wealthy merchant Ashruf, who it is rumoured, journeys to purchase jewels in Mardessa."

"I want but six," repeated Ashruf. "My three nephews and their servants accompany me."

"Even so," argued the other, "I could not guarantee a safe journey to your noble self with so few swords at my command. Why, no later than yesterday a caravan arrived in the bazaar with seven members missing. They had been attacked on the road and only the arrival of some Feringhi (English) soldiers saved the ones who reached Poona from wholesale slaughter."

Ashruf grumbled tremendously, but Hossein stood firm. And in the end he agreed upon a niggardly sum, to be paid when the party arrived safely in Mardessa.

The escort was to be fifteen strong.

Ashruf, well pleased with his part in the big game, lost no time in communicating with Chisholm, after the Mussulman's departure; he sent Sethjee Khan to visit the dak bungalow. He was received by Morgan and Chisholm, who were eager to hear how the ruse was progressing.

"So the inveighler insisted upon taking fifteen men as escort?" repeated the latter.

"He did, sahib."

"And exactly how many of Ashruf's party will there be?"

"We three—my brothers and myself—our three servants, four drivers, Ashruf's body-servant, and himself."

"That makes twelve."

"Yes."

"Well, depend upon it, the Thugs will not start out fifteen to twelve, or if they do they will pick up other members of the band along the road and thus augment their forces."

"I have no doubt but that the sahib is correct," replied the native. "What, then, is to be done?"

"Play their own game, that is all. Tell me accurately of the road and I will arrange for more men to join you, also."

They talked and laid their plans far into the night, and each looked confidently for the morrow. But they were not the only ones laying plans; Aniwar Ali listened intently to the account of Hossein's interview with the merchant and made characteristic comment.

"It is a pity old Gopal is not alive to help us out! For, by Bhowanee, we have need of all our expert stranglers. If the old Ashruf is suspicious of us at the start, we will have a hard time with him at the end."

"I doubt that he is more suspicious than any of our recent booty," replied Hossein. "He did not want to pay a large body of men, saying, which was entirely reasonable, that he would rather put the silver into his daughter's dowry."

The leader shook his head.

"It will not be an easy job, mark you! We will arrange for some more stranglers to join us on the road."

"And the burying-place?" asked Hossein.

Aniwar Ali thought for a few moments. "The well where we buried the last caravan is now so filled with water, I am told, that it is possible bodies will be discovered floating there. So we cannot even pass that way. We had better take the high road, where a shrine stands about a coss (two miles) from the main road. We should reach it about dusk of the second day, in time for the evening meal. Let the grave-diggers prepare for at least a dozen people, well back of the shrine where they will be unobserved by any passing travellers. I fear that many will take that old, disused road now, on account of its comparative dryness."

Ashruf was a little late in starting, and he laughed in his beard as the saying goes, as he was met half-way between his house and the city gate, by his escort. Hossein still assumed the leadership of the party, although from Chisholm's description, the merchant had no difficulty in picking out the magnificent figure of Aniwar Ali.

They proceeded slowly, and did not reach the first stage until afternoon. There, alone, was an old mendicant eating currie, squatting on his filthy mat, which was sunk deep in mud. As soon as he sighted the party, he began to beg for alms, his wail only ceasing when one of Hossein's men spoke to him. Then, with a loud cry of delight, he clasped the young fellow to his dirty bosom and embraced him.

"The uncle of Goodrut," explained Hossein to the merchant, later. "And he wishes to know if he may not join your excellency's party so that he may converse a little with his nephew on the way."

Ashruf, in accordance with his rôle, grumbled. "An old man like that cannot keep pace with us."

"It may be somewhat of a tax on him, your excellency," agreed the Thug, "but if he *can* manage it, is it your wish to separate him from Goodrut?"

Ashruf muttered something which the other chose to take as favourable, and the old mendicant joined the party. In much the same manner ten other travellers were added to the

caravan by the afternoon of the second day. The last three were soldiers, ostensibly, and were halted at the divergence of two roads, in perplexity.

Mutual greetings were exchanged as the caravan drew near, after which one of the soldiers asked:

"Which road leads to Mardessa, sir? Or, if my surmise is correct and both these highways lead there, which is it advisable to take? Our journey, thus far, has been more than usually tedious, owing to the bad road and swollen streams, and our poor beasts need consideration."

A man named Lal Meah stepped forward and gave the desired information.

"Both roads lead to Mardessa," he said, "but I advise you to take the lower and more frequented one as there are but three of you."

Just at this moment Ashruf came riding forward to find out the cause of the delay.

"Are we going to take the lower road?" he asked. "No? Then you are welcome to join with us and take the road we take," he said with a hint of cordiality toward the mud-stained soldiers. "I have a large party and will see you safely to Mardessa."

In spite of their efforts to ride beside the merchant and his nephews the soldiers were kept in the midst of the sturdy escort. This move on the Thugs' part was covered by a ceaseless flow of anecdotes and jesting. Aniwar Ali himself was the life of the party, until a hare ran across his path, after which incident his hilarity waned. It was a very bad omen, and several times the leader turned his head in answer to what he thought was the sound of stealthy steps creeping up upon him.

The Thugs numbered twenty-two, counting seven men who had joined them on the road, and their force would be further augmented by four grave-diggers, who had preceded them by several hours and were lying in ambush near the open graves.

The merchant's party numbered twelve, and there were now the three soldiers besides, who would need, according to Aniwar Ali, to be reckoned with. He cursed them heartily, then looked quickly behind him, as the ever-recurrent sound of footsteps fell upon his ear.

"It is the hare," he said.

About dusk they came upon a shrine set in a lonely spot, and surrounded by a thick growth of shrubs.

"Let us halt here and enjoy the evening meal, your excellency," suggested Hossein, "then we can push on to the next stage, which Lal Meah tells me is only three coss beyond."

The party dismounted and separated into groups according to their caste and creed, before preparing their supper. After the meal was finished, Aniwar Ali stepped forward and addressed Ashruf:

"Noble sir, the way has been trying and difficult and our bodies as well as our beasts are weary. Will you encourage a little entertainment our men have prepared—in haste though it be—and rest here an extra hour or so?"

The merchant assented indifferently, it seemed to the Thug, but his back was scarcely turned before Ashruf exchanged significant glances with his companions. Surreptitiously, they looked to their weapons, intensely on the alert for a sound coming from the road upon which they had but lately travelled. They were not left alone long. The entertainers appeared, ten fellows fantastically garbed—some as women—in clothes collected God knows from what unfortunate victims, and they began a ludicrous dance. The ground was a sheet of slippery mud, into which the dancers slid constantly, causing Ashruf and his companions to laugh immoderately. When each of the ten looked like an earthenware figure—so coated were they with mud—they entered into lively dialogue, learned probably for similar occasions, and not unamusing to attend, either! Dur-

ing this, Ashruf and his men had not been unmindful of their danger, nor as entirely engrossed in the performance as they appeared. They successfully resisted every effort made by the actors and their friends to separate them, and the three soldiers, at last, managed to gain a place near the merchant.

"*Please pass the tobacco,*" said Ashruf, unconsciously using the signal so often employed by Aniwar Ali when he considered time for the stranglers was ripe.

Instantly four dark figures leapt from the bushes. All was turmoil and confusion! The grave-diggers, lying in ambush, had heard the merchant's innocent speech and had thought it was their signal; before the time, they had struck! Even the Thugs, having seen Aniwar Ali standing beside Sethjee Khan, dangling his *roomal*, thought he had given the signal, and they fell upon the men nearest them. Others realized that a fight to the death was the only thing to save them from exposure, so attacked Ashruf's band with all the savagery of which they were capable. The leader, with Ismael and Hossein, the only ones who understood the cause of the miscarried plans, fought because the others were fighting. A series of piercing shrieks rent the darkness as Lal Meah ran his sword through one of Ashruf's drivers; knives clashed; a volley of pistol shots rang out, and the spot made holy by the knees of the faithful, was desecrated by a score of bloodthirsty devils!

Aniwar Ali pressed in toward Ashruf, his *roomal* ready. The brothers were fighting grimly with the soldiers, against Ismael, mad with the lust for blood, Hossein and three other Thugs. But before the chief could reach his victim a familiar figure confronted him, pistol poised. It was the accursed Feringhi, Chisholm!

"Cornered this time, eh, Aniwar Ali?" he shouted above the din. "Call off those devils of yours—every death will be counted against you!"

Aniwar Ali knew when he was beaten; he saw in the flickering light of the torches that they were surrounded by native police, each of whom carried firearms; he saw Morgan sahib—son of a thousand devils! Many of the Thugs lay dead or dying; others had been or were being handcuffed; escape was impossible! So, with Oriental resignation to fate, he put forth his own hands, which were immediately locked together.

Chisholm's force had suffered also; one of the faithful Eurasians and one of the soldiers had been killed, while several others of the party were badly wounded, among them the lad, Habibullah. He was lying across the body of one of the Thugs, a horrible gash in his side, and a small locket clasped in his hand. He had evidently dragged this from his enemy's neck.

"It was a gift from the murdered merchant, Abdullah, to my sister," said Sethjee Khan, softly. "See, it contains a piece of her baby's hair."

Habibullah was tenderly lifted and carried from the hideous scene. When the face of the Thug was discovered he was recognized as being the old mendicant—none other than Budrinath, disguised.

Later, as they rode back to Poona, Chisholm brought his horse abreast with that of the captured chief.

"You are wondering how it was managed," he said, reading the man's thoughts aloud, "why these men distrusted you, and how it happened that they were ready for you. Look around this caravan, Aniwar Ali! Every man was picked, every man had some reason to hate and fear the Thugs. See the brothers, there, brothers of Maya, the widow of the Mhalone merchant, whose brother, in turn, Abdullah, you strangled on his return to Poona! See Ashruf, *his* brother! Consider how we, Morgan sahib and I, have sought and missed you! We set out for the cross-roads with forty police, some of whom followed your grave-diggers on their hellish mission! We sent three soldiers to augment Ash-

ruf's party in case we were a little late in reaching the shrine. And you —wholesale trafficker in human lives —have you nothing to say?"

The Thug shrugged his shoulders. "It was my fate, I suppose, sahib," he said. "A life devoid of adventure was not for me! You Feringhis spend your lives at sport—so did I! You risk your lives in the destruction of a lion, a tiger, or even a poor panther. So did I! But my game was human beings — truly a nobler quarry!"

THE END.

WAITING

By A. G. McKAY

OH, listen, lad! The harvest songs
Sound lightly on the breeze,
But I can hear an undertone,
The sob of lonely seas.

The dykelands gleam with harvest, lad;
We reaped them once together,
But faint mists float in from the marsh
And veil the golden weather.

The wayward tides creep through the sedge,
Birds come on weary wings,
And, oh, I wish you back, my lad,
Back from your wanderings!

ROBINETTA

From the Painting by John Crealock
Exhibited by the Canadian National Exhibition

BROOD OF THE WITCH QUEEN

V.—THE BATS OF MÉYDUM

BY SAX ROHMER

SALUTING each of the three in turn, the tall Egyptian passed from Dr. Cairn's room. Upon his exit followed a brief but electric silence. Dr. Cairn's face was very stern; and Sime, with his hands locked behind him, stood staring out of the window into the palmy garden of the hotel. Robert Cairn looked from one to the other excitedly.

"What did you say, sir?" he cried, addressing his father. "It had something to do with—"

Dr. Cairn turned. Sime did not move.

"It had something to do with the matter which has brought me to Cairo," replied the former—"yes."

"You see," said Robert, "my knowledge of Arabic is nil—"

Sime turned in his heavy fashion, and directed a dull gaze upon the last speaker.

"Ali Mohammed," he explained slowly, "who had just left, had come down from the Fayoum to report a singular matter. He was unaware of its real importance, but it was sufficiently unusual to disturb him, and Ali Mohammed is not very easily disturbed."

Dr. Cairn dropped into an armchair, nodding towards Sime.

"Tell him all that we have heard," he said. "We stand together in this affair."

"Well," continued Sime, in his deliberate fashion, "when we struck our camp beside the Pyramid of Méydum, Ali Mohammed remained behind with a gang of workmen to finish off some comparatively unimportant work. He is an unemotional person, fear is alien to his composition; it has no meaning for him. But last night something occurred at the camp—or what remained of the camp—which seems to have shaken even Ali Mohammed's iron nerve."

Robert Cairn nodded, watching the speaker intently.

"The entrance to the Méydum pyramid," continued Sime.

"*One* of the entrances," interrupted Dr. Cairn, smiling slightly.

"There is only one entrance," said Sime dogmatically.

Dr. Cairn waved his hand.

"Go ahead," he said. "We can discuss these archæological details later."

Sime stared dully, but, without further comment, resumed:

"The camp was situated on the slope immediately below the only *known* entrance to the Méydum pyramid; one might say that it lay in the shadow of the building. There are tumuli in the neighbourhood—part of a prehistoric cemetery—and it was work in connection with this which had detained Ali Mohammed in that part of the Fayoum. Last night about ten o'colck he was awakened by an unusual sound, or series of sounds, he reports. He came out of the tent into the moonlight, and looked up at the pyramid. The entrance was a

good way above his head, of course, and quite fifty or sixty yards from the point where he was standing; but the moonbeams bathed that side of the building in dazzling light so that he was enabled to see a perfect crowd of bats whirling out of the pyramid."

"Yes. There is a small colony of bats in this pyramid, of course; but the bat does not hunt in bands, and the sight of these bats flying out from the place was one which Ali Mohammed had never witnessed before. Their concerted squeaking was very clearly audible. He could not believe that it was this which had awakened him, and which had awakened the ten or twelve workmen who also slept in the camp; for these were now clustering around him, and all looking up at the side of the pyramid.

"Fayoum nights are strangely still. Except for the jackals, and the village dogs, and some other sounds to which one grows accustomed, there is nothing — absolutely nothing — audible.

"In this stillness, then, the flapping of the bat regiment made quite a disturbance overhead. Some of the men were only half awake, but most of them were badly frightened. And now they began to compare notes, with the result that they determined upon the exact nature of the sound which had aroused them. It seemed almost certain that this had been a dreadful scream—the scream of a woman in the last agony."

He paused, looking from Dr. Cairn to his son, with a singular expression upon his habitually immobile face.

"Go on," said Robert Cairn.

Slowly Sime resumed:

"The bats had begun to disperse in various directions, but the panic which had seized upon the camp does not seem to have dispersed so readily. Ali Mohammed confesses that he himself felt almost afraid; a remarkable admission for a man of his class to make. Picture these fellows, then, standing looking at one another, and very frequently up at the opening in the side of the pyramid. Then the smell began to reach their nostrils—the smell which completed the panic, and which led to abandonment of the camp."

"The smell—what kind of smell?" jerked Robert Cairn.

Dr. Cairn turned himself in his chair, looking fully at his son.

"The smell of hell, boy!" he said grimly; and turned away again.

"Naturally," continued Sime, "I can give you no particulars on the point, but it must have been something very fearful to have effected the Egyptian native! There was no breeze, but it swept down upon them, this poisonous smell, as though borne by a hot wind."

"Was it actually hot?"

"I cannot say. But Ali Mohammed is positive that it came from the opening in the pyramid. It was not apparently in disgust, but in sheer, stark horror, that the whole crowd of them turned tail and ran. They never stopped, and never looked back until they came to Rekka on the railway."

A short silence followed. Then:

"That was last night?" questioned Cairn.

His father nodded.

"The man came in by the first train from Wasta," he said, "and we have not a moment to spare!"

Sime stared at him.

"I don't understand—"

"I have a mission," said Dr. Cairn quietly. "It is to run to earth, to stamp out, as I would stamp out a pestilence, a certain *thing*—I cannot call it a man: Antony Ferrara. I believe, Sime, that you are at one with me in this matter?"

Sime drummed his fingers upon the table, frowning thoughtfully, and looking from one to the other of his companions under his lowered brows.

"With my own eyes," he said, "I have seen something of this secret drama, which has brought you, Dr. Cairn, to Egypt; and, up to a point,

I agree with you regarding Antony Ferrara. You have lost all trace of him?"

"Since leaving Port Said," said Dr. Cairn, "I have seen and heard nothing of him; but Lady Lashmore, who was an intimate—an innocent victim, God help her—of Ferrara in London, after staying at the Semiramis in Cairo for one day, departed. Where did she go?"

"What has Lady Lashmore to do with the matter?" asked Sime.

"If what I fear be true," replied Dr. Cairn—"but I anticipate. At the moment it is enough for me that unless my information be at fault, Lady Lashmore yesterday left Cairo by the Luxor train at 8.30."

Robert Cairn looked in a puzzled way at his father.

"What do you suspect, sir?" he said.

"I suspect that she went no further than Wasta," replied Dr. Cairn.

"Still I do not understand," declared Sime.

"You may understand later," was the answer. "We must not waste a moment. You Egyptologists think that Egypt has little or nothing to teach you; the Pyramid of Méydum lost interest, directly you learnt that apparently it contained no treasure. How little you know what is *really* contained, Sime! Mariette did not suspect—Sir Gaston Maspero does not suspect! The late Sir Michael Ferrara and I once camped by the Pyramid of Méydum, as you have camped there and we made a discovery—"

"Well?" said Sime, with growing interest.

"It is a point upon which my lips are sealed, but—do you believe in black magic?"

"I am not altogether sure that I do—"

"Very well; you are entitled to your opinion. But although you appear to be ignorant of the fact, the Pyramid of Méydum was formerly one of the strongholds—the second greatest in all the land of the Nile—of Ancient Egyptian sorcery! I pray heaven I may be wrong; but in the disappearance of Lady Lashmore, and in the story of Ali Mohammed, I see a dreadful possibility. Ring for a time-table. We have not a moment to waste!"

II.

Rekka was a mile behind.

"It will take us fully an hour yet," said Dr. Cairn, "to reach the pyramid, although it appears so near."

Indeed, in the violet dusk, the great Mastabah Pyramid of Méydum seemed already to loom above them, although it was quite four miles away. The narrow path along which they trotted their donkeys ran through the fertile lowlands of the Fayoum. They had just passed a village, amid an angry chorus from the pariah dogs, and were now following the track along the top of the embankment. Where the green carpet merged ahead into the gray ocean of sand the desert began, and out in that desert, resembling some weird work of nature rather than anything wrought by the hand of man, stood the gloomy and lonely building ascribed by the Egyptologists to the Pharoah Sneferu.

Dr. Cairn and his son rode ahead, and Sime, with Ali Mohammed, brought up the rear of the little company.

"I am completely in the dark, sir," said Robert Cairn, "respecting the object of our present journey. What leads you to suppose that we shall find Antony Ferrara here?"

"I scarcely hope to *find* him here," was the enigmatical reply, "but I am almost certain that he *is* here. I might have expected it, and I blame myself for not having provided against—this."

"Against what?"

"It is impossible, Rob, for you to understand this matter. Indeed, if I were to publish what I know—not what I imagine, but what I know—about the Pyramid of Méydum, I

should not only call down upon myself the ridicule of every Egyptologist in Europe; I should be accounted mad by the whole world."

His son was silent for a time; then:

"According to the guide-books," he said, "it is merely an empty tomb."

"It is empty, certainly," replied Dr. Cairn grimly, "or that apartment known as the King's Chamber is now empty. But even the so-called King's Chamber was not empty once; and there is another chamber in the Pyramid which is not empty *now!*"

"If you know of the existence of such a chamber, sir, why have you kept it secret?"

"Because I cannot *prove* its existence; I do not know how to enter it, but I know it is there; I know what it was formerly used for—and I suspect that last night it was used for that same unholy purpose again; after a lapse of perhaps four thousand years! Even you would doubt me, I believe, if I were to tell you—what I know, if I were to hint at what I suspect. But no doubt in your reading you have met with Julian the Apostate?"

"Certainly, I have read of him. He is said to have practised necromancy."

When he was at Carra, in Mesopotamia, he retired to the Temple of the Moon, with a certain sorcerer and some others, and, his nocturnal operations concluded, he left the temple locked, the door sealed, and placed a guard over the gate. He was killed in the war, and never returned to Carra, but when, in the reign of Jovian, the seal was broken and the temple opened, a woman was found hanging by her hair. I will spare you the particulars; it was a case of that most awful form of sorcery—*anthropomancy!*"

An expression of horror had crept over Robert Cairn's face.

"Do you mean, sir, that this pyramid was used for similar purposes?"

"In the past it has been used for many purposes," was the quiet reply. "The exodus of the bats points to the fact that it was again used for one of those purposes last night; the exodus of the bats—and something else."

Sime, who had been listening to this strange conversation, cried out from the rear:

"We cannot reach it before sunset!"

"No," replied Dr. Cairn, turning in his saddle; "but that does not matter. Inside the pyramid, day and night makes no difference."

Having crossed a narrow wooden bridge, they turned now fully in the direction of the great ruin, pursuing a path along the opposite bank of the cutting. They rode in silence for some time, Robert Cairn deep in thought.

"I suppose that Antony Ferrara actually visited this place last night," he said suddenly, "although I cannot follow your reasoning. But what leads you to suppose that he is there now?"

"This," answered his father slowly. "The purpose for which I believe him to have come here, would detain him at least two days and two nights. I shall say no more about it, because if I am wrong, or if for any reason I am unable to establish my suspicions as facts, you would certainly regard me as a madman if I had confided those suspicions to you."

Mounted upon donkeys, the journey from Rekka to the Pyramid of Méydum, occupies fully an hour and a half, and the glories of the sunset had merged into the violet dusk of Egypt before the party passed the outskirts of the cultivated land, and came upon the desert sands. The mountainous pile of granite, its peculiar orange hue a ghastly yellow in the moonlight, now assumed truly monstrous proportions, seeming like a great square tower rising in three stages from its mound of sand to some three hundred and fifty feet above the level of the desert.

There is nothing more awesome in the world than to find one's self at

night, far from all fellow-men, in the shadow of one of those edifices raised by unknown hands, by unknown means, to an unknown end; for, despite all the wisdom of our modern inquiries, these stupendous relics remain unsolved riddles set to posterity by a mysterious people.

Neither Sime nor Ali Mohammed were of highly strung temperament, neither subject to those subtle impressions which more delicate organizations receive, as the nostrils receive an exhalation from such a place as this. But Dr. Cairn and his son, though each in a different way, came now with the aura of this temple of the dead ages.

The great silence of the desert—a silence like no other in the world; the loneliness, which must be experienced to be appreciated, of that dry and tideless ocean; the traditions which had grown up like fungi about this venerable building. Lastly, the knowledge that it was associated in some way with the sorcery, the unholy activity, of Antony Ferrara, combined to chill them with a supernatural dread which it called for all their courage to combat.

"What now?" said Sime, descending from his mount.

"We must lead the donkeys up the slope," replied Dr. Cairn, "where those blocks of granite are, and tether them there."

In silence then the party commenced the tedious ascent of the mound by the narrow path to the top, until at some hundred and twenty feet above the surrounding plain they found themselves actually under the wall of the mighty building. The donkeys made fast.

"Sime and I," said Dr. Cairn quietly, "will enter the pyramid."

"But—" interrupted his son.

"Apart from the fatigue of the operation," continued the doctor, "the temperature in the lower part of the pyramid is so tremendous, and the air so bad, that in your present state of health it would be absurd for you to attempt it. Apart from which there is a possibility more important task to be undertaken here, outside."

He turned his eyes upon Sime, who was listening intently, and continued:

"Whilst we are penetrating to the interior by means of the sloping passage on the north side, Ali Mohammed and yourself must mount guard on the south side."

"What for?" said Sime rapidly.

"For the reason," replied Dr. Cairn, "that there is an entrance on to the first stage—"

"But the first stage is nearly seventy feet above us. Even assuming that there were an entrance there—which I doubt—escape by that means would be impossible. No one could climb down the face of the pyramid from above, no one has ever succeeded in climbing up. For the purpose of surveying the pyramid a scaffold had to be erected. Its sides are quite unscalable."

"That may be," agreed Dr. Cairn; "but, nevertheless, I have my reasons for placing a guard over the south side. If anything appears upon the stage above, anything—shoot, and shoot straight!"

He repeated the same instructions to Ali Mohammed, to the evident surprise of the latter.

"I don't understand at all," muttered Sime; "but as I presume you have a good reason for what you do, let it be as you propose. Can you give me any idea respecting what we may hope to find inside this place? I only entered once, and am not anxious to repeat the experiment. The air is unbreathable, the descent to the level passage below is stiff work, and, apart from the inconvenience of navigating the latter passage, which as you probably know is only sixteen inches high, the climb up the vertical shaft into the tomb is not a particularly safe one. I exclude the possibility of snakes," he added ironically.

"You have also omitted the possibility of Antony Ferrara," said Dr. Cairn.

"Pardon my scepticism, doctor; but I cannot imagine any man's voluntarily remaining in that awful place."

"Yet I am greatly mistaken if he is not there!"

"Then he is trapped!" said Sime grimly, examining a Browning pistol which he carried, "unless—"

He stopped, and an expression, almost of fear, crept over his stoical features.

"That sixteen-inch passage," he muttered, "with Antony Ferrara at the further end!"

"Exactly!" said Dr. Cairn, "but I consider it my duty to the world to proceed. I warn you that you are about to face the greatest peril, probably, which you will ever be called upon to encounter. I do not ask you to do this. I am quite prepared to go alone."

"That remark was wholly unnecessary, doctor," said Sime, rather truculently. "Suppose the other two proceed to their post."

"But, sir," began Robert Cairn.

"You know the way," said the doctor with an air of finality. "There is not a moment to waste, and although I fear that we are too late, it is just possible we may be in time to prevent a dreadful crime."

The tall Egyptian and Robert Cairn went stumbling off amongst the heaps of rubbish and broken masonry, until an angle of the great wall concealed them from view. Then the two who remained continued the climb yet higher, following the narrow zigzag path leading up to the entrance of the descending passage. Immediately under the square black hole, they stood and glanced at one another.

"We may as well leave our outer garments here," said Sime. "I note that you wear rubber-soled shoes, but I shall remove my boots, as otherwise I should be unable to obtain any foothold."

Dr. Cairn nodded, and without more ado, proceeded to strip off his coat, an example which was followed by Sime. It was as he stooped and placed his hat upon the little bundle of clothes at his feet, that Dr. Cairn detected something which caused him to stoop yet lower and to peer at that dark object on the ground with a strange intentness.

"What is it?" jerked Sime, glancing back at him.

Dr. Cairn, from a hip pocket, took out an electric lamp, and directed the white ray upon something lying on the splintered fragments of granite.

It was a bat; a fairly large one, and a clot of blood marked the place where its head had been. For the bat was decapitated.

As though anticipating what he should find there, Dr. Cairn flashed the ray of the lamp all about the ground in the vicinity of the entrance to the pyramid. Scores of dead bats, headless, lay there.

"For God's sake! what does this mean?" whispered Sime, and glancing apprehensively into the black entrance beside him.

"It means," answered Cairn, in a low voice, "that my suspicion, almost incredible though it seems, was well founded. Steel yourself against the task that is before you, Sime; we stand upon the border-land of strange horrors."

Sime hesitated to touch any of the dead bats, surveying them with an ill-concealed repugnance.

"What kind of creature," he whispered, "has done this?"

"One of a kind that the world has not known for many ages! The most evil kind of creature conceivable; a man-devil!"

"But what does he want with bats' heads?"

"The *Cynonycteris*, or Pyramid bat, has a leaf-like appendage beside the nose. A gland in this secretes a rare oil. This oil is one of the ingredients of the incense which is never named in the magical writings."

Sime shuddered.

"Here!" said Dr. Cairn, profer-

ring a flask; "this is only the overture! No nerves."

The other nodded shortly, and poured out a peg of brandy.

"Now," said Dr. Cairn, "shall I go ahead?"

"As you like," replied Sime quietly, and again quite master of himself. "Look out for snakes. I will carry the light and you can keep yours handy in case you may need it."

Dr. Cairn drew himself up into the entrance. The passage was less than four feet high; and generations of sand-storms had polished its sloping granite floor so as to render it impossible to descend except by resting one's hands on the roof above, and lowering one's self foot by foot.

A passage of this description, descending at a sharp angle for over two hundred feet, not particularly easy to negotiate, and progress was slow. Dr. Cairn at every five yards or so, would stop, and with the pocket-lamp, which he carried, would examine the sandy floor and the crevices between the huge blocks composing the passage, in quest of those faint tracks which warn the traveller that a servant has recently passed that way. Then replacing his lamp, he would proceed. Sime followed in like manner, employing only one hand to support himself, and, with the other, constantly directing the ray of his pocket torch past his companion, and down into the blackness beneath.

Out in the desert, the atmosphere had been sufficiently hot; but now with every step it grew hotter and hotter. That indescribable smell, as of a decay began in remote ages, that rises with the impalpable dust in these mysterious labyrinths of ancient Egypt which never knew the light of day, rose stiflingly; until, at some forty or fifty feet below the level of the sand outside, respiration became difficult, and the two paused, bathed in perspiration and gasping for air.

"Another thirty or forty feet," panted Sime, "and we shall be in the level passage. There is a sort of low, artificial cavern there, you may remember, where, although we cannot stand upright, we can sit and rest for a few moments."

Speech was exhausting, and no further words were exchanged until the bottom of the slope was reached, and the combined lights of the two pocket-lamps showed them that they had reached a tiny chamber irregularly hewn in the living rock. This, also was less than four feet high, but its jagged floor being level, they were enabled to pause here for a while.

"Do you notice something unfamiliar in the smell of the place?"

Dr. Cairn was the speaker. Sime nodded, wiping the perspiration from his face the while.

"It was bad enough when I came here before," he said hoarsely. "It is terrible work for a heavy man. But to-night it seems to be reeking. I have smelt nothing like it in my life."

"Correct," replied Dr. Cairn grimly. "I trust that, once clear of this place, you will never smell it again."

"What is it?"

"It is the *incense,*" was the reply. "Come, the worst of our task is before us yet."

The continuation of the passage now showed as an opening no more than fifteen to seventeen inches high. It was necessary, therefore, to lie prone upon the rubbish of the floor, and to proceed serpent fashion; one could not even employ one's knees, so low was the roof, but was compelled to progress by clutching at the irregularities in the wall, and by digging the elbows into the splintered stones one crawled upon!

For three yards or so they proceeded thus. Then Dr. Cairn lay suddenly still.

"What is it?" whispered Sime.

A threat of panic was in his voice. He dared not conjecture what would happen if either should be overcome in that evil-smelling burrow, deep in the bowels of the ancient building. At that moment, it seemed to him, ab-

surdly enough, that the weight of the giant pile rested upon his back, was crushing him, pressing the life out from his body as he lay there prone, with his eyes fixed upon the rubber soles of Dr. Cairn's shoes, directly in front of him.

But softly came a reply:

"Do not speak again! Proceed as quietly as possible, and pray heaven we are not expected!"

Sime understood. With a malignant enemy before them, this hole in the rock through which they crawled was a certain death-trap. He thought of the headless bats and of how he, in crawling out into the shaft ahead, must lay himself open to a similar fate!

Dr. Cairn moved slowly onward. Despite their anxiety to avoid noise, neither he nor his companion could control their heavy breathing. Both were panting for air. The temperature now was deathly. A candle would scarcely have burned in the vitiated air; and above that odour of ancient rottenness which all explorers of the monuments of Egypt know, rose that other indescribable odour which seemed to stifle one's very soul.

Dr. Cairn stopped again.

Sime knew, having performed this journey before, that his companion must have reached the end of the passage, that he must be lying peering out into the shaft, for which they were making. He extinguished his lamp.

Again Dr. Cairn moved forward. Stretching out his hand, Sime found only emptiness. He wriggled forward, in turn, rapidly, all the time groping with his fingers. Then:

"Take my hand!" came a whisper. "Another two feet, and you can stand upright."

He proceeded, grasped the hand which was extended to him in the impenetrable darkness, and panting, temporarily exhausted, rose upright beside Dr. Cairn, and stretched his cramped limbs.

Side by side they stood, mantled about in such a darkness as cannot be described; in such a silence as dwellers in the busy world cannot conceive; in such an atmosphere of horror that only a man morally and physically brave could have retained his composure.

Dr. Cairn bent to Sime's ear.

"We *must* have the light for the ascent," he whispered. "Have your pistol ready; I am about to press the button of the lamp."

A shaft of white light shone suddenly up the rocky sides of the pit in which they stood, and lost itself in the gloom of the chamber above.

"On to my shoulders," jerked Sime, "you are lighter than I. Then, as soon as you can reach, place your lamp on the floor above, and mount up beside it. I will follow."

Dr. Cairn, taking advantage of the rugged walls, and of the blocks of stone amid which they stood, mounted upon Sime's shoulders.

"Could you carry your revolver in your teeth?" asked the latter. "I think you might hold it by the trigger-guard."

"I proposed to do so," replied Dr. Cairn grimly. "Stand fast!"

Gradually he rose upright upon the other's shoulders; then, placing his foot in a cranny of the rock, and with his left hand grasping a protruding fragment above, he mounted yet higher, all the time holding the lighted lamp in his right hand. Upward he extended his arms, and upward, until he could place the lamp upon the ledge above his head, where its white beam shone across the top of the shaft.

"Mind it does not fall!" panted Sime, craning his head upward to watch these operations.

Dr. Cairn, whose strength and agility were wonderful, twisted around sideways, and succeeded in placing his foot on a ledge of stone on the opposite side of the shaft. Resting his weight upon this, he extended his hand to the lip of the opening, and drew himself up to the top, where

he crouched fully in the light below him, he reached out his hand to Sime. The latter, following much the same course as his companion, seized the extended hand, and soon found himself beside Dr. Cairn.

Impetuously, he snatched out his own lamp, and shone its beams about the weird apartment in which they found themselves — the so-called King's Chamber of the pyramid. Right and left leapt the searching rays, touching the ends of the wooden beams, which, practically fossilized by long contact with the rock, still survive in that sepulchral place. Above and below and all around he directed the light; upon the litter covering the rock floor, upon the blocks of the higher walls, upon the frowning roof.

They were alone in the King's Chamber!

III.

"There is no one here!"

Sime looked about the place excitedly.

"Fortunately for us," answered Dr. Cairn.

He breathed rather heavily, yet with his exertions, and, moreover, the air of the chamber was disgusting. But otherwise he was perfectly calm, although his face was pale and bathed in perspiration.

"Make as little noise as possible."

Sime, who, now that the place proved to be empty, began to cast of that dread which had possessed him in the passageway, found something ominous in the words.

Dr. Cairn, stepping carefully over the rubbish of the floor, advanced to the east corner of the chamber, waving his companion to follow. Side by side they stood there.

"Do you notice that the abominable smell of the incense is more overpowering here than anywhere?"

Sime nodded.

"You are right. What does that mean?"

Dr. Cairn directed the ray of light down behind a little mound of rubbish into a corner of the wall.

"It means," he said, with a subdued expression of excitement, "that we have got to crawl in there!"

Sime stifled an exclamation.

One of the blocks of the bottom tier was missing, a fact which he had not detected before by reason of the presence of the mound of rubbish before the opening.

"Silence again!" whispered Dr. Cairn.

He lay down flat, and, without hesitation, crept into the gap. As his feet disappeared, Sime followed. Here it was possible to crawl upon hands and knees. The passage was formed of square stone blocks. It was but three yards or so in length; then it suddenly turned upward at a tremendous angle of about four on one. Square footholds were cut in the lower face; the smell of incense was almost unbearable.

Dr. Cairn bent to Sime's ear.

"Not a word, now," he said. "No light—pistol ready!"

He began to mount. Sime, following, counted the steps. When they had mounted sixty, he knew that they must have come close to the top of the original cornice, and close to the first stage of the pyramid. Despite the shaft beneath, there was little danger of falling; for one could lean back against the wall while seeking for the foot-hole above.

Dr. Cairn mounted very slowly, fearful of striking his head upon some obstacle. Then, on the seventieth step, he found that he could thrust his foot forward, and that no obstruction met his knee. They had reached a horizontal passage.

Very softly he whispered back to Sime:

"Take my hand; I have reached the top."

They entered the passage. The heavy, sickly, sweet odour almost overpowered them; but, grimly set upon their purpose, they, after one moment of hesitancy, crept on.

A fitful light rose and fell ahead of them. It gleamed upon the polished walls of the corridor in which they now found themselves—that inexplicable light burning in a place which had known no light since the dim ages of the early Pharaohs!

When first that lambent light played upon the walls of the passage both stopped, stricken motionless with fear and amazement. Sime, who would have been prepared to swear that the Méydum Pyramid contained no apartment other than the King's Chamber, now was past mere wonder, past conjecture. But he could still fear. Dr. Cairn, although he had anticipated this, temporarily also fell a victim to the supernatural character of the phenomenon.

They advanced.

They looked into a square chamber of about the same size as the King's Chamber. In fact, although they did not realize it until later, this second apartment no doubt was situated directly above the first.

The only light was that of a fire burning in a tripod, and by means of this illumination, which rose and fell in a strange manner, it was possible to perceive the details of the place. But, in deed, at the moment they were not concerned with these; they had eyes only for the black-robed figure beside the tripod.

It was that of a man, who stood with his back towards them, and he chanted monotonously in a tongue unfamiliar to Sime. At certain points in his chant he would raise his arms in such a way that, clad in the black robe, he assumed the appearance of a gigantic bat. Each time that he acted thus, the fire in the tripod, as if fanned into new life, would leap up, casting a hellish glare about the place. Then, as the chanter dropped his arms again, the flame would drop also.

A cloud of reddish vapour floated low in the apartment. There were a number of curiously-shaped vessels upon the floor, and against the farther wall, only rendered visible when the flames leapt high, was some motionless white object, apparently hung from the roof.

Dr. Cairn drew a hissing breath and grasped Sime's wrist.

"We are too late!" he said strangely.

He spoke at a moment when his companion, peering through the ruddy gloom of the place, had been endeavouring more clearly to perceive that ominous shape which hung, horrible, in the shadow. He spoke, too, at a moment when the man in the black robe raised his arms—when, as if obedient to his will, the flames lept up fitfully.

Although Sime could not be sure of what he saw, the recollection came to him of words recently spoken by Dr. Cairn. He remembered the story of Julian the Apostate, Julian the Emperor—the Necromancer. He remembered what had been found in the Temple of the Moon after Julian's death. He remembered that Lady Lashmore—

"Am I mad?" he whispered hoarsely, "or—"

A thinly veiled shape seemed to float out from that still form in the shadows; it assumed definite outlines; it became a woman, beautiful with a beauty that could only be described as sinful.

She wore upon her brow the uraeum of Ancient Egypt royalty; her sole garment was a robe of finest gauze. Like a cloud, like a vision, she floated into the light cast by the tripod.

A voice—a voice which seemed to come from a vast distance, from somewhere outside the mighty granite walls of that unholy place, spoke. The language was unknown to Sime, but the fierce hand-grip upon his wrist grew fiercer. That dead tongue, that language unspoken since the dawn of Christianity, was known to the man who had been the companion of Sir Michael Ferrara.

In upon Sime swept a swift conviction—one could not witness such

a scene as this, and live—and move again amongst one's fellowmen! In a sort of frenzy, then, he wrenched himself free from the detaining hand, and launched a retort of modern science against the challenge of ancient sorcery.

Raising his Browning pistol, he fired—shot after shot—at that bat-like shape which stood between himself and the tripod!

A thousand frightful echoes filled the chamber with a demon mockery—boomed along those subterranean passages beneath, and bore the conflict of sound into the hidden places of the pyramid which had known not sound for untold generations.

"My God!"

Vaguely he became aware that Dr. Cairn was seeking to drag him away. Through a cloud of smoke he saw the black-robed figure turn; dream fashion, he saw the pallid, glistening face of Antony Ferrara, the long, evil eye, alight like the eyes of a serpent, were fixed upon him. He seemed to stand amid a chaos, in a mad world beyond the borders of reason, beyond the dominions of God. But to his stupefied mind one astounding fact found access.

He had fired at least seven shots at the black-robed figure, and it was not humanly possible that all could have gone wide of the mark.

Yet Antony Ferrara lived!

Utter darkness blotted out the evil vision. Then there was a white light ahead; and feeling that he was struggling for sanity. Sime managed to realize that Dr. Cairn, retreating along the passage, was crying to him in a voice rising almost to a shriek, to run—run for his life—for his salvation!

"*You should not have fired!*" he seemed to hear.

"Down flat!"

Some sense of reality was returning to him. Now he perceived that Dr. Cairn was urging him to crawl back along the short passage by which they had entered from the King's Chamber.

Heedless of hurt, he threw himself down, and pressed on.

"I have dropped my pistol!" muttered Sime.

He threw off the supporting arm, and turned to that corner behind the heap of debris where was the opening through which they had entered the satanic temple.

No opening was visible!

"He has closed it!" cried Dr. Cairn. "There are six stone doors between here and the place above! If he had succeeded in shutting one of them before we—"

"My God!" whispered Sime. "Let us get out! I am nearly at the end of my tether!"

Fear lends wings, and it was with something like the lightness of a bird that Sime descended the shaft. At the bottom:

"On to my shoulders!" he cried, looking up.

Dr. Cairn lowered himself to the foot of the shaft. "You go first," he said.

Sime, with his breath whistling sibilantly between his clenched teeth, hauled himself through the low passage with incredible speed. The two worked their way, arduously, up the long slope. They saw the blue sky above them. . . .

"Something like a huge bat," said Robert Cairn, "crawled out upon the first stage. We both fired—"

Dr. Cairn raised his hand. We lay exhausted at the foot of the mound.

"He had lighted the incense," he replied, "and was reciting the secret ritual. I cannot explain; but your shots were wasted. We came too late—"

"Lady Lashmore—"

"Until the Pyramid of Méydum is pulled down, stone by stone, the world will never know her fate! Sime and I have looked in at the gate of hell. Only the hand of God plucked us back! Look!"

He pointed to Sime. He lay, pallid, with closed eyes.

THE TALE OF A RUNAWAY STORY

BY JAMES P. HAVERSON

THE cry of an auto-horn wailed through the night, as the big, six-cylinder car sped through the hills. The glare of the headlights illumined the high wall of rock which hemmed the road to the right; every pebble stood out in bold relief in the dazzling brilliance which finally lost itself in the depths of the yawning chasm at the left.

A moment later, under the slanting rays of the afternoon sun, the car was bowling smoothly along an undulating country road with grass growing luxuriantly between the wheel-ruts of the rustic wains which were its most familiar travellers. The fields which lined the way were yellow with golden-rod and white with serried troops of daisies. The breeze which the car made for itself in the lazy, summer air was redolent with the fragrance of clover.

The change of scene was not geographical; it was purely literary. The author had merely decided to alter the setting of his tale. The difference in light effects and general atmospheric conditions was due to the same vagary of creative whim.

Somewhat back from the road, two, stately elms whispered together in low, susurrous murmurs. Their function was like to that of the Greek chorus; they had furnished a conversational background for many scenes, for they had been employed by this particular author for a long time. They had never been able to reconcile his unceremonious transitions with their personal views of arboreal dignity; but, nevertheless, sinking their pride, they continued to talk over the heads of his characters —sometimes, even over the heads of his readers.

To-day there were three travellers seated in the big touring car, a man, a woman and a chauffer. The girl was young and fair with gray eyes that held a childish innocence as they smiled up into those of the reader. Right away, that reader knew she would be the heroine. She might retain the girlish innocence, amounting almost, to a silly simplicity; or in the crucible of imminent disaster, she might become "a commanding, young figure in white"—a favourite trick the author had of playing her. But you could rely on that, whenever she appeared upon the page, she was bound to be the heroine of the tale. Futhermore she was the author's most pampered heroine. He never failed to provide her with handsome and costly gowns, or with those whose severe simplicity of line at once revealed their price to the discerning eye. He saw to it that she rode in nothing but the most expensive touring cars and limousines; for—in fiction—the finest cars cost no more than the poorest runabout—and verbal gasoline is cheap. This heroine would have been shocked at thought of a taxi.

The man who sat beside her in the car was tall, dark-visaged, strong of frame. About his eyes, was a sinister look of double-dealing and intrigue for which the author held a special literary patent. Here again, the reader could not be at a loss; the villain, this author's villain, his old reliable brand of villain—sold at all the leading newstands—was unmistakable in whatever book or whatsoever magazine he might come.

The chauffeur was another matter entirely. Perhaps he would turn out to be a sort of first-aid to the heroine. He might even be the hero at a pinch—a college graduate, scion of some wealthy sire in temporary banishment for the more than ordinary playful follies of youth. On the other hand he might, in complicity with the villain, develop a deep-dyed rascallity second only to the pre-eminent wickedness of that arch-fiend, himself. To-day he was French; to-morrow he might be Italian; he was generally one or the other. The author had often looked longingly at Spanish, as a woman will inspect some ultra fashionable article of dress which is, however, utterly beyond her means; but in the main he made his chauffeurs French. Otherwise he would have had a large stock of carefully acquired Parisian expletives lying useless on his hands.

Somewhere about the bottom of the third page of the manuscript, the car came suddenly upon the the verge of a steep declivity—the farmers of the locality called it "Brigge's Hill." The chauffeur was utterly unprepared for this. He had driven over this road a hundred times, in good weather and bad, in tragic and comic tales; but the road had always run smoothly on to some quiet roadhouse, or into some peaceful villiage. Adventure might spring up beyond; but the road had always been perfectly dependable as far as that roadhouse or village.

Little wonder then that the chauffeur was surprised. He looked up suddenly from a pleasant reverie in which he dreamed of his beloved boulevards of Paris, to mutter *Peste! Sacre!* and *Nom de Dieu!* in rapid succession. This was the author's favourite way of indicating surprise, followed by consternation, ending in furious anger.

The chauffeur was in the last stage. Surprising one's readers is all very well, highly commendable at times; but to surprise one's characters, one's partners in friction—that is another matter! The chauffeur had almost said "a horse of another colour" when he remembered that horses of any colour whatever were considerably beneath his chauffeurial contempt.

His surprise would not, however, have prevented his applying the brakes, and safely negotiating the descent, had not the author wilfully smitten him with a nervous chill—purely of his own invention and having no apparent natural cause; perhaps it was in retaliation for the resentment of the chauffeur—for what right have mere characters to resent the decrees of the authors of their being or the publishers of their person? At all events the author had smitten him with this fortuitous chill with the result that the motor car, feeling the helplessness of the foot at the throttle leaped madly on its course.

Meanwhile, for about three pages back, the black-hearted villain had been artfully wooing the fair Hope Gray—That was the lady's name, rather a pretty one, and a prime favourite with the author. He—the author or the villain—it is all the same—had poured exactly one thousand words—a good hour's work—of honeyed love-making into the pink shells that were Hope Gray's ears, while he gazed into the deep wells of her limpid, not to say pellucid eyes. He, the villain of course, had at the same time, with the aid of the author's "Manual of Engineering," been able to ascertain the exact acreage of the wholly desirable fields

which bordered the road, and which were among the extensive holdings of the bluff, old squire, Hope Gray's dad.

Thus it was that, while his voice was glibly breathing "I love you," his mind was reiterating with promotorial gusto "Ten thousand acres, cut up into subdivisions!"

Of course, the author could easily have said in so many words that this old and trusted villain of his was courting the beautiful heroine for her father's property; but, had he done so, he would have lost most of his feminine following; and must have shortened his tale by that thousand words at the rate of five cents a word. It was not to be thought of—utterly out of the question. Think of the outrageous cost of living, and you must instantly agree.

Be that as it was, the villain was still wooing the heroine in manner aforesaid and with the collateral calculations noted, when they came suddenly upon the brow of "Brigge's Hill." Perhaps his attention had been a little too much occupied by his calculations in real estate, for a false note had crept into his wooing. The maiden was just about to repulse him with the modern equivalent of "Unhand me, wretch! Villain, have done, I say!", when the car nosed into the descent.

Already the chauffeur had steeled himself against the fit of literary palsy with which the author had smitten him; but it was too late. The car was bounding down the uneven wagon-track which hugged the high wall of the hill. Every lurch threatened to tumble it a considerable number of feet to the valley below. This must spell "DEATH"—in enormous capitals—for its luckless occupants.

The brunette villain was now as pale as his swarthy complexion would permit. (The author had turned off the sunshine; rushed on the darkness; and had, himself, lighted the great headlights of the car). The chauffeur, thoroughly terrified, accidently pressed the button operating the horn, and its voice wailed through the darkness, as it had done in the discarded opening paragraph of the tale. The long revealing shafts of the headlights staggered drunkenly in the velvet blackness of the night. The car plunged madly on.

Rising to his feet, the villain whose complexion now shown sickly white with the phosphorescent luminosity of an unhealthy cheese (That is how it must have appeared if the author's high-sounding description had been accurate) braced himself against the trembling heroine, and leaped from the flying car. In the bewildering darkness, the frantic scoundrel misjudged his distance, his direction, and even his intention. He was hurled to instant and entirely satisfactory death on the rocks below.

Left alone in the wide expanse of the deserted tonneau—with an alarming stretch of white paper below her on the manuscript—Hope Gray felt a cold fear clutch at her heart. There was no friendly shoulder against which she might trustingly cower, crouch or snuggle, secure in the sense of the eternal adequacy of the man—whoever he might be—to meet and overcome the most devilish complications that the mind of author ever devised. But stay, there was always the author, himself. He had never forsaken her. Surely he would guide her safely through the terrors of this black night and white paper. He would do it for his own sake, for was she not his most remunerative heroine?

Trustingly the gray eyes smiled up at him as he pounded away at the typewriter. There was a comforting reassurance in the smile which he flashed back at her; he was merely striving for a whirlwind finish. The tale would soon be told; and no editor had ever known him to violate the unwritten law of the happy ending.

True, he would save her, but she, too, must help in the solution of the dilemma. She caught sight of the

chauffeur. She had known that he was there, but she had forgotten him. He had not as yet, by any overact, allied himself with the forces of good of ill. Pleadingly, she flung her white arms about his neck. She was just about to whisper a few appropriate extracts from Browning's "Last Ride Together," when he, too, leapt to his feet.

Wildly, he clutched at his throat to free it from those strangling arms. He had mistaken their clasp for the throttling grip of the cruel fingers of the villain, whose departure he had failed to observe and with whom he had entered into conspiracy—upon a commission basis—to secure the fruitful fields of Old Man Gray. Shaking himself free from the clinging arms, the now terrified Frenchman cast himself from the swaying car.

As he did so, he stepped upon the button of the horn; and once more its weird skirl resounded through the night. With an answering shriek, he, too, plunged to his death below.

Now did the plight of Hope Gray appear desperate indeed. But she did not falter. Glancing up at the perspiring author with her brave, young smile, she clambered forward into the driving seat. Firmly she grasped the steering-wheel, and sat erect—a commanding young figure in white! With strong, young arms—tense as the very finest piano wire—she held the bounding motor to the road until it rolled out well upon the level.

The girl leaned forward on the wheel, smiling tenderly up at the author. He smiled back at her, and there was the promise of many saleable tales in that exchange of knowing glances. The author gallantly assisted her to alight.

Both had forgotten the car; and realizing that its power had not been shut off, the face of the motor grinned—from lamp to lamp. Chuckling contentedly, it rolled off the road into the margin of the last page of the manuscript. It had been a good run—six thousand words at least! The car fancied it had got a little out of hand, that journey—even out of the hand of the author.

CURRENT EVENTS

BY LINDSAY CRAWFORD

FOR over a month the tide of battle in France and Belgium ebbed and flowed, victory resting now with one side and now with the other. Anxious days those when the fate of Paris and of civilization seemed to be in the balance, as the German machine pressed onward with ruthless determination. For weeks hope and despair struggled for the mastery as with irritating reiteration the despatches from Paris and London recorded strategical retirements of the Allies. Then the veil was lifted by General Sir John French's memorable despatch recording the miraculous escape of the British by a four days' retreat that will live in history with the most notable achievements of British arms. Outnumbered four to one, the British expeditionary force by brilliant leadership and the dauntless courage of the men succeeded in extricating itself from the clutches of a powerful and persistent enemy and placing the River Oise between it and its pursuers. The wonderful resource of the divisional commanders and the bulldog tenacity of the men saved the retreat from becoming a disorderly rout. The British troops were no sooner detrained at the front than they went into action, only to discover to their dismay that the French were retiring all along the line. This necessitated a similar movement on the part of the British. The extreme left, held by the British under General Smith-Dorien, had to bear the whole brunt of the turning movement of the German right, and at times was in danger of annihilation. How the British retired slowly and sullenly, fighting every foot of the way with their face to the foe, inflicting terrible losses on the Kaiser's troops as they stood at bay, thrilled the whole world when the belated official account of the early operations was published. The Kaiser was evidently bent on destroying the British army by one swift, decisive blow. Thousands of German soldiers were wantonly sacrificed as the enemy hurled dense masses of infantry and clouds of cavalry at the retiring British, harassing them day and night and not allowing the men a moment's rest.

For a few days Paris seemed to be within the grasp of the exultant foe. President Poincare and the members of the French Government, bankers, newspapers, and other interests threatened by the impending fall of the Capital, left for Bordeaux, the new seat of government. But the German, with his guns and cavalry within thirty miles of Paris, had reached the highwater mark of his military success on French soil. Sweeping past Paris, the enemy for a day or two seemed to be hesitating. As the Allies did not choose to shut themselves up in any fortified place the Kaiser was evidently undecided in his mind as to whether the occupation of Paris was the more pressing objective. Like a bolt from the blue the news trickled through that the German advance on Paris had been halted and their offensive met by a counter-attack along

ADMIRAL SIR JOHN JELLICOE
In Supreme Command of the British Navy

FIELD-MARSHALL SIR JOHN FRENCH
Commander of the British Expeditionary Forces

FIELD-MARSHALL EARL KITCHENER
Secretary of State for War

COLONEL THE HONOURABLE SAM HUGHES
Minister of Militia and Defence for Canada

the whole battlefront from Louvain to to Verdun. Then followed in quick succession reports of the enemy's retreat, of the demoralization of the German troops, of great confusion and heavy captures of ammunition and supply transports. At the end of August the British casualties alone amounted to twenty thousand. On the German side the losses were proportionately higher than among the Allies. It is estimated that nearly a quarter million Germans were either killed, wounded, or captured.

In the east, Russia succeeded, after one of the fiercest battles ever waged, in bringing Austria-Hungary to her knees. Two Austrian armies—the flower of the Austrian Empire—were routed in a series of engagements in Galicia and Russian Poland, and Lemberg in Galicia, and Cracow, the ancient capital of Poland, were evacuated. This smashing defeat of the Austrians forced the Kaiser to withdraw several army corps from Belgium and France for the defence of Germany, and Russia will now be confronted with the pick of the German legions. Austria may sue for peace at any moment. Her internal condition is very grave, and revolution may complete what the sword of the Muscovite has spared. Servia and Montenegro are driving the Teuton out of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and Roumania is sharpening her weapons against the day of partition.

Events have taken a dramatic turn for the Kaiser. Despatches relate that he is pale and haggard. For him it must mean the beginning of the end. Look where he will he sees no way of escape from the retribution which his mad deed has brought upon him. He has outraged the civilized world by the barbarous methods of his armies in Belgium. The burning of Louvain and many smaller places, the shooting in cold blood of non-combatants—men, women, and children—and the terrible suffering and loss borne by the Belgians in the defence of their soil from the treaty-breaking invader, have combined to stir the wrath of civilized nations, and to make difficult any attempt to stop the war until the power of Germany is humbled in the dust.

At sea the Germans are impotent. By a dashing and hazardous attack under the guns of fortified Heligoland, part of the British fleet, under Admiral Beatty, succeeded in sinking several of the enemy's cruisers and gunboats, but up to the time of writing there is no indication that the Germans contemplate a decisive naval battle. They are relying on the murderous effects of floating mines to reduce the British fleet to smaller proportions. Henceforth, anyone caught laying mines will be shot at sight by the British. Several trading vessels flying the flags of neutral nations have been sunk by mines which the Germans recklessly strewed in the path of navigation. Germany's power by land and sea has been successfully challenged by the Allies. "To Berlin!" is now the rallying cry of the six allied nations, thirsting to be avenged for the terrible losses and suffering brought about by the German war lord.

One of the most remarkable results of the war has been the military spirit of the British people. It is said the British people put off doing a thing until they are compelled. As a rule they blunder through to victory after initial mistakes and reverses due to unpreparedness. The expeditionary force led by General Sir John French proved to be too small for the task before it when it first landed. But it saved France from a terrible reverse from which Joffre's army never might have recovered. Since then the British people have nobly responded to the call, and soon Britain will have an army of two million men. This in a country which rejects conscription is a remarkable testimony to the virility and patriotism of the people. In Canada, of the first twenty thousand enrolled, sixty per cent. proved to be British-born. In India there has been

a truly wonderful outpouring of wealth and men for the defence of the flag, and native troops, led by native princes, will fight side by side with British, Canadians, and Australians. Even far-away Thibet offered one thousand men and the prayers of its faithful. In South Africa, Boer and Briton have joined in an expedition into German East Africa. Germany will lose all her colonies. Whether they will be restored to her after the war remains to be determined. Her world ambitions have been brought to naught. Berlin is reported to be in a terrible condition through unemployment, and starvation stares the people in the face if the war is prolonged. All stock exchanges throughout Europe and America are still closed. An appeal from Austria for a loan was refused by Germany, probably because Berlin had no superfluous cash to dispose of to her ally. Germany has since floated a big loan to meet her own war expenditure. There is a feeling in well-informed circles that the war may last a year or two. To the lay mind this does not seem possible, having regard to the enormous loss of life and the dislocation of trade and commerce. For the Kaiser it is a life and death struggle. Already speculation is rife as to his future, and the opinion is freely expressed in England that terms of peace must include his abdication. The end may come sooner than is expected. The failure of the German plan of campaign in France may have serious results for the Kaiser in his own dominion. The German plan was to mass an overwhelming force on the Allies' left where the British were and to force the centre, cutting the British off from the French. This necessitated the weakening of the German centre, as the withdrawal of several corps for service in East Prussia reduced the number of men at the disposal of the Kaiser in his march on Paris. On the other hand, the Allies' left, driven back close to Paris, was strengthened by reinforce-

SIR EDWARD GREY
British Minister of Foreign Affairs

ments from the Paris forts and by the arrival of fresh levies from the southwest. The weakening of the German centre brought it down to a strength no longer superior to the Allies' centre. By falling back fast enough to preserve an unbroken line and to gain the support of Paris, the Allies at the critical moment were able to meet the Germans on more equal terms. The fortunes of war were reversed. The Germans were compelled to fall back, with the Allies in hot pursuit. Paris was saved.

The press censors have a champion in *The Saturday Review*, who says:

"We entirely approve of the press censorship arrangement of Lord Kitchener and the Government, with this one reservation, in our view, that censorship is not quite drastic and thorough enough. War news should be kept down at a time like this: we say this with absolute conviction. It should be kept down in quantity, well kept down, whether it is of the kind that is likely to depress the public or whether it is of the kind likely to exalt the public. No one who has frequented

public places of late, who has watched the public demeanour, can doubt this—war news has a certain heady effect on many people which is distinctly and thoroughly bad. War news is in the nature of alcoholic 'nips'; and it is extremely desirable that at a time like this people should not be supplied with alcoholic nips. We have carefully followed the information served out by the Press Bureau since it started, and we express our gratitude to the Government for starting this admirable body."

Britain has excited universal admiration by her wonderful financial resources at this time of world-racking events. Mr. Lloyd George has won unstinted praise for his successful handling of the difficult problem of ways and means. Taking Mr. Austen Chamberlain into his counsel, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has succeeded in establishing confidence in the City, and in restoring comparatively normal conditions in respect to banking facilities and credit.

Another remarkable outcome of the war is the wonderful unanimity of all political sections in Britain. Not only have the extreme militant suffragists turned to the support of their old enemy, the Government, but also in Socialist and Labour circles the conduct of the war is approved. One notable example was the case of the South Wales miners who, in order to help the Admiralty, agreed to set aside the eight-hour day and to work on Sundays.

Britain is supremely confident of the outcome. She is determined to destroy once for all the power of Prussian militarism which has quadrupled the burdens of the peoples of every European country. With Lord Kitchener at the War Office, Sir John French at the front, and Jellicoe's watchdogs patrolling the North Sea, the British people sleep calmly in their beds of nights. Russia, France, and Britain have signed an agreement that they will act as a unit in respect to peace negotiations. To ensure that there shall be no mistake over the final adjustment of accounts between herself and Germany, Britain is aiming at putting a million men in the field before the end of the war. Deserted by Italy, and with Austria broken and humbled, the Kaiser will fight with the desperation of despair, but he must know that the end is in sight. The conflict of ideals is for the German Emperor a more significant portent than the clash of arms.

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The death of Pope Pius X. has removed one of the most attractive personalities that has adorned the chair of St. Peter. The new Pope is Giacomy della Chiesa, a member of the Italian nobility, born at Pegli, near Genoa, sixty years ago. "Benedict XV.," writes a Roman Catholic ecclesiastic, "comes to rule when all the arts of diplomacy and the disinterestedness of the highest spirituality will be needed to enable the Papacy to regain its rôle as peacemaker, and to revive religion to those fair countries of Europe which now are devastated by terrific war."

The Library Table

AT THE SHRINE

By George Herbert Clarke. Cincinnati: The Stewart and Kidd Company.

THE poems of George Herbert Clarke are so well known to readers of *The Canadian Magazine* that it seems only necessary here to mention their appearance in book form. Readers will be interested to know, however, that the author is yet another Canadian scholar who has won distinction in educational work in the United States. He is Professor of English Literature at the University of Tennessee, and the editor of a volume of selected poems by Shelley, as well as a work on Sidney Lanier. To praise his art in these pages would seem to be egotistical, but we might be permitted to say at least that to us his work possesses a fine introspective quality, a felicity of expression, and genuine poetic feeling. We quote the poem that gives title to the book:

AT THE SHRINE

Mary, humanity's Woman, immaculate Mother,
Is it Thou, Thou alone, that art pure, and never another?

For the babe at my breast many deaths did my body endure:
The girl died, the virgin—yea, all that the Past counted pure.

Then the deepest last dying, the shudder so woeful and wild.
The smothering darkness . . . the pitiful cry of the child!

O, Mary, the bliss that came after—the rapture of bliss—
How I would laugh him to laughter, and how we would kiss!

How I would clasp him in terror when trouble would linger and stay!
Trouble? for any but him, my masterful man-child alway.

How he would lie in my bosom, and how I would breathe his name,
How I would watch him and love him and dream of his lordly far fame!

'Twas a wraith, a mistake—'twas not I that lived there in the Past,
A pale, futile girl—now a woman, a woman at least!

For how could she know, that pale one, so saintly and so clean,
That Madonna dwells eternal in the breast of Magdalene?

Mary, humanity's Woman, immaculate Mother,
Is it Thou, Thou alone, that art pure, and never another?

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THE TREASURE

By Kathleen Norris. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THIS is a clever novel that has to do with the servant problem. The Salisburys keep house and have a hard time making both ends meet. The main fault is the continual waste in the culinary department. Further, the peace of Mrs. Salisbury is broken by her series of domestics, who are merely intermittent inmates in her "old-fashioned home." The problem is solved by the arrival of "the

treasure," a highly respectable young woman, with a college education in domestic science. Her methods create a revolution in the conservative mother's breast, but effect a considerable saving in the father's pocket-book. All of which causes the father, an unusually clear-visioned man, to offer the following comment:

"It's a funny thing about you women. You keep wondering why smart girls won't go into housework, and yet, if you get a girl who isn't a mere stupid machine, you resent every sign she gives of being an intelligent human being. No two of you keep house alike, and you jump on a girl the instant she hangs a dish-towel up the way you don't. It's you women who make life so hard for each other. There's going to be some domestic revolutionizing in the next few years. It's hard enough to get a maid now; pretty soon it will be impossible. Then you women will have to sit down and work the thing out, and ask yourselves why young American girls won't come into your home, and eat the best food in the land, and get well paid for what they do. You'll have to reduce the work of the American home to a system, that's all; and what you want done that isn't provided for in that system, you'll have to do yourselves."

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FRANCE FROM BEHIND THE VEIL

By Count Paul Vassili. Toronto: Cassell and Company.

FOR politics, social life, and absorbing personal characters one could select no better country than France and no better city than Paris. But Count Vassili did not select France: France was selected for him, and all he had to do in preparation for the writing of this fascinating volume was to gather together the materials of which he was already quite familiar. He begins about fifty years ago, with the last days of the Empire, and brings his narrative down to the present time. At the outset, therefore, Napoleon III was in his sixtieth year, the victim of a painful malady and remorseful for the follies of youth. He is described as still maintaining the good looks and graceful dignity for which he was famous, and as being a sovereign to the finger-tips. He had many love affairs in which, contrary to French tradition, he had not the full sympathy of the Empress Eugenie. The Empress, indeed, smarted under the Emperor's foibles, and instead of smiling up her sleeve, as many another Frenchwoman would have done and has done, she made free with her confidences, with the inevitable result that the private conduct of Napoleon was well known even outside court circles. But if the Empress was indiscreet in this respect, she more than made up for it by her beauty, grace, and refinement. Count Vassili says that with the exception of the Empress Maria Feodorovna of Russia, he had never seen anyone bow like Eugenie, who, with a sweeping movement of the whole body, seemed to address each person in the room in particular and all in general. At forty she was still a great beauty, and it is said that when she finally left the glitter of the Tuileries she did not carry away with her even so much as a pocket-handkerchief. The volume is otherwise interesting because many of the personages discussed in it have international reputations. One chapter recounts the Dreyfus affair, and another deals with the meteoric career of General Boulanger, who committed suicide and ruined a political party because he could not bear to see a woman weep. The author points out the significance of the Dreyfus case. He regards it as the cause of a strong anti-military spirit abroad for years in France, and also for the reaction from the war against Roman Catholicism. Then, coming down to the present time, Count Vassili laments the disappearance, with the crinoline, of

good manners and refinement. It is, one might infer, a harking back to the good old days, but still it is perhaps too true, as the author avows, that "women have grown loud and men have become coarse, girls have lost their modesty, and boys have become impertinent." But one does not need to go to France to discover at least tendencies towards the same conditions here in America. Indeed, Count Vassili blames the change on the incursion of rich Americans, many of them Hebrew millionaires. He regards Paris as one vast hotel, "where one meets all kinds of people, and no one feels the necessity to observe etiquette or restraint. It is a place where the man who pays can obtain anything he wants." This is a book that gives one a frank, intimate glimpse into that circle of Parisian society in which there were many glaring weaknesses as well as excellent virtues.

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THE ADVENTURES OF A PLAY

By Louis Evan Shipman. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

IN this instructive volume the author of "D'Arcy of the Guards" gives a remarkably frank and entertaining account of much of what took place in connection with the writing and producing of this well-known play. As far as one can make out, he started his work with a good idea and ended with a good play. He had sympathetic friends, such as Daniel Frohman, E. H. Sothern, Henry Miller, Frederick Taber, James K. Hackett, the head of at least one first-class literary agency, and many others; and yet before he saw his play actually produced and royalties coming to him he underwent many unnecessary discouragements and disappointments. A delay of several years was first caused by a contract made by himself and Frederick Taber without any time limit as to production. In the end Taber found that he could not produce the play. But at length Shipman made an agreement with Henry Miller, and the play was produced. The combined efforts of Miller and the author to improve the play is an illuminating insight into the possibilities of plays even after they have been produced. The details of the contract as to royalties and the like are given, and many letters from actors and managers are reproduced. The play was at first presented before various audiences throughout the States, and then it enjoyed a fair New York season. Later on it was taken up in London by Sir George Alexander, but was not a success over there. Every aspiring playwright should read this book. One can only conclude that if one whose friends and acquaintances in the theatrical profession were numerous had a hard time to get a good play produced it would be heart-rending for a beginner, especially if he were not well known.

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PLANTATION STORIES OF OLD LOUISIANA

By Andrews Wilkinson. Illustrations by Charles Livingston Bull. Boston: The Page Company.

THIS is a fine book for boys. The stories are wholesome and entertaining, and there are as well many excellent anecdotes and quaint experiences. The insight into the wild life of the South is in itself well worth any boy's attention. The illustrations by Charles Livingston Bull have an unsurpassed quality in work of this description.

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FOLIAGE

By W. H. Davies. London: Elkin Mathews.

WE confess a liking for this poetry, even if it is light and pleasant to read. It is not pretentious poetry. Rather is it like the spirit of the first stanza of "Strong Moments":

Sometimes I hear fine ladies sing,
Sometimes I smoke and drink with men;
Sometimes I play at games of cards—
Judge me to be no strong man then.

One of the strong moments, however, is in "Return to Nature," which is an appeal to the people of towns and cities to come out into the country:

My song is of that city which
Has men too poor and men too rich;
Where some are sick, too richly fed,
While others take the sparrows' bread;
Where some have beds to warm their bones,
While others sleep on hard, cold stones
That suck away their bodies' heat.

But for fine, buoyant optimism, for the real Davies touch, we quote:

A GREETING

Good morning, Life—and all
Things glad and beautiful.
My pockets nothing hold,
But he that owns the gold,
The Sun, is my great friend—
His spending has no end.

Hail to the morning sky,
Which bright clouds measure high;
Hail to you birds whose throats
Would number leaves by notes;
Hail to you shady bowers,
And you green fields of flowers.

Hail to you women fair,
That make a show so rare
In cloth as white as milk—
Be't calico or silk;
Good morning, Life—and all
Things glad and beautiful.

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ODES

By Lawrence Binyon. London: Elkin Mathews.

THE first edition of this book, published in 1901, made the author famous. Now this second edition should help to spread his fame. It is not a book for the vulgar or uncultured, but it is a splendid example of what one reads as a gauge to one's taste and culture in literature. Here are the first few lines of "Orpheus in Thrace":

Dear is the newly won,
But, O, far dearer the for ever lost!
He that at utmost cost
His utmost deed hath done
The lost one to recover, and in vain,
What shall his heart, his anguished heart, sustain?
Not the warm and youthful sun,
Flowers breathing on the bough,
Nor a voice, nor music now—
Touches of joy, more hard to bear than pain!
These charm not where he is, but only there
Where she is gone, who took with her delight,
Peace, and all things fair,
And left the whole world bare.
And, O, what far well's fountain shall requite
Him who hath drunk so deeply of despair?

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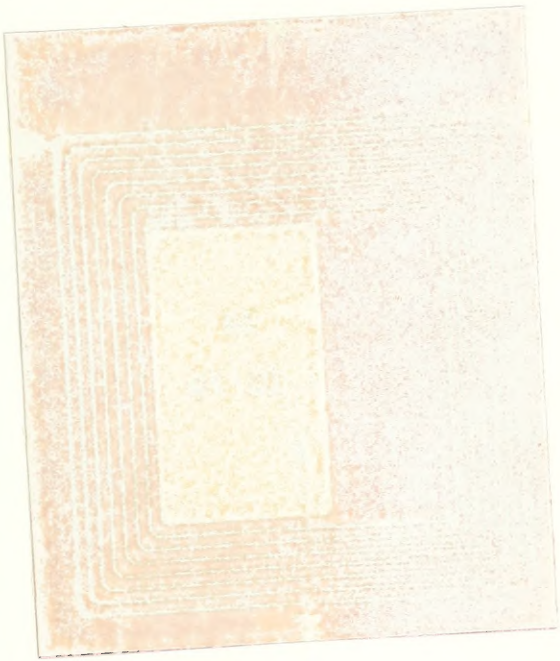
A STEPDAUGHTER OF THE PRAIRIE

By Margaret Lynn. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

IT is a relief to find a novel of Western prairie life that actually gives one a frank, natural picture. Most books of the West, as is well known, deal with Indians, cowboys, cattle rustlers, all very devilish characters, but this book has to do with the quiet domestic existence of a small girl on the prairie. Its charm lies mostly in its unaffected, simple style, and one leaves it with a feeling of what it would mean to live on the prairie. As a very little girl, the writer had no sympathy with the prairie and its moods, but the plot, if a word so suggestive of mechanics may be applied to her work, in which there is nothing of the artificial, reveals how the little girl's hatred of the prairie and all appertaining to it gradually changes into a feeling that prairie life can be endured, but that it is never a thing for enthusiasm, and finally evolves into a tremendous love for the plains.



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